Iggy Pop

I NEED MORE

I NEED MORE

The Stooges and other Stories

by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer

i Need More

Pop/Matlock

i walk around
i flop around
i need something that will be found
more venom, more dynamite, more disaster
i need more than i ever did before

but everything is going up in price
my life is going all right up 'til now
even so there's something missing
more truth
more intelligence
ha ha
more future
more laugh
more culture
don't forget adrenaline
more freedom

i need more than an ordinary grind
and the more i think the more i need
more cars
i'll take more money
more champagne
i can't forget my brain
more floors
more doors
more mustard
pickle and relish

i need more than an ordinary grind
everybody ought to love his job
and live his life and keep his pride
imperturbably happy with the one you love
with an exciting future
on the fat of the land

i need more than an ordinary grind
and the more i think the more i need
my life is going all right up 'til now
even so it's not enough for me and

i need more
i need more
i need more
oo oo oo oo
oo oo oo oo
than i ever did before

i need to lead a dissipate existence
and play scratchy records
and enjoy my decline
with more divorce, more distance
more future, more culture

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IGGY POP

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The Truth

Oh oh
I wish to know
So I will stagger in the snow
No sunshine can glow until.
I will
I will
I will to know
? Why ?
Nothing happens
Nothing grows
Something stinks
So I must go
Deliver up
The crushing blow
Where is the truth
I want to know;
I'll squeeze your neck until you tell. . .
Buried somewhere with its glow
It's lost, that's all,
In the wicked snow
How now, I wish to know
Where to steal the fire from snow

It's not in France
With their stupid clothes
And silly, oily, gallic pose

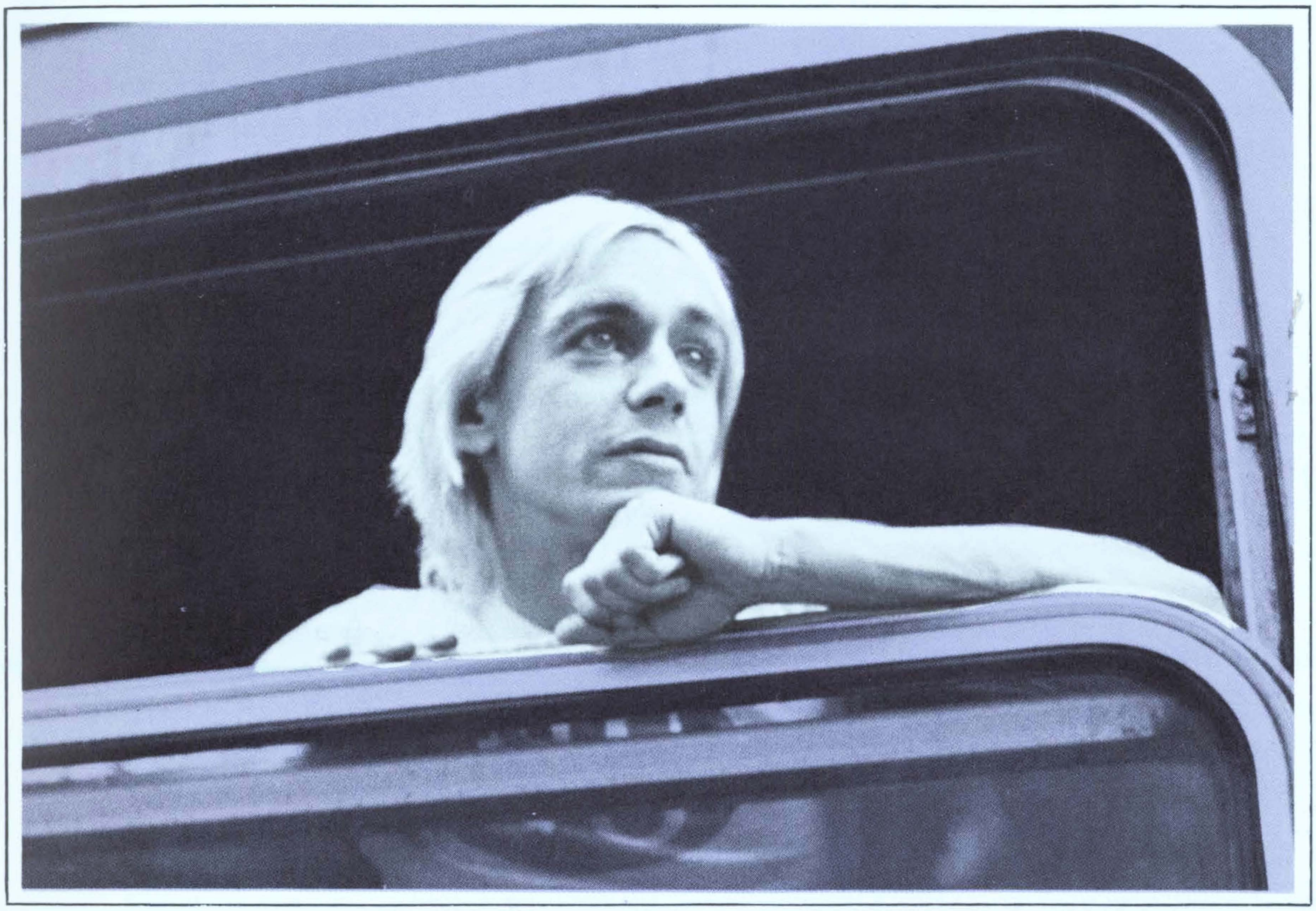
Japan is hypocrites,
America, just gross
Britain is the perfect joke
Switzerland has too much gold
I think New Zealand possibly contains
My rose of mystery
Beyond the beyond
What misery
The populace all wish to flee
That's why it's where the truth may be

It could be in Detroit, you see
In wild parties in the trees
But no, but no, but no, but no
It's wasting, dying, in the ugly snow. . .
Somewhere. . . I don't know

Some say that Jesus knows. . .
But he got strung out long ago.
The streets are full of hi dee ho
But can't you see it's only show
Wicked stinking assholes know
The awesome power of the snow
The blinding snow, sidewinding snow
The in's, the out's, the ways to go
The victims eager for the show
The charlatan is fat and
Rolls,
Like a snowball watch him grow
But somewhere, buried with its glow,
The truth lies sleeping, don't you know?
It's lost, that's all.

Iggy Pop

I NEED MORE



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I NEED MORE · with a Foreword by
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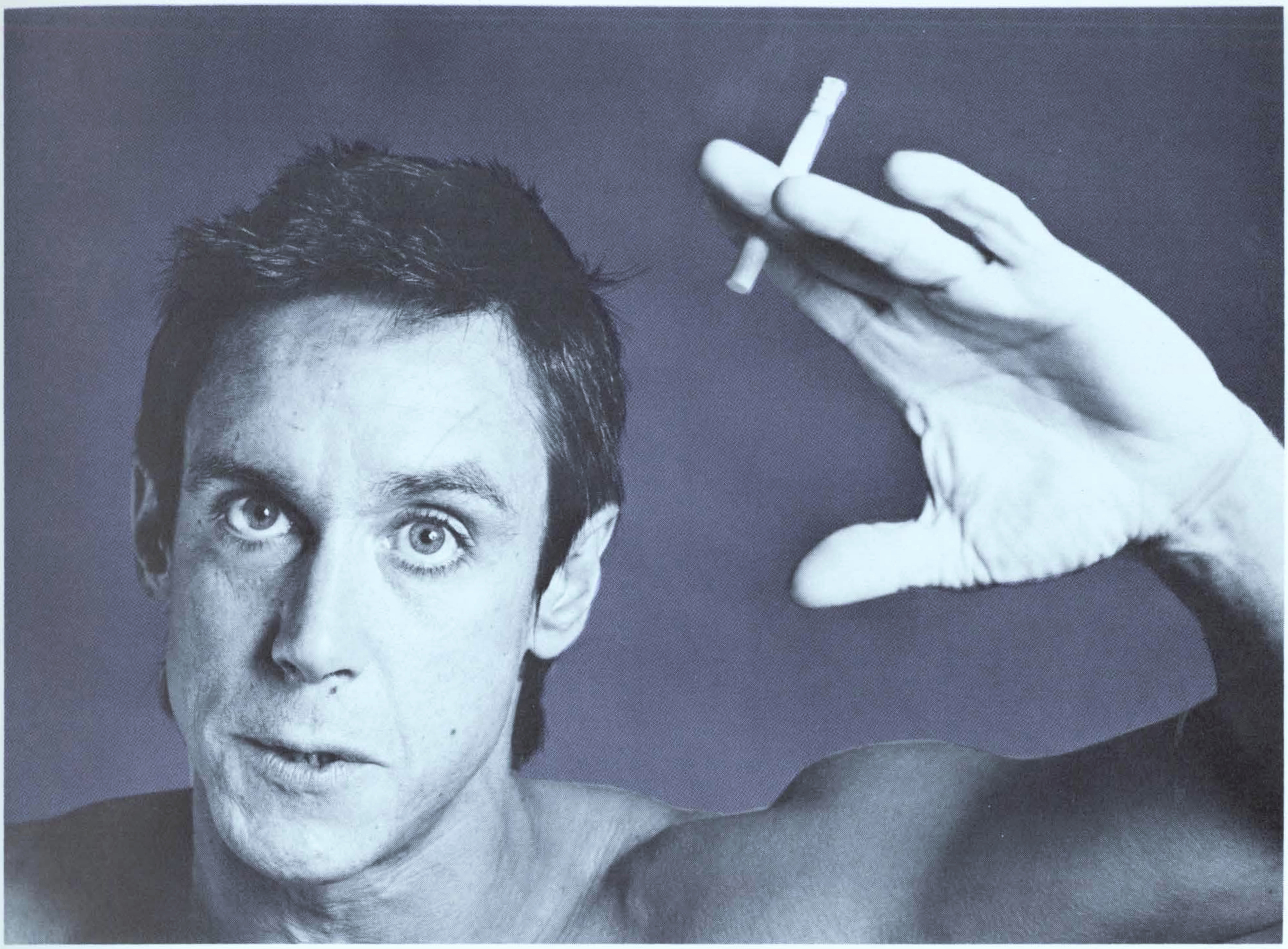

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Foreword by Andy Warhol

Anne Wehrer introduced me to Iggy Pop at a party at her house. It was after a performance of the Exploding Plastic Inevitable at the Ann Arbor Film Festival in 1966. He was just a kid in a band, still in high school. He was Jim Osterberg then. I thought he was cute. That's when he first met Nico and John Cale. It was the beginning of all that . . . his affair with Nico, a record produced by John Cale, a movie by Francois deMenile (with Iggy, Nico, Tom Wehrer and Chris Daley); later Danny Fields became his manager. I don't know why he hasn't made it really big. He is so good.

Andy Warhol

Photo © by Tom Copi

Dedicated to Keith Richards, my all-time hero.

Photo © by Tom Copi

THE CAST

Scott Asheton (Rock Action)	Drummer
Ron Asheton	Guitarist
Dave Alexander	Bassist
Iggy Pop	Singer
James Williamson	Later Guitarist
Dave "Dogman" Dunlap	Roadie
Leo Beattie	Roadie
Bernie	Roadie
Zeke Zettner	Roadie
Don Cool from Liverpool	Roadie-Animal
Eric Haddix	Roadie
John Adams	Trouble
Jimmy Silver	Manager
Esther	Friendlovernursephotographer
Danny Fields	Mentor #1
David Bowie	Saviour-Best Friend
Farmer Baylis	The Fifth Stooge
Nico	First Lover

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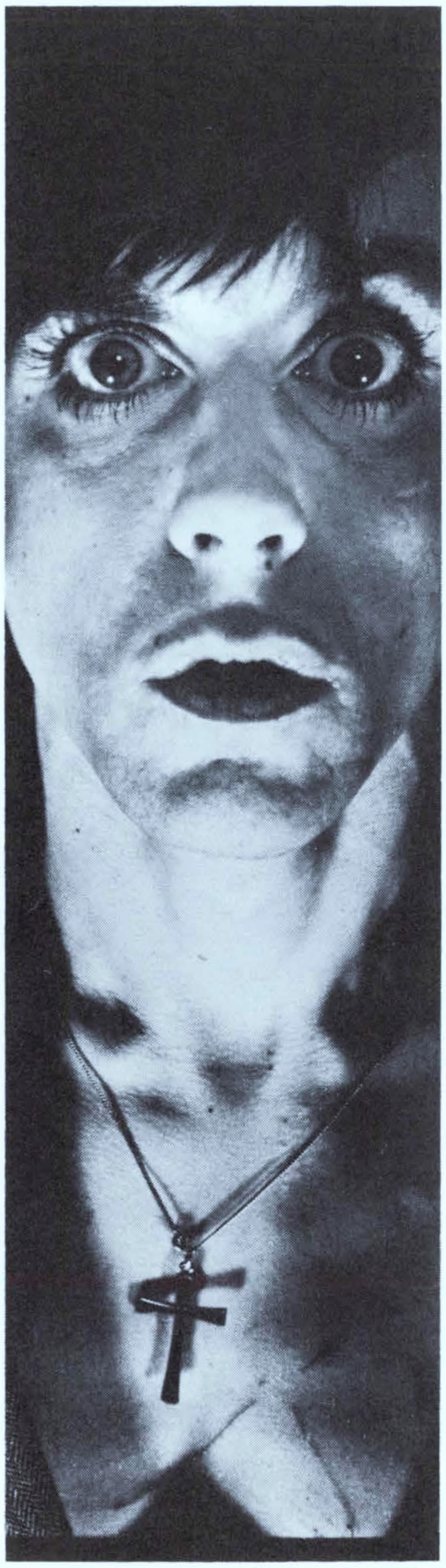
Wanted for Murder

Yeah, so when I was in the Stooges a lot of dumb things used to happen to me. I remember one night I was sitting up, just sitting up all night with our road manager, John Adams, shooting coke with a hypodermic needle. John was this funny guy. He was a junkie, you know. At this point, 1970, the band was really beginning to disintegrate. I was staying on the 26th floor, room 26-G, actually, which happens to be the size hypodermic needle I used to use to stick shit in my arm. This was the 26th floor of Ann Arbor, Michigan's only high rise, only penthouse building. I had to have one—being the lead singer type, you know. I had to have a room at the top. We should all have a room at the top.

So anyway, I'm sitting up there all night shooting coke, and the sun starts coming up. You could see practically the whole town from my window, and, me and John, we're looking down watching the day sort of slowly take shape and we notice that there are police cars cruising the city—two of them at first and then four and later six—cruising the city in large squares, tracing configurations reminiscent of the *Hellstrom Chronicle* (i.e., insect tactics, making square patterns on the street), closing in on the square. Obviously it was a dragnet of some sort. So we watched. You know, we really used to get off on stuff like that, me and the Stooges. We sort of had this strange love/hate relationship with all authority—that is, police action in general. So we were looking at these guys, right? And we wondered—wow! We speculated—wow! Who are they after? What's it all about, right, and la de da. Why is this dragnet closing in tighter and tighter.

Half the reason I was staying up was because the banks didn't open until nine, and I wanted to cash this check at the bank across the street, which is actually a bum check but I did a lot of business with this bank because there is a lot of quick money in rock, especially the way I play it. It wasn't like it is now—all this touring—we were a weekend band. We just sort of played this wild music, and people would ask us to come and we'd take the money and it was no big deal, no management or agents or anything. We actually had a so-called agent, but it was in name only: he never really understood the subject, though he did wire me a C-note (100 dollars) to cover golfing expenses at the Doral Country Club, Miami, Florida, summer of 1970, during my final stages of a protracted Methadone-Golf-Valium treatment (first time for that one).

So, it's closing tighter and tighter, this dragnet, and John and I are watching, and I've got to cash this bum check at nine o'clock because I have to go with my Wurlitzer electric piano



to Detroit in this rented car, which was basically stolen—a Ford Galaxy that I had taken out for one day and kept for a month, right. I just took my chances, you know, cause I had to score.

So I get down to the bank, and my pupils are about the size of basketballs. I'm very much in THAT state, and I'm wearing long sleeves, right, and I stand in line. I stand in line at the bank and I'm . . . at this point we're talking about this guy who is sallow looking, drawn, a weird face, big bug eyes, real long auburn kind of straight hair. I wore what everyone else wore—Levis—but I always wore long sleeves.

So anyway, I was standing there to cash this check for 3,000 bucks. I'm standing there, pretty nervous in the sunlight and everything. I can't BEAR standing in lines of any sort, any time, anyway. So I'm really uptight. I hate being around regular people anyway; even worse, I hate the bustle of anything that resembles an office or where business is being done in an organized form. So I'm standing there, and all of a sudden I hear a sound like the thunder of hooves to my left. Well, I look to my left, and coming in the bank in a half-trot, running—determinedly—are these two enormous, broad, heavy-muscled men in cheap suits with crew-cuts. Early morning at the bank, rush hour, a lot of people, and lo and behold they run STRAIGHT up to me, straight up to me, pick me up in the air, PICK me up in the air—I mean they didn't say a word. They didn't say a word, and I didn't either. I didn't know what to do. They picked me up in the air and just ran straight out of the bank with me up in the air. One of them quickly opens the door of their car and throws me in the back seat—just throws me in the back seat. This is the kind of cop car that has grill-work between the front and back seat.

I was petrified. Petrified! I mean, beyond petrification and fear. I just thought, well, this is it. The gig's up. They've got me now, right, you know? I was sure they had me, right? I didn't know what was going to happen next, so I just sort of went crazy. "What did I do? What did I do? What are the charges?" That sort of thing, and they didn't say anything.

Well, as it turned out, they were looking for a murderer. So that was the day I was picked up for murder. They were looking for a murderer, and I fit the description exactly. Which is a good lesson for a young musician—don't hang out by yourself.

Anyway, so they are taking me down to the cop shop, right, and they don't even get halfway there when they take a closer look at me and check out some shit with their buddies on the radio and they realize I'm not the one they thought I was.

They KNOW it's not the one they thought, but from the look of me and everything they decide to take me in anyway.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, where this took place, was veritably—during the mid-sixties and into the seventies—a police state. I've been all over the world and, perhaps excluding Russia, I've never seen fascism more in force than in the Detroit area.

They just decided like we've got the town to play with and we're going to do what we want. It was strange because Ann Arbor was one of those funny Midwestern towns where, already in the sixties, the residents, the people who actually lived there, had a much more laissez-faire, live and let live, attitude than any of their hired guns. The police force thought more like Oakies than they did like educated, civilized people. So it was a funny discrepancy, you know. You had this town full of peaceful kids at the mercy of these lunatics.

So they took me down, and, as it turned out, they found marks on my arm—because I was really stupid enough to shoot things into my arm. And I was very, very stoned and very, very scared. And the phone at the Stooges' main house was disconnected, and John had split, so I had no one to call, you know, and I didn't have a lawyer.

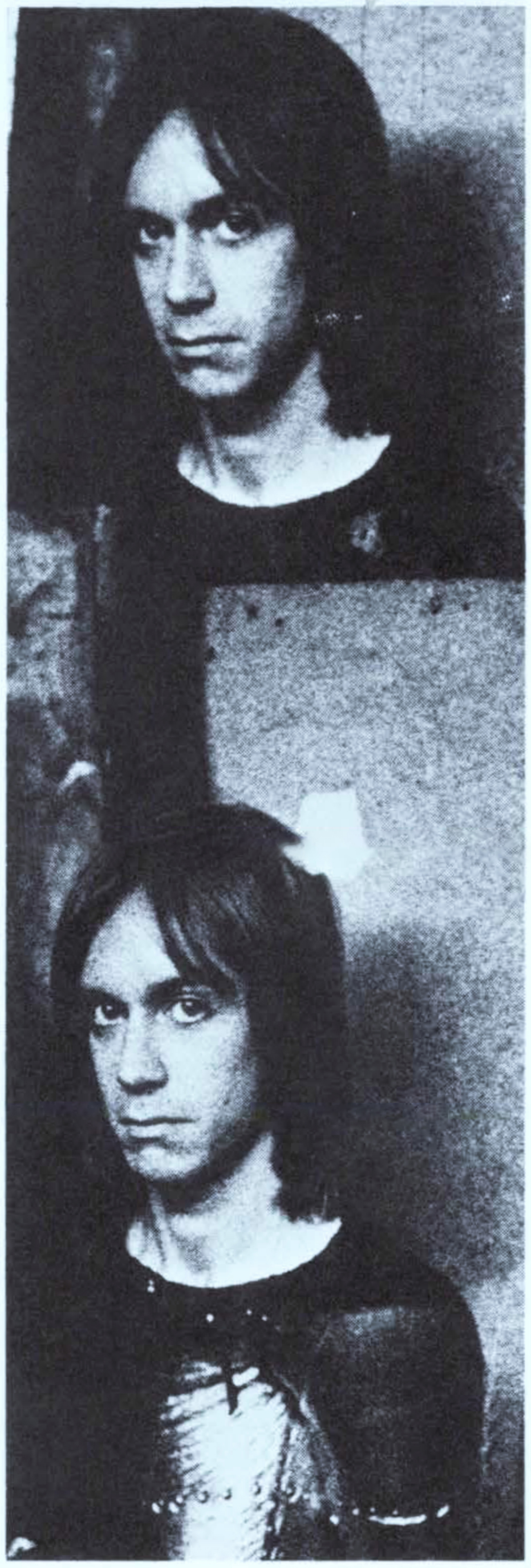
So what they wanted from me, what it came down to, was that they'd let me out if I let them search my place, you know. If I didn't let them search my place it would mean detention—72 hours—too long for a junkie type. Much to their surprise—they thought I'd say yes out of sheer fear or dumbness—well, I did say yes.

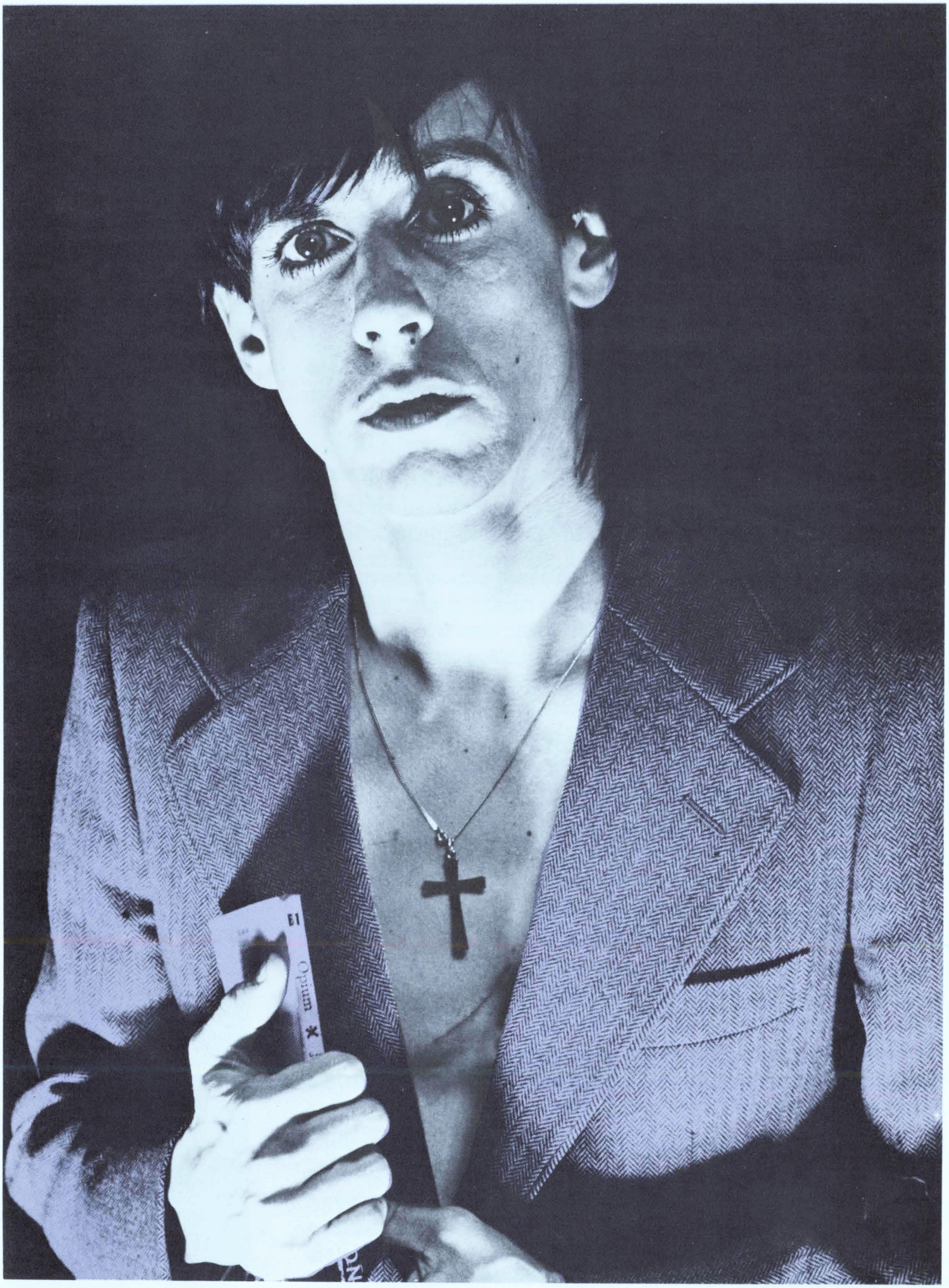
And so they went up to my place—a sergeant, a lieutenant, and me. As it happened, there was nothing there that was incriminating, just a whole lot of methadone and, I don't know, the remains of 99 fits (hypodermic syringes) and needles and things and pieces of this and that just lying all over the floor.

Unless you could bust a person for having lice and things like that—I was very louse-ridden at the time; personal cleanliness was not my forte—there was nothing they could really bust me for, but they said they could make an issue of things: the methadone and everything (which they probably could have, because it wasn't prescribed), and the needles and things.

So they worked on me in my place for about two hours trying to get me to rat on my friends and to set somebody up. And I liked myself at the end of that day because I found out something about myself, and that something was this: I couldn't do hate's hurt no matter how I felt or who it was or how much trouble it might make for me. I thought that they could probab-

Marshall
Marshall





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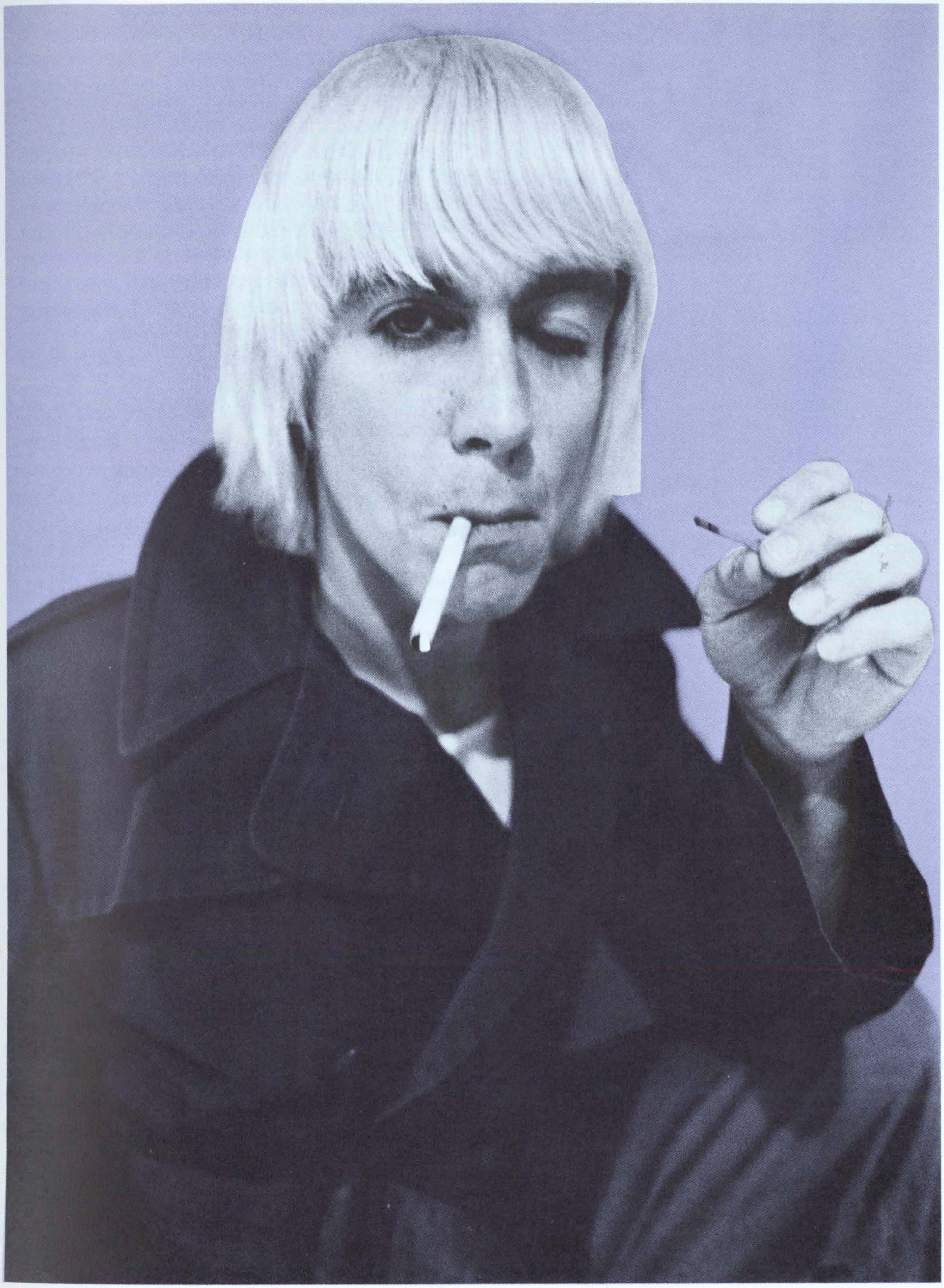

Photo © by Andrew Kent

No Fun
Pop/Asheton

no fun my babe
no fun
no fun my babe
no fun
no fun to hang around
feelin that same old way
no fun to hang around
freaked out for another day

no fun my babe
no fun
no fun my babe
no fun
no fun to be alone
walkin by myself
no fun to be alone
in love with nobody else

well
maybe go out, maybe stay home
maybe call mom on the telephone
well c'mon, well c'mon
c'mon, c'mon
now ron; i say ron
c'mon and lemme hear you tell em
lemme hear you tell em
how i feel
i say lemme hear you
tell em how i feel, yeah, my man!
no fun to be alone
it's no fun to be alone
hang on
don't you lemme go
it's no fun to be alone
to be alone

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ly throw me in jail. I mean, John Sinclair went a few years for two joints just before that, and it would have meant a nice promotion for one of them, busting my ass.

But I couldn't contemplate screwing over a friend. I couldn't contemplate that. That's what my whole band the Stooges was all about for me: friendship. I found friendship as a musical style much more relevant than whether what we played was the Blues or this or that. We were a band of friends. I need friends. As it turns out, the cops were bluffing.

Something about Myself

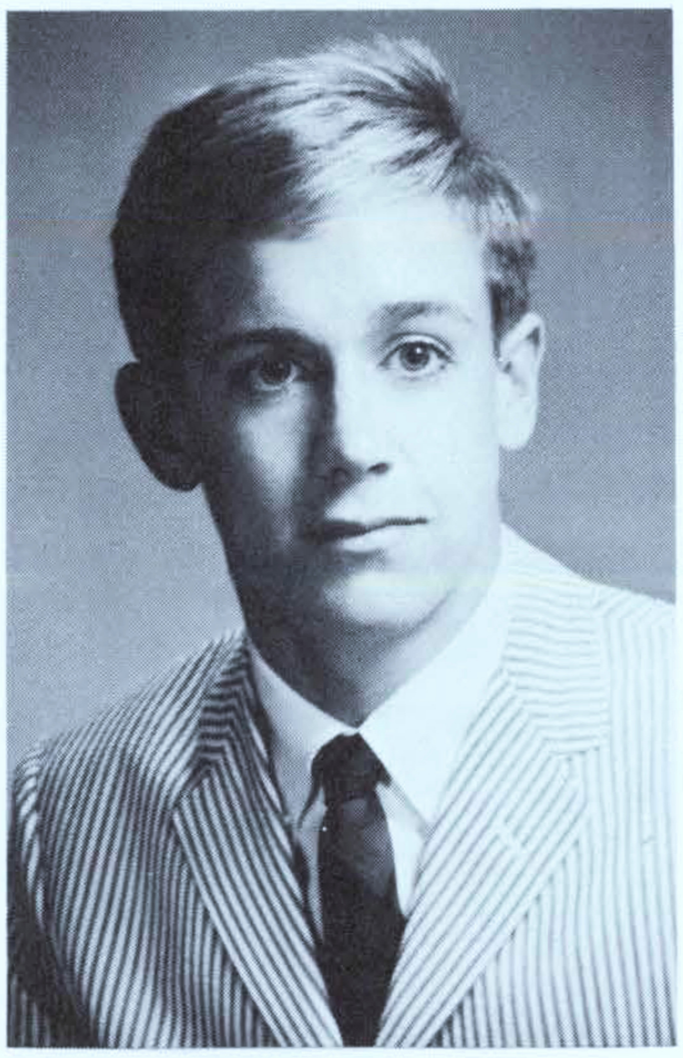
Maybe I should tell you something about myself. I used to go to high school. By the time I was 20 I had this band of my own, the Stooges. I wanted to be a lead singer, you know, and write songs, you know, and la de da.

None of us were real musicians—I had been a good drummer, but that's not being a singer, right? The rest of them had been in this band they called the Dirty Shames. They used to play along with records, at least whatever notes they knew on the record. When they didn't know a note they didn't play. So that's the Dirty Shames—a ONE-NOTE SAMBA band.

Anyway, we formed a band and did nothing but talk bullshit for months and months. I actually provoked the fellows into practicing by, mainly, scoring a quantity of grass or hash. We were young and just getting into smoking, you know, we loved it.

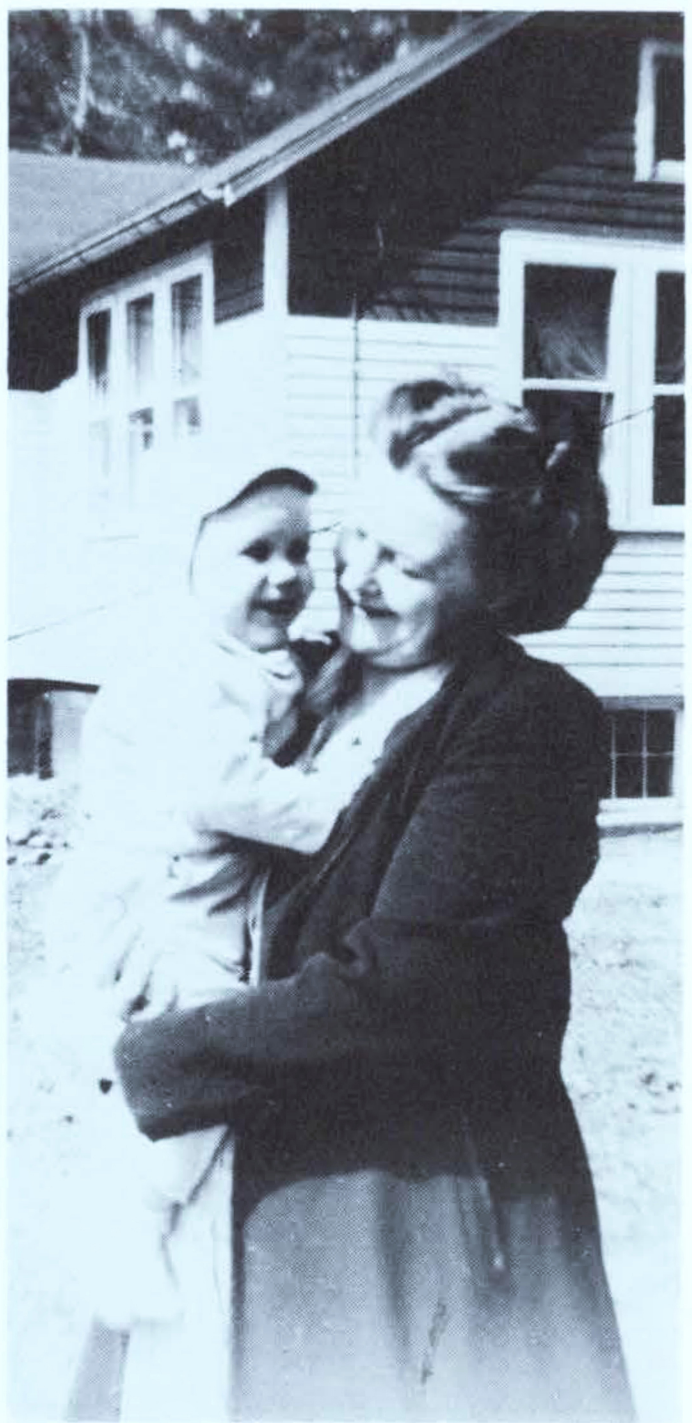
When we first started rehearsing, it was in the winter and I was living with my mother and father because I had no money. I'd get up in the morning, and my mom would leave me $2.50 on the kitchen table. We lived in a trailer court about five miles across town from where Ronny and Scotty Asheton—our bassist and drummer—lived. It was about ten miles by bus, and I'd take the bus hither and yon, over hill and dale. I'd also have to walk. I'd put on all these heavy clothes, and then I'd take a little bit of hash or grass or whatever I had in my pocket, la de da. I was very serious about rehearsal. I was very ambitious, you know. I never wanted to be anything but at the top, the most noticed or the most famous. Anyway, I'd have to walk about a half mile through the snow to the bus stop. Then, after a 40 minute bus ride, I'd have to walk another ten minutes to get to their rather remote house.

We had to practice, and we had to start in something resembling the morning because their mother got home at three-thirty from work and wouldn't allow loud music. She wanted to relax when she got home from work.


High school graduate

But these guys were the laziest juvenile delinquent sort of pig-slobs ever born, right? Really spoiled rotten and babied by their mothers—white bread and chocolate and you name it, literally spoiled rotten. In fact one of them, Dave, was spoiled to death. It was terrible. He was just too drunk to live.

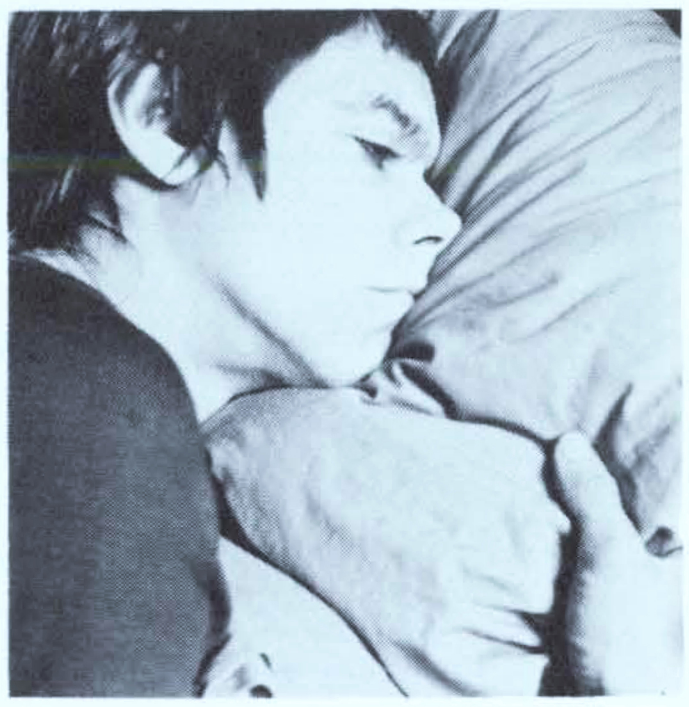
I'd make that trek and then the trick would be to get one of them to open the door because they'd always sleep roundly, soundly, until around noon. They would always be asleep and I'd ring, ring, ring, ring the bell. Sometimes they'd answer, and sometimes they wouldn't. So I had to turn on the garden hose and spray their windows, throw rocks, yell weird things, throw snowballs. Finally I'd get in, and then I'd have to wake them up a couple more times. They were really moody guys—very hard to wake up. I'd spin a few records to get them in the mood. Later on Dave, who lived down the street, would pop over. But at this time it was just the three of us: me, Ronny, and Scott.



With Mom in North Woods.

Finally, by about two I'd actually gotten everybody to where they'd play some music, and we'd go down to the basement. We'd go down to the basement and turn off all the lights, and once we'd get down to it these guys had a fairly strong degree of concentration to give something like music—something fanciful. They'd been just such totally free, undisciplined, spoiled, derelict guys for so long that they were really good at things like TV watching or making wonderful creations, like collages out of advertisements and things. Of course, feeling real stoned was a necessity—only on smoke at this time.

They were very good dreamers, very good dreamers, which is mostly what my dusty Midwest is all about. The land that time forgot. It produces a lot of great minds that revolutionize, it really does, the Midwest of America. Pete Townsend says something nice about that. He says it must be really difficult for a bright person in the Midwest because you don't have a London or a New York City that can provide you with fresh input, that can rub against you and rub off any illusions. In New York you learn who you are just by learning who you're NOT. It takes away your illusions. If you're really good at anything in a big city there are thousands of people better at it than you are; whereas in some dusty dump like Ann Arbor, Michigan, the lowest of geniuses is easily the best mind in town—Superman in a small pond.



So we're trying to practice, right, and make this band, the Stooges, in 1967. We'd go down there to the basement, all the lights out, only the Christmas tree lights and sort of an amber lamp on the floor, and I'd play this sort of wild Hawaiian guitar with a pickup that I invented, which meant that I made two sounds at one time, like an airplane. That's the only way I can

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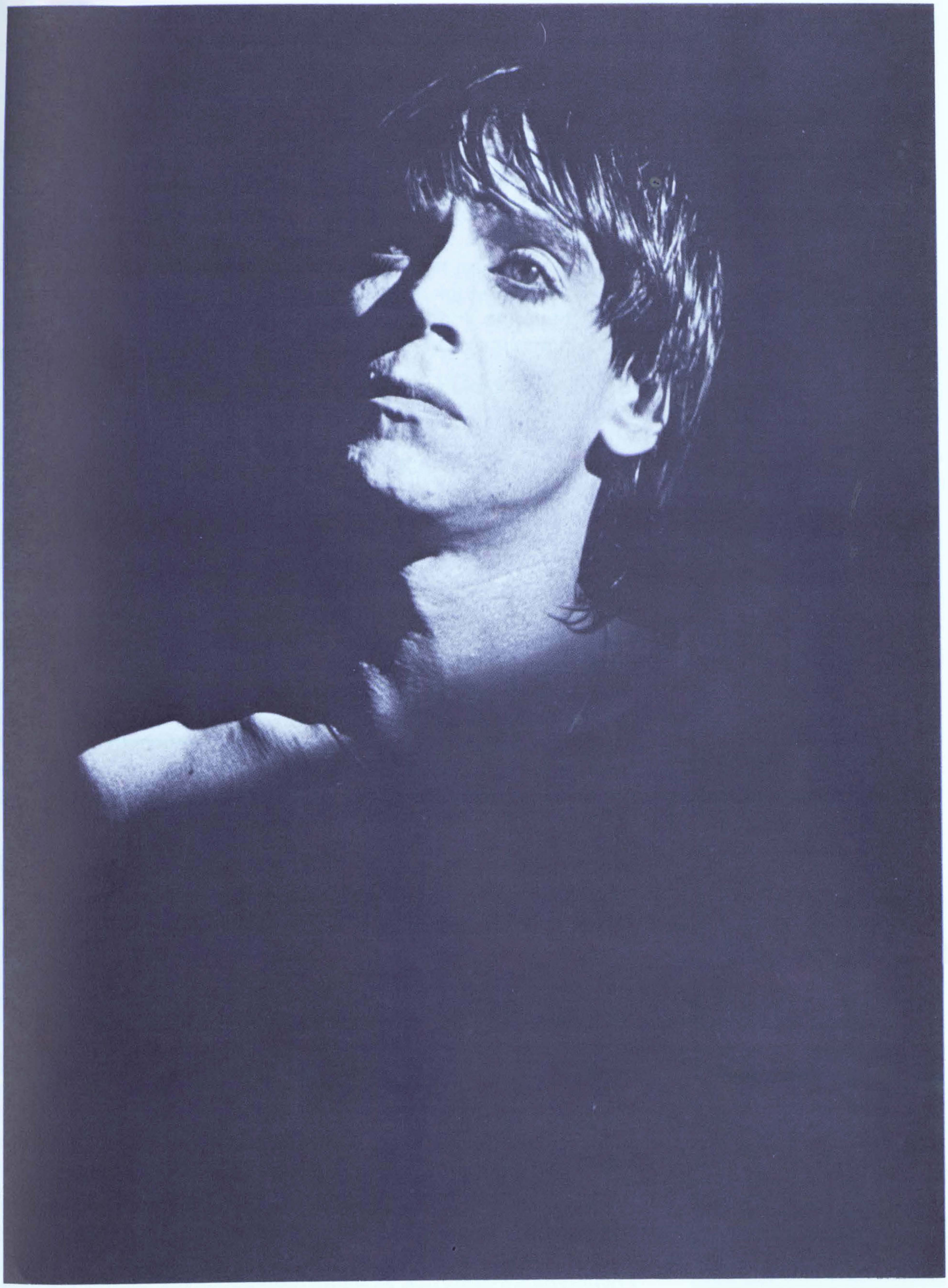

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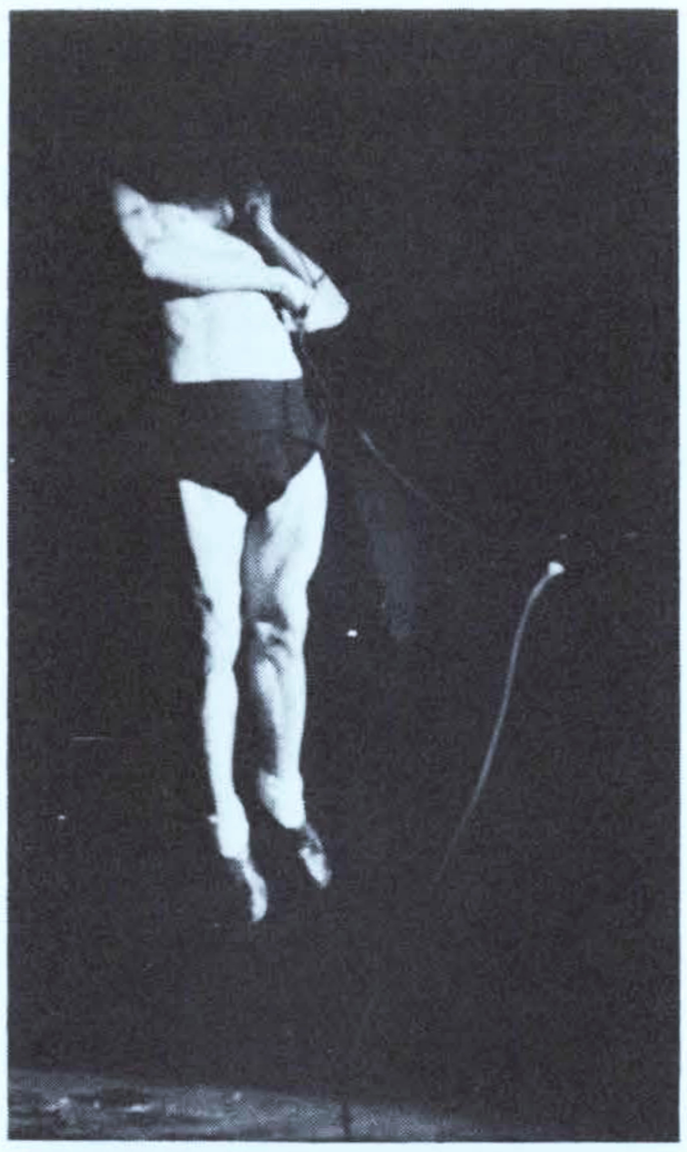


describe it—it sounded like an airplane. It sounded like early Stooges stuff, which much later became early Sex Pistols.

Anyway, so I played that and Ron played the bass and Scotty I taught how to play drums, with a drum set I designed. We felt we should buy him real drums, but I had already worked for a month at two jobs—one serving burgers, fries, and colas; the other as stock boy at Discount Records of Ann Arbor—and that month of employment was the end of my rope. I worked long enough to buy a small Fender Princeton amplifier and a Kustom piggy-back amp that sounded like shit and was covered in tuck and roll naugahide—like any other country Nigger, I couldn't resist. I found myself unable to continue work to finance a set of proper drums.

So, using 55-gallon oil cans which I got from a junkyard and rigged up as bass drums, I homemade a drum set. For drum sticks I designed these semi-plastic molded hammers. Scotty beat the shit out of these cans; it sounded like an earthquake—thunderous. We lit all these drums in black light, and they were scrawled with obscenities like "tits" and "pussy."

On the front of these drums were written Indian symbols for like love and regeneration. (The Stooges had two sides, you know: one side was just totally foul, very weird, very into fascism, into violence.) Then we proceeded to play just this thunderous, racey music, which would drone on and on, varying the themes. It was entirely instrumental at this time, like Jazz gone wild. It was very North African, a very tribal sound: very electronic.

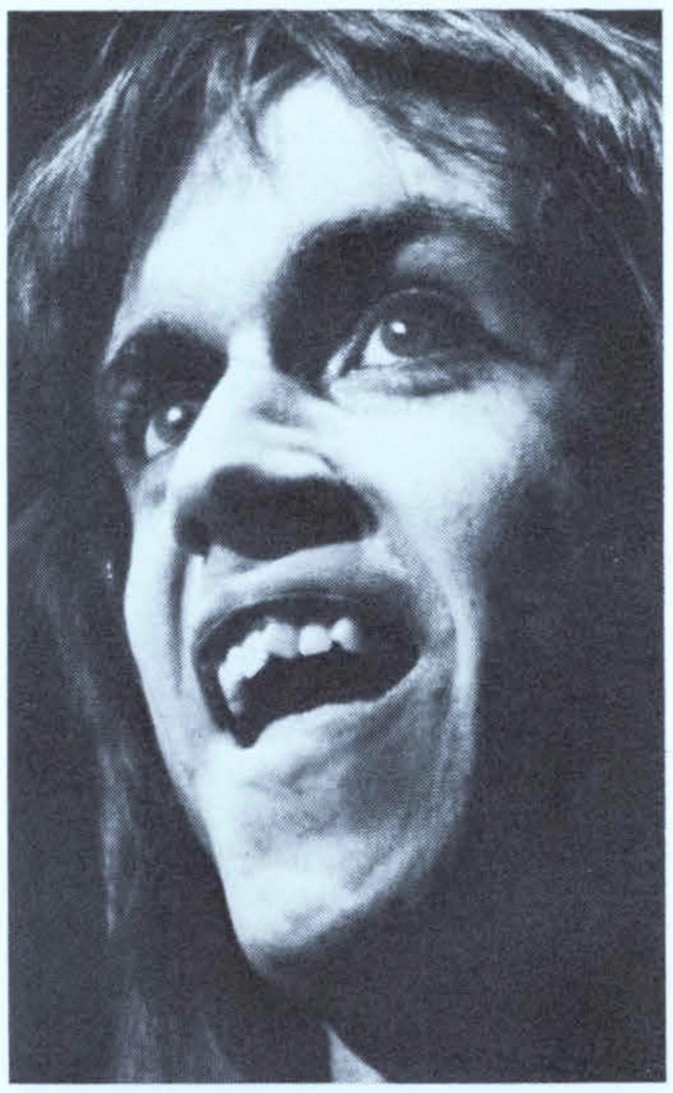
We would play like that for about ten minutes. Then everybody would have to get really stoned again. The entire band, after ten minutes, would be blown: "Oh, wow, man, I'm exhausted." But what we had put into ten minutes was so total and so very savage—the earth shook, then cracked, and swallowed all misery whole.

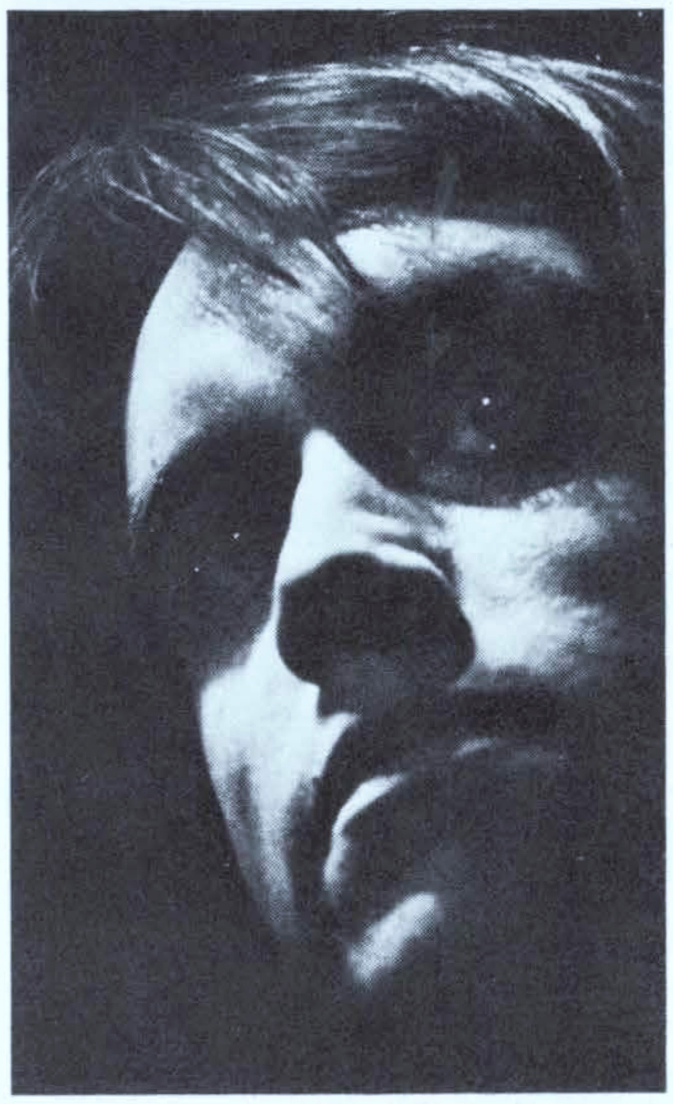
We'd toke up again to play. I'd play the organ, and Ron would play guitar. And we'd just play this exploratory, very emotional music.

We weren't interested in anything like writing a song or making a chord change. I didn't bother with anything like that until I had a recording; once I had the contract I thought I'd better really learn how to write some songs—so I did.

Our music was flowing and very conceptual. We'd have just one given song, called *Wind Up* or I'd change the title to *Asthma Attack* or *Goodbye Bozos*, or, I don't know, *Jesus Loves The Stooges*. So, la de da, that's how we started out.

We finally decided we needed our own house so that we could really practice, right? As you can see, practice wasn't going very well: not exactly cost efficient, or time efficient. So we got this house in the middle of the University of Michigan campus. We were on some tree-lined street—Forest Court—a very beautiful old house, actually. Within a week the kitchen was boarded up. You know, it was your typical rock tenancy, except we weren't rockers. We couldn't possibly play our way through a Chuck Berry song.





That house made all the difference. We were still trying to find our sound. We didn't know where to start until Ron and I heard Harry Partch. We used to listen to a Harry Partch record (look it up if you don't know) with four or five friends. Ron would dart around the house made up like a hunchback, with tissues stuffed in his cheeks and a towel for shoulder padding, and doing a poltergeist or something, and we'd make strange "Hoooooo" noises, like spooks, along with Partch. We made a little funhouse out of it, locking all the doors and turning the lights off and on. One guy, Craig Sutherland, somehow found LSD, and we were doing that. He had a bad trip and spent the night in the bushes. He had an expensive guitar—he couldn't play nothin on it, and I bet he still can't. People said we were very unfriendly. It was true, but all good bands tend to be insular.

I've always enjoyed living with a bunch of men, you know. Even living with your band in a house can be really nice at times. When you want to play some music or do something else it's just nice to have friends around, to be that close, you know. It's economically necessary, and a big help.

First Fuck

And this house was where I first got fucked. We would always have girls over and shit—for me, I didn't get fucked until I was twenty. Before that I used to come—just rub it against some jeans or something, or to just touch a nice ass was very enjoyable. I didn't want to get fucked.

There was this chick, Chuck's chick, who had her eye on me. A couple of them sort of had their eye on me for quite awhile: being a drummer and all, they thought, "He's a young thing; I'd like to try him out," you know. This one was a grad student—she was 25, which seemed ancient to me at the time. Being 20, I thought people 25 were, like God! That was old!

Anyway, she'd follow me. She had a kid. I don't know, I don't like screwing chicks with kids. I just don't like it. It's like, I don't want to be there with that kid, and that kid's probably been there already, sloppy seconds; or you could sock yourself with some heavy jealousy with that kid.

Anyway, she was a good looking kid. She was being very nice and she'd keep turning up, you know, making scrambled eggs. She kind of cultivated me.

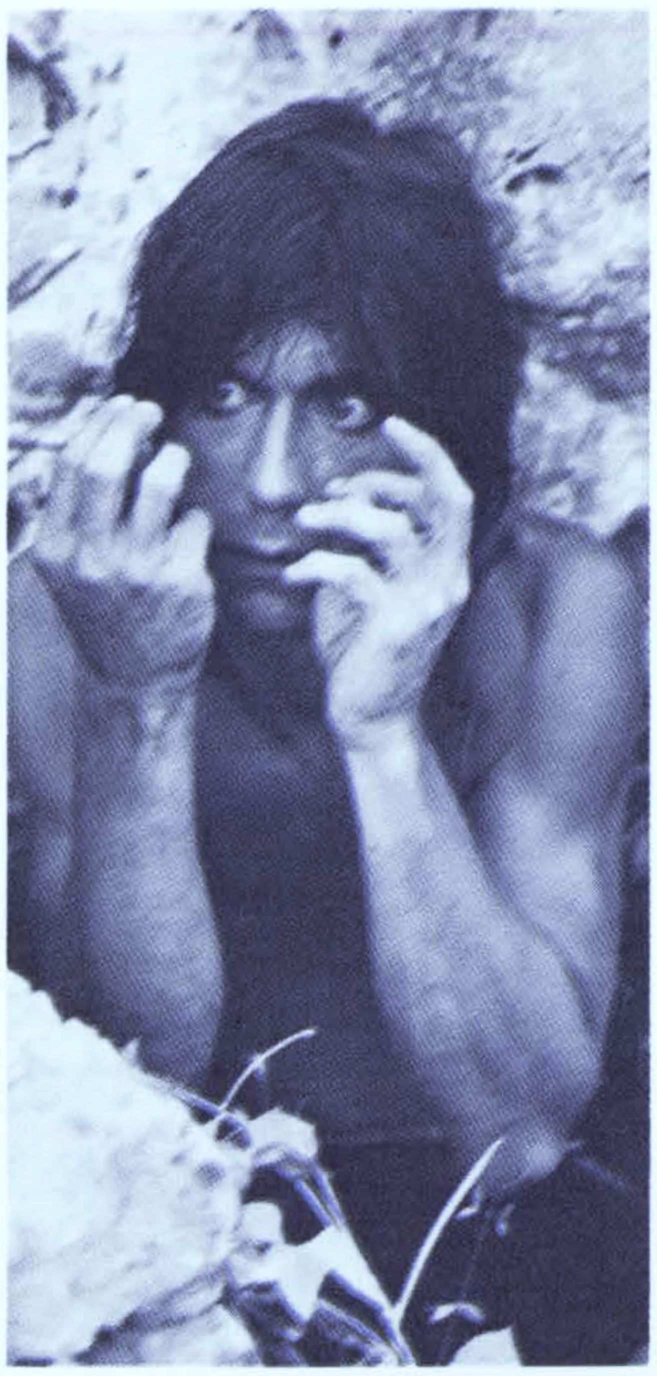
She was trying to get me to fuck her. One time, I was kissing her and stuff on her couch over at her place, and I was laying on top. I was humping her, actually, and she was saying, "Why don't you go all the way? Let's go all the way." I was put off. Then finally, one night in my room—I had this really weird room with a little balcony. I used to shit on it, shit on my little balcony and let it dry. And I had all the furniture in my room, including two single beds, all the furniture tipped on end. I made a maze out of it so that you couldn't see more than two or three feet in any one direction at any given time. It was an interesting room, a little room of its own. Anyway, she got me really stoned on good stuff. I'd only had a little marijuana in my life, so it was still fresh in my blood.

I had just learned to smoke (cigarettes and grass), and I was excited about it. I had always had asthma and couldn't smoke. One day I was walking down the street and someone blew a puff in my face from a passing cigarette on a fall day, which is always the worst season. So it was, uh, "Smoke—I'm gonna fall down any second," and nothing happened. So I thought, AH HA! And immediately I became a two pack a day Camel smoker, which was really bad for me and causes me a touch of asthma even today.

I don't remember how I got my clothes off, but we were on the balcony—I cleaned the shit off the balcony and put a bed out there because she was coming over that night. "It" wasn't hard, and I wasn't aware exactly what was happening to us. Somehow she managed to sort of do it herself. And then I came. It was very much like a dream sequence. I just sat up, didn't say a word, and took off. I ran downstairs and got on her bicycle and rode—just as fast as I could—away. I was very upset, and I turned a corner on the wrong side of the street. I was in a frenzy, and I ran head-on into a car. And flipped into the air. I flew over the car and landed on my feet.

We Got Lucky

We had this house once, this farmhouse, and it has always bothered me. You know I am a reasonably sensitive, well mannered sort of . . . well I love people, you know, sort of a decent young man. On the other hand, anything the Stooges would touch turned to shit. We destroyed homes with the greatest of



Not Right
Pop/Asheton

she
not right
i want something
i want something
tonight
i want something
i want something
alright
but she
can't help
cause she's not right

nononono

and it's always
and it's always this way

i
not right
she wants something
she wants something
tonight
she wants sumpin
she wants something
alright
but i
can't help
cause i'm not right
no

and it's always
and it's always this way
and it's
always . . . .

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ease, four dashing baboons on a wicked trapeeze. I mean, we were hooligans, right? As the Stooges I was a hooligan, right? But on my own time I was different.

So we got this house. We got lucky, and we got this beautiful white house, and it helped our music so much. We got so good we had to die. We got so good that eventually the record industry wouldn't produce us. It was a big old beautiful white farmhouse with twelve rooms that had been built by this old man named Mr. Baylis—Farmer Baylis—built with his own hands from foundation to furniture. He had already gotten very rich by selling bits of his huge farm, first to the public school for an elementary school, then to a couple of people for single house dwellings and later a trailer camp. The farmhouse was on three or four acres with a beautiful long garden and a tree-lined driveway. It was just an exquisite house. I loved it so. It was almost handcrafted—the paneling inside and the floors, parquet floors, a huge picture window, such a beautiful pastoral setting, beautiful trees in the garden. His garden was lovely—quite inspiring what one man, who worked with his heart, could do.

I lived in the attic of the house, and it was one of the most beautiful times anybody could have. Up in the attic, high in the air with beautiful trees, two windows that made a cross-breeze. The attic was cedar wood, and I had a huge, they call them ship beds, which he had built himself with thin mattresses, and I had no sheets or pillowslips. I just had a pillow, and I had my guitar and a Marshall 50-watt amplifier—not huge, but big for your own room. It could really blast out. In the room was a big commode with a really nice mirror that he had built himself—he was quite a nice carpenter—and I sort of trashed that too, and, you know, by the third week the bathrooms didn't work anymore, etc., etc.

And the guy, he would come over. I'll never forget the way he would come over. He loved his home. It was as if he felt somehow he was forced to leave his house, even though he was willfully dismembering it for money. It probably no longer made sense for him to live there because he wasn't a farmer anymore and he wasn't young. It was all his wife's doing—she had the most horrible hairdresser—she led this poor old noble bear straight down the lifeless path to the joyless garden-gate. Goodbye sunshine; hello zoo. He probably moved to some ranch style thing, with no stairs, on doctor's advice. Is this so different from being railroaded to Siberia? He loved his home so much. The house outlasted the man.

He would turn up at the oddest times, as if he were a ghost hanging around his home. And he'd say, "Hey fellows, would you like some carrots or something I grew?" But we weren't as nice to him as we should have been. Everybody was a bit paranoid because we smoked grass, right, and at that time it was a heavy deal in Michigan. So that was a shame, that grass should get in the way of us being nicer to him. He never did kick us out of the house. Old farmer man Baylis was the Fifth Stooge.

Then finally, shortly after we broke up in 1970, the house was torn down. It's now an expressway, Eisenhower Parkway. So there lies his life somehow. The farm's gone but I was there to bear witness.

We had some good rehearsals in that house. Nico came to live in that house for awhile. I met her in New York. She was really lovely, and we were like boyfriend and girlfriend for awhile. I told her, "I have to go to Michigan to be with the band"—being Michigan boys they never really had any interest in being anywhere but near Detroit—and she said, "Jimmy, I go with you." She spoke like that. And I thought, "What is a sophisticated lady like her, what does she want to do out where I am? She must be nuts." She was, and I owe her the world. She taught me all about, like, well you know, I'd never licked pussy before. I got into that, and I liked having sex with her a lot. And she taught me all about wine, real wine.

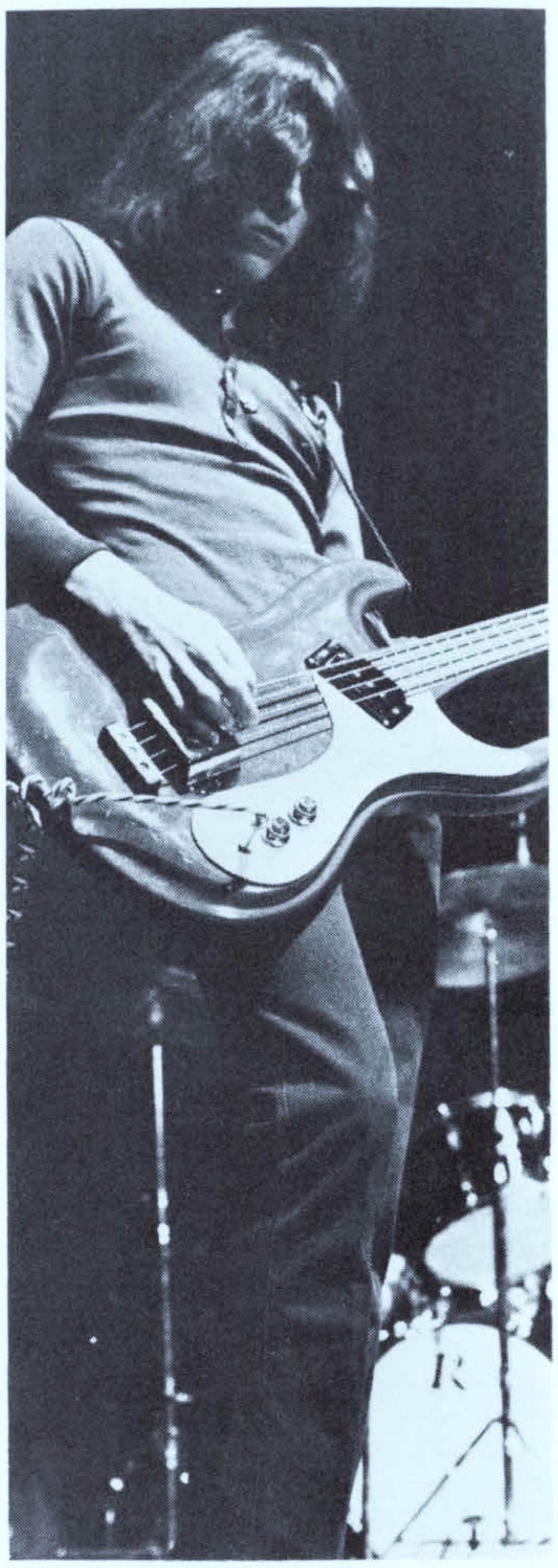
Nico

Whenever we rehearsed, she'd always be right there really enjoying it in a way that you love to see someone enjoying something that you are doing—a very good listener she was. And she'd try to cook for us. She'd cook pots of brown rice every day and sometimes serve fresh fruit, but mainly brown rice and vegetables. She'd try to cook for us. She'd cook brown rice in a pot and throw vegetables in, and it would always have so much tabasco and hot sauce that nobody could eat it, but she tried.

The Stooges

So I'll tell you the story of my first band. Let's see, I'll start with Dave, Dave Alexander. He ended up playing bass guitar. He was a friend down the block, a friend of Scott Asheton's, our drummer. David was kinda pink, because he had a really bad complexion. He used a whole lot of Clearasil, because Clearasil was advertised on Dick Clark for zits. I should mention that Dave's dead now.

Anyway, he had this orange hair, real long hair, and he used to carry a knife in his pocket. He was about 5′ 7″ and he would wear these stretch Levi's—stretch Levi's being denim Levi's but made out of stretch material. They were always . . . he didn't have much of an ass, Dave, and they were always—they would cling real tight, right, but they were too big around the waist, the elasticity was lost on him—and they would always be coming down over the hips, you know, which did look funny sometimes because they really came down, plus his pockets were loaded and all of these things pulling—combs and knives, bottles of gin or whatever he was drinking, and wallets and things. They were what you call in Michigan high water. High water refers to when your pants are too short, hence "high waters"—you expecting a flood or what, right? And then he'd wear Beatles boots because he and Ron Asheton (our guitarist) had skipped school at one time and gone to England, gone to Liverpool to be near The Beatles for an entire semester when they were in high school.


Dave Alexander

These guys are a couple years younger than I am. David's father was a butcher and his mother a housewife—very nervous type, a pretty nervous chick, you know. Dave was from this little hamlet of about 150 people—it was called Whitmore Lake, Michigan, and it used to produce these really degenerate kids. He was from Whitmore Lake, but then he moved to Ann Arbor. By the time he was 12, he was on glue and Romilar and, I don't know, Seconals too, I think—God knows what he was on. He was always on something bad, and had to be at all times. He always liked to live at home. He was spoiled rotten, like filthy rotten spoiled to the core, right? If he had to work more than ten minutes he would whine. But he wanted to be in the band, and he had a car and money, which was a big attraction. He could get an amplifier and buy a bass, so he was in.

Dave used to do some funny things. I remember once, he saw Jimmy Hendrix set his guitar on fire in some movie. So Dave decided one night at the Silver Bell Hideout in Birmingham, Michigan, he was going to set HIS bass on fire. He'd seen it done, and it didn't hurt the finish, right. I don't know what his deal was but he was on something, and he planned it. As it happened, that night I let him borrow a shirt, one of my favorite shirts. So he's wearing my shirt up there playing on stage, and we're singing a couple of songs, and Dave ceremoniously lays out his bass—ha, ha, ha—he's going to set it on fire. So he lays it down on stage doing some appropriate gesture, and he pours some lighter fluid on it. But when he lit it, it went up like a torch. You didn't have to fan it or anything. It went up about three feet, a good three foot burn going. And he looked at it in utter—I'll never forget it—he looked at it in utter shock and horror: "Oh, what'll I do now?" So he decided—to maintain the stagemanship of this ploy—he would put it out with his body. He just fell on it and put the fire out with his chest . . . with MY shirt. He wasn't badly hurt, you know. There's this big fucking ring on his—whoops, MY—shirt! He wasn't really burned, but it didn't look too good. So he didn't get that right. He missed. But I guess it was the thought that counted.

Boy, I'll never forget Dave. One time, before our first-ever

Stooges concert, he said that he was on acid and wanted to paint my ancient Hawaiian guitar (which was central to our sound then) in a day-glo floral design. So I said, yeah, go ahead and paint . . . day-glo some butterflies on it, you know. But he painted over the pickups, which are little magnetic microphones. So my guitar was broken the day before the gig. As it turned out, the course of history was changed because I had to play standing up. I had to play the stand-up guitar instead of the sit-down Hawaiian, and my pants fell down slowly during my debut. Everybody thought it was part of my act, which included an aluminum Afro wig and whiteface and a maternity smock that I was sporting with my golf shoes. So that was Dave. He started out with us doing little odd musical jobs like pushing the heads off amplifiers and throwing things. He had a special talent for that, you know. So, that was Dave.

Rock says hello.

Scott Asheton—he was the juvenile delinquent. He was this Elvis Presley looking character; a really quite handsome young lad, you know, somewhere between Elvis and Fabian, real tough dude, real badass, good fighter and shit like that. He used to always wear his sleeves rolled up. He also had the stretch Levi's and pointed boots, and he had a big Elvis hairdo or pompadour, which he called his pomp or my do. He was a pretty interesting kid. He dropped out of school. His dad died, his and Ron's—they were brothers—so they didn't have much discipline at home. He used to hang out on the street near where I worked in this record store at the time I was drumming with the band. He started hanging out at our Prime Movers rehearsals. He'd hang out on the stairs with a couple of his buddies. He was like a hick kid. You know, a hick kid who's tough and hip—a tough hip hick kid, somewhere between a groove and a tough, but very young. So he used to hang around the rehearsal room, and he asked me if I'd teach him to play drums. I liked him. He was a pretty neat guy, you know. So I said, "Yeah, I'll teach you how to play." And I started teaching him some things, and he sat down at my drum set one night and started drumming. Through Scott I met the rest of them: Dave and Ron. They all used to hang out in front of the drug store, Marshall's Drug Store, where later I used to go to get my fix. I used to say I was a diabetic. You know how those small town drug stores are.

Stooges Slide In

One of the nice things about being the Stooges was that we lived almost always, absolutely, completely penniless, or near to it (we are almost Phoenix-like), even after we got our record contracts—without any visible resources except what

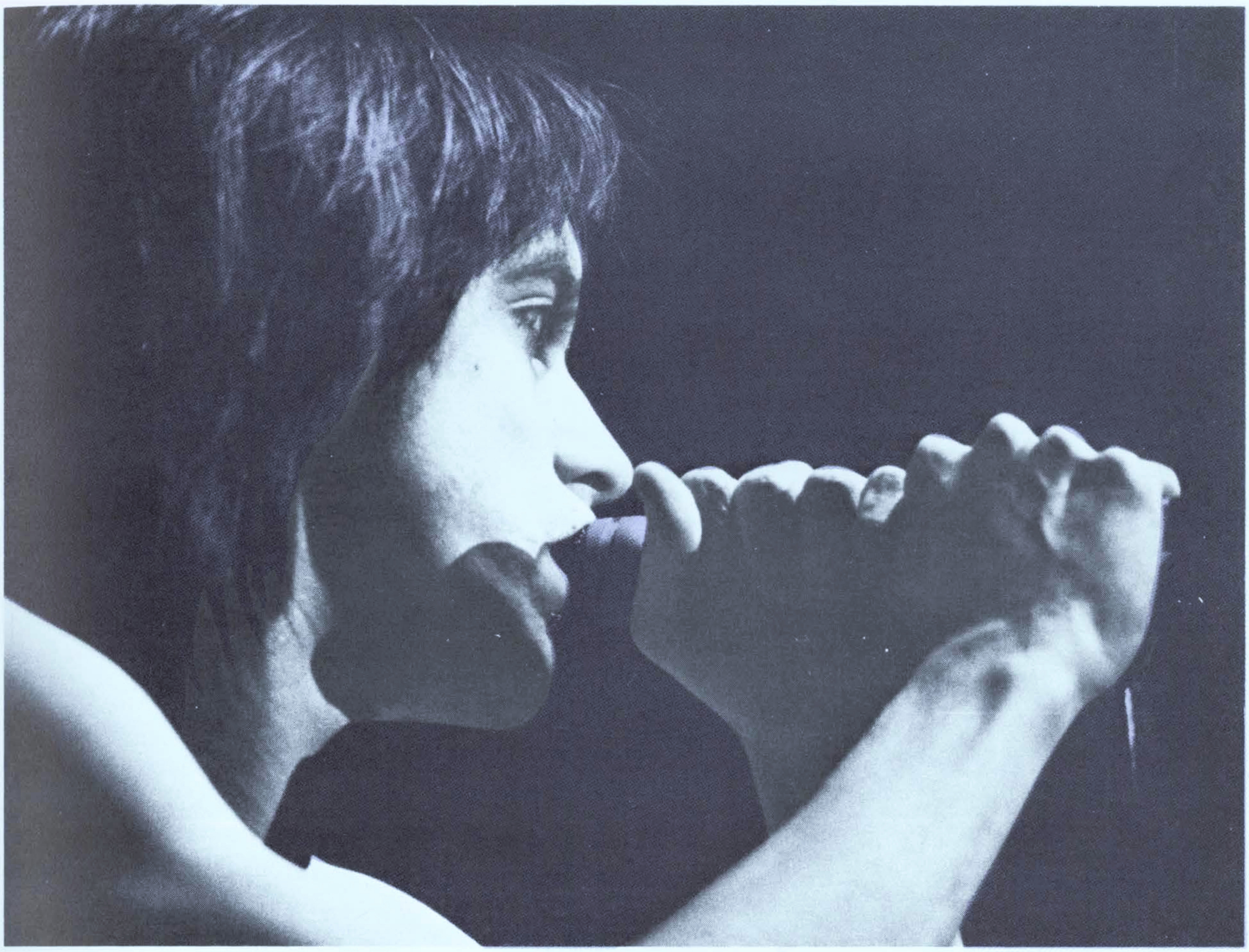
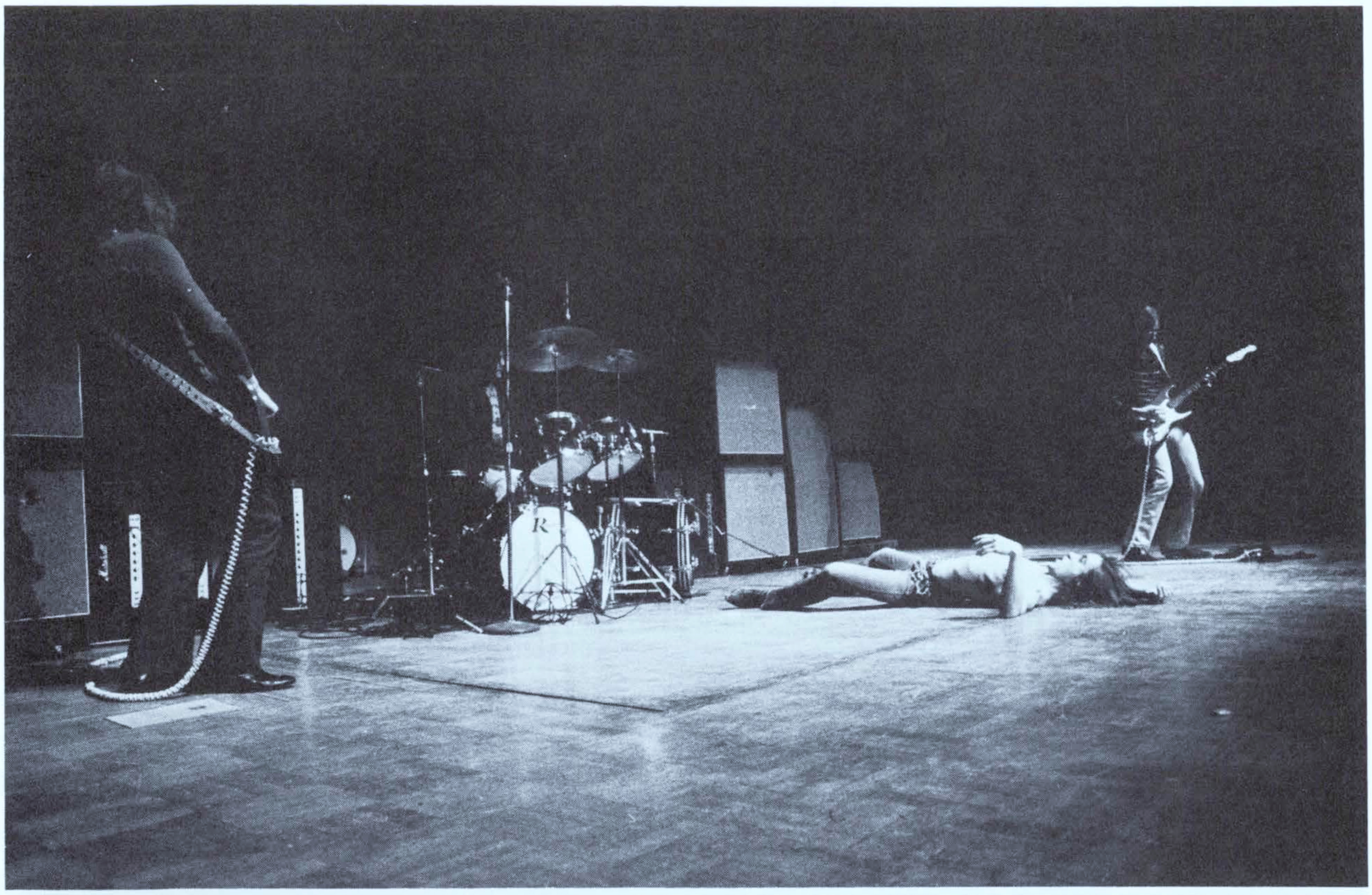
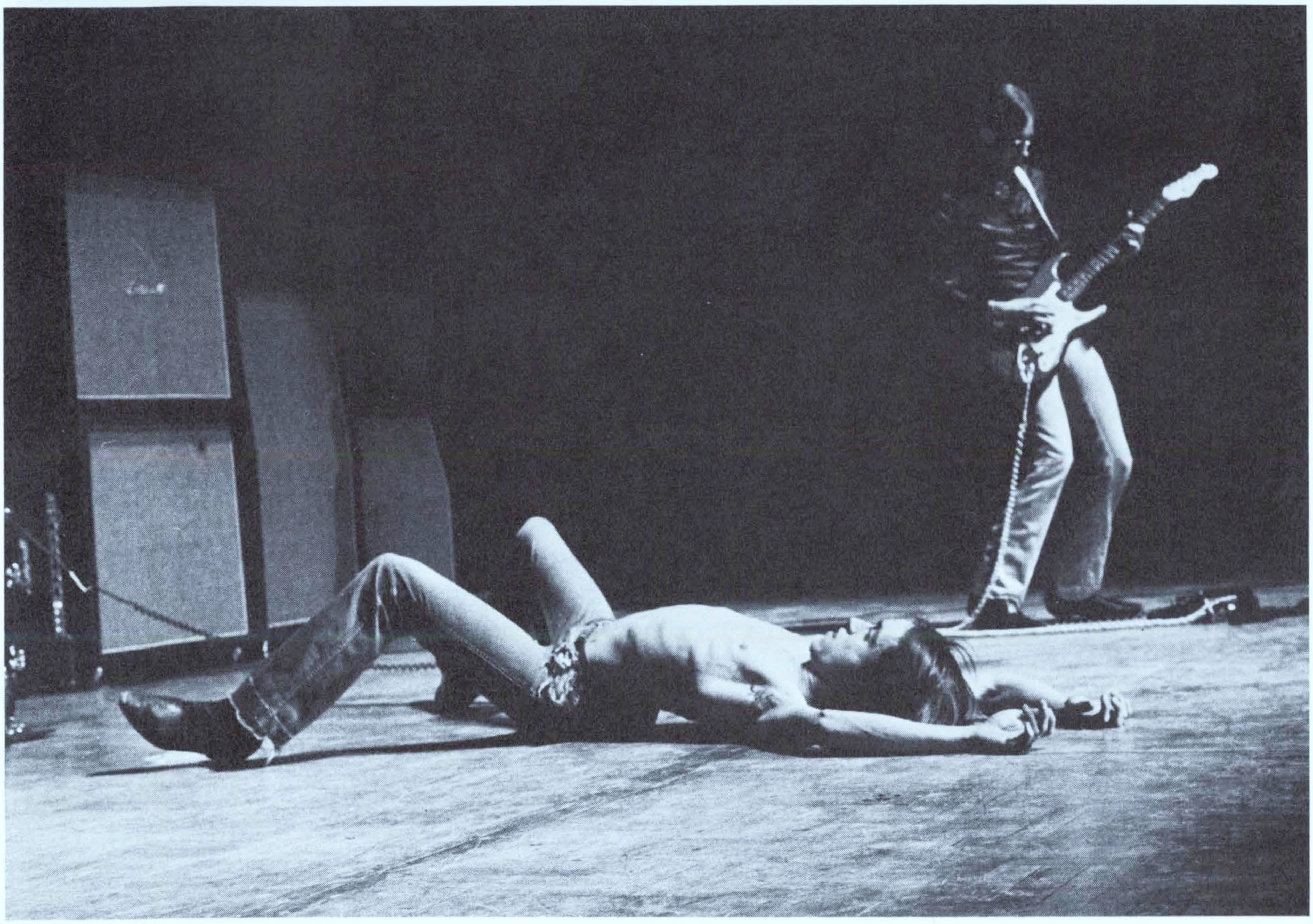


Photo © by Tom Copi

Photographs on pp. 27–30 are of the Stooges performing songs from the Funhouse *album at Hill auditorium, University of Michigan campus, summer of 1970. It was and is a beautiful theater.*





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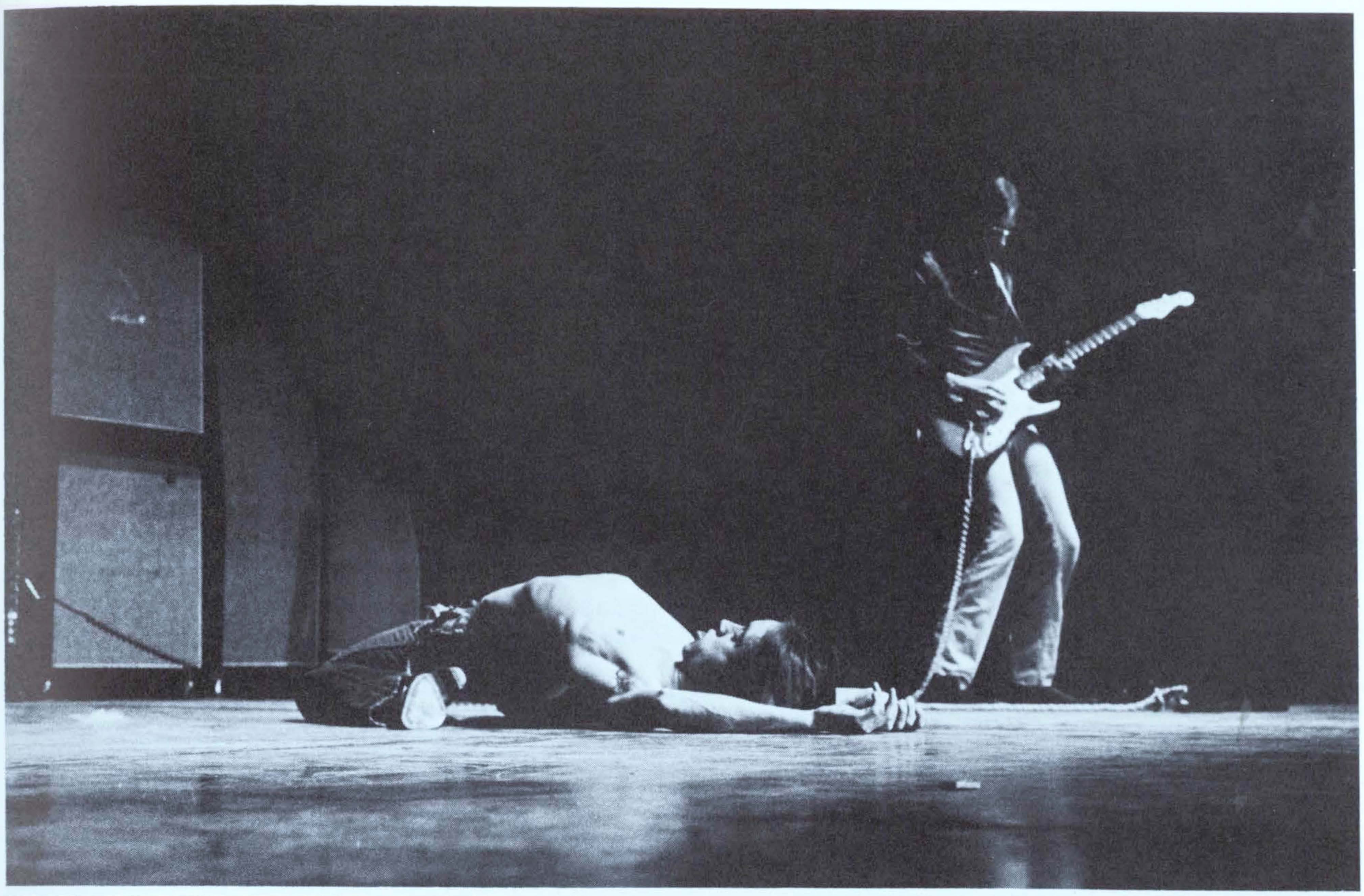

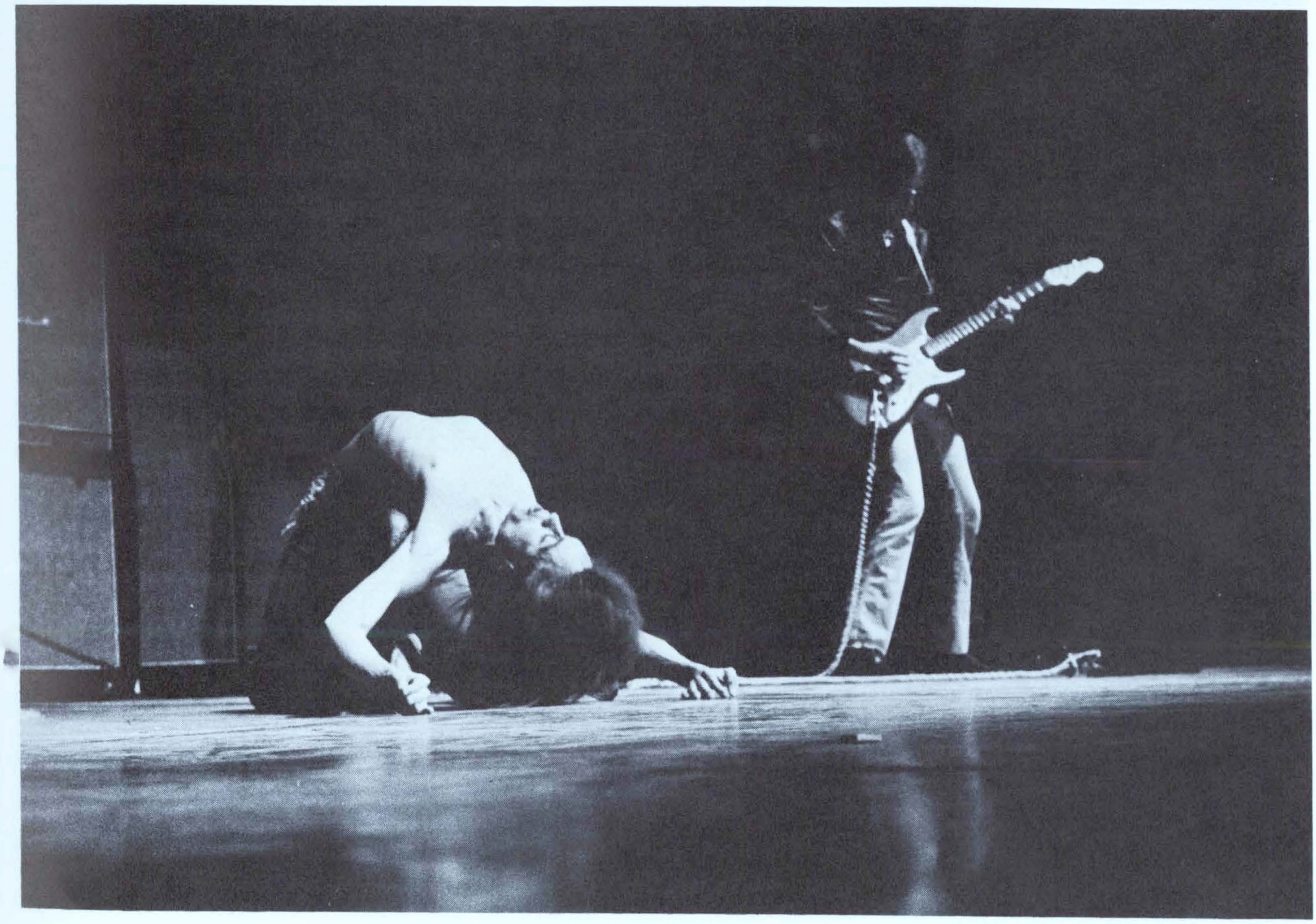

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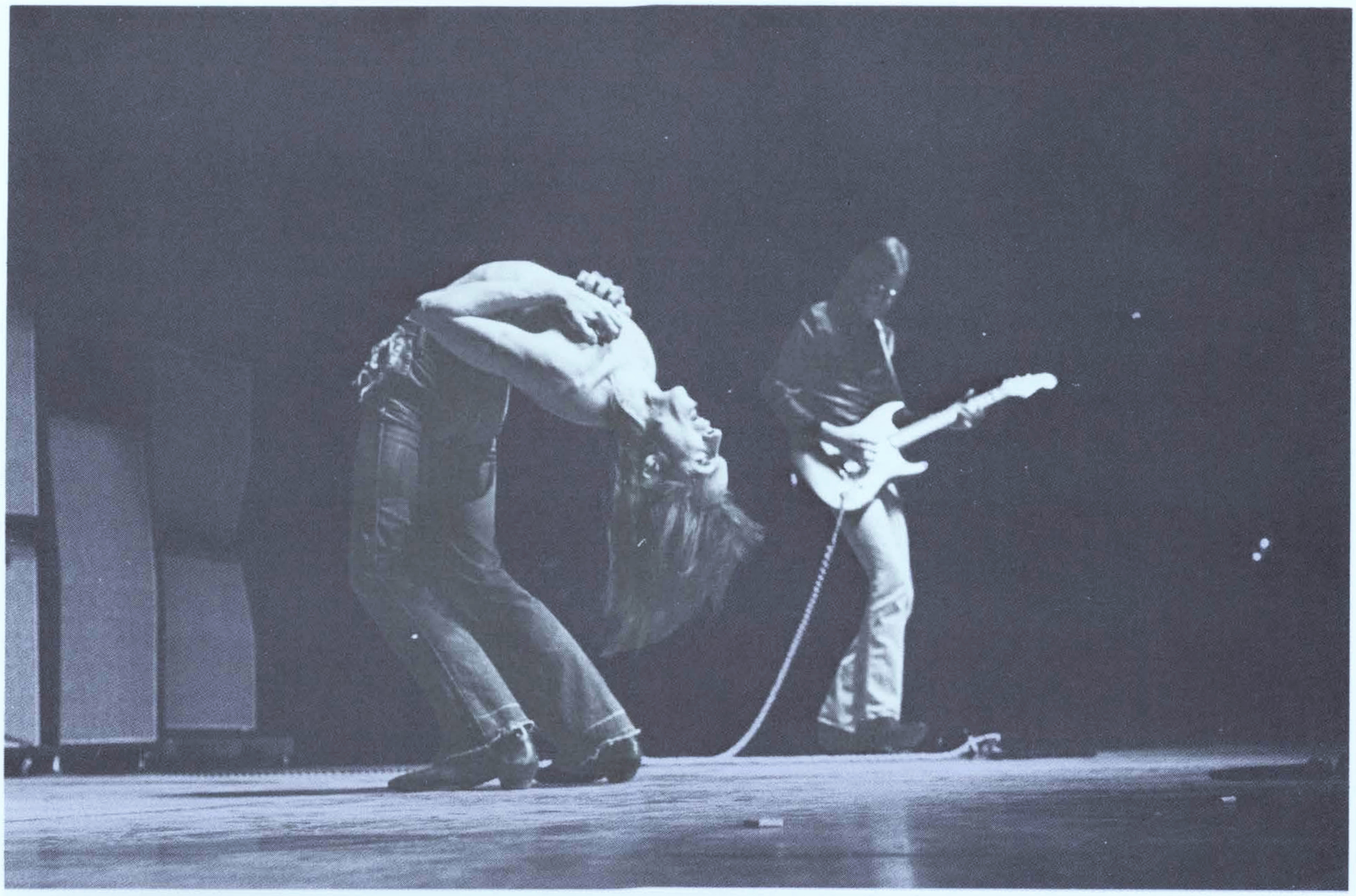
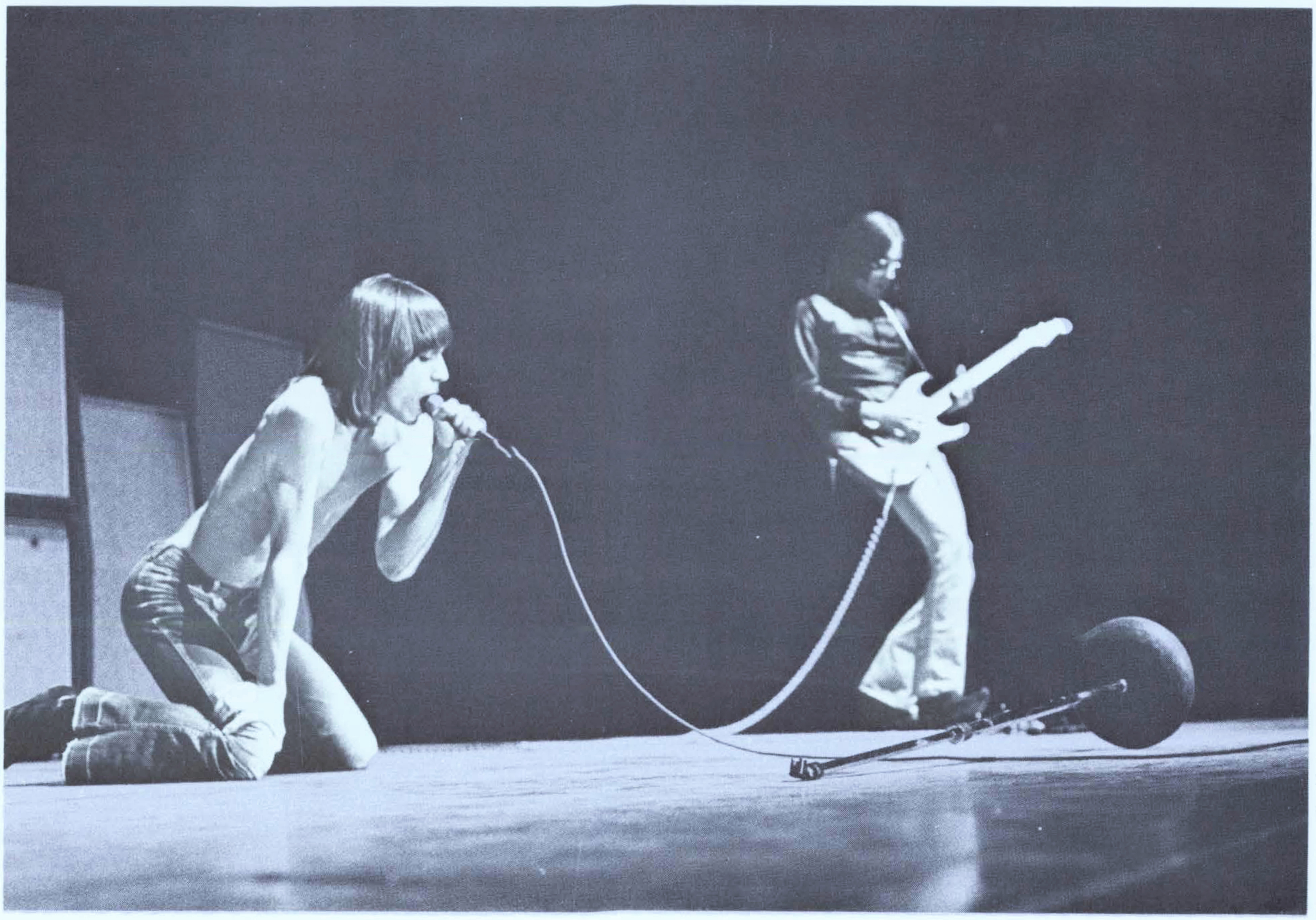




Photos © by Tom Copi

we could make for ourselves, what we could earn on our own merits. We had no backing, nothing, nobody. One guy, John Adams, invested just enough to get amplifiers. He was the roadie who eventually turned the band into junkies. He was an exjunkie, philosophy major, and card shark—a dangerous combination. He was also a rich kid. So he put up three grand for us. But really we had no support from any official quarter. DJs would come, and I would give them the finger. Everybody stupid hated what we did, but the bids were already coming our way. We never once, not once, were affected by apparently total rejection and utter poverty.

Sometimes we'd have to practice in parkas and mittens, but it didn't matter. We were fanatics. Each obstacle became more of a laugh. Through all this, I was calculating—I was the smart one in the band—I was concerned very much with where we could gain points with a DJ and how much we'd lose. But still it would never get to my heart. I played it as a game. We never played villains. We only played music. We may not have played it very good, but then time goes on.

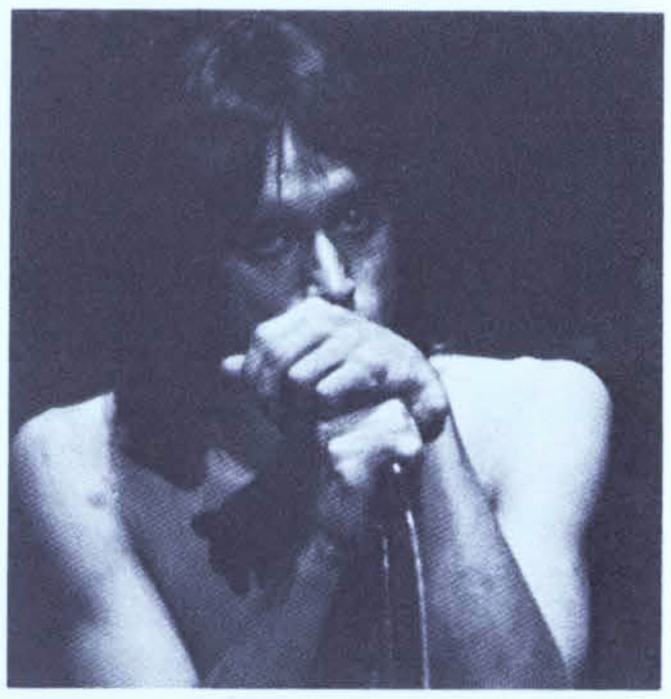
By 1970 I had a huge ego, so I felt on top, which I suppose makes for interesting performances. A lot of people liked the band and knew who we were and what we stood for. We had a sound, and we always delivered. It was a sweeping sound, like Mongolian horsemen charging in, thousands of them, little Tartars with swords, frequencies only a geek can hear.

The other band members began to develop jealousies around this time: they'd tease me and make little posters about me around the house—COME SEE IGGY, HE SHITS GREEN. It's true I used to shit green sometimes. There were a lot of funny things in the air as nature took its course, and the name Iggy and the Stooges sort of slid in to stay. Promoters saw my name as money and latched onto it. I couldn't stop them. The Stooges disbanded in 1970, but the promoters, even now, continue to re-release us on records and tapes.The last episode of the Stooges came after the dismal sales failure of *Fun House* (released in 1969). Bill Harvey (Vice President of Elektra) and Don Galucci (producer of *Fun House*) flew direct, first class, from New York to Ann Arbor to listen to and appraise the commercial possibilities of a third Stooges album.

The answer was NO! We were dropped.

However, I'll never deny in my memory the joy of watching the physical discomfort of these prissy assholes having to wait for five hours and being too uptight to make contact with a wall, sit in a chair, or go to the bathroom.

By this point, despite the soon to be lethal elements of disar-



Dum Dum Boys
Pop/Bowie

things have been tough
without the dum dum boys
i can't seem to speak
the language
i remember how they
used to stare at the ground
they looked as if they
put the whole world
looked as if they put
the whole world down

the first time i saw
the dum dum boys
i was fascinated
they just stood in front
of the old drug store
i was most impressed
no one else was impressed
not at all
and we'd sing
da-da-da-da-da-da
dum dum day
where are you now my
dum dum boys are you
alive or dead
have you left me the last
of the dum dum daze
then the sun goes down
and the boys broke down

people said we were negative
they said we'd take but
we would never give
but we'd sing da-da-da
da-da-da dum dum day
da-da-da-da-da dum
and hope it would pay
da-da-da-da it's been
a dumdumdumdum day
a dum dum day

now i'm looking for
the dum dum boys
where are you now
when i need your noise

now i'm looking for
the dum dum boys
the walls close in and
i need some noise

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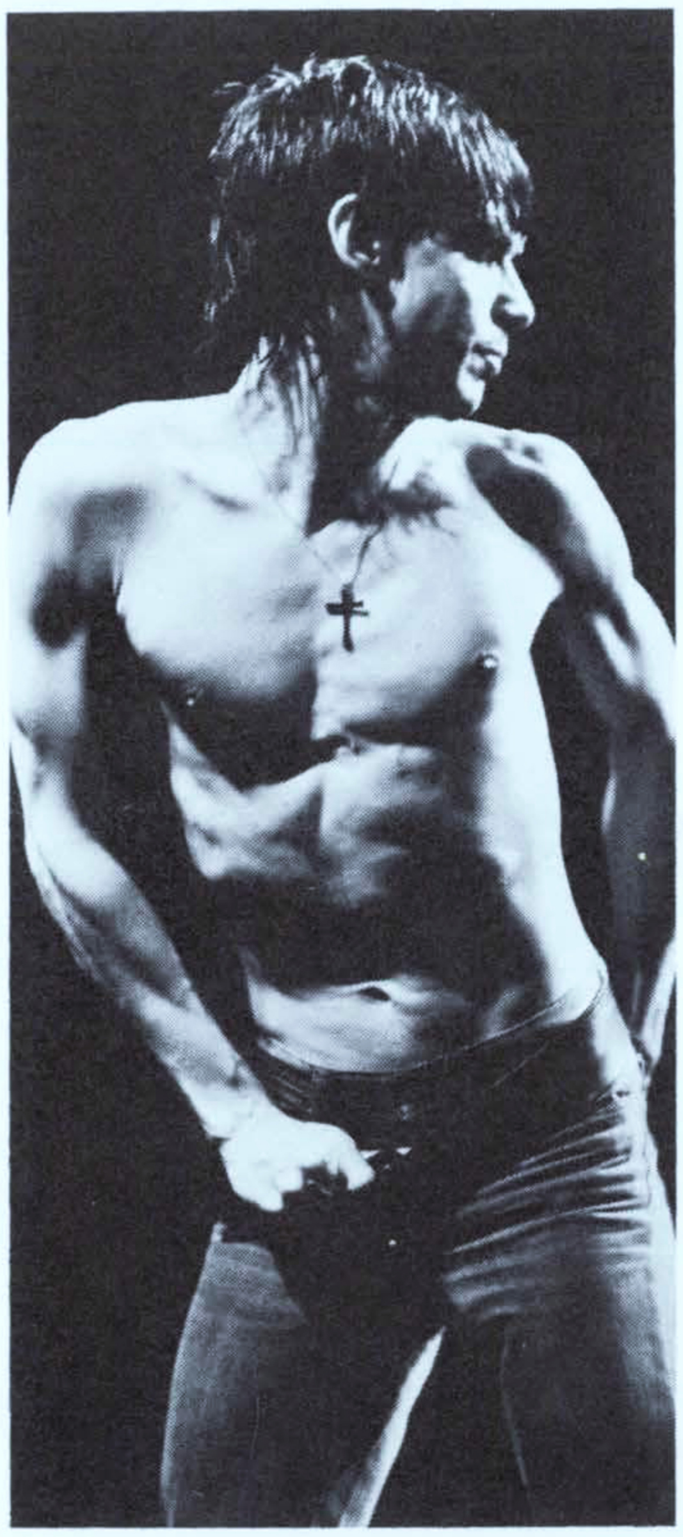


ray, we had put together the best Stooges ever. The songs they heard on that afternoon in June zombied these motherfuckers into stiff and embarrassing physical postures, including what must have been quite painful frozen smiles.

We may have been a bunch of mixed up jerks but there are things in the world better than. . . .

The Roadies

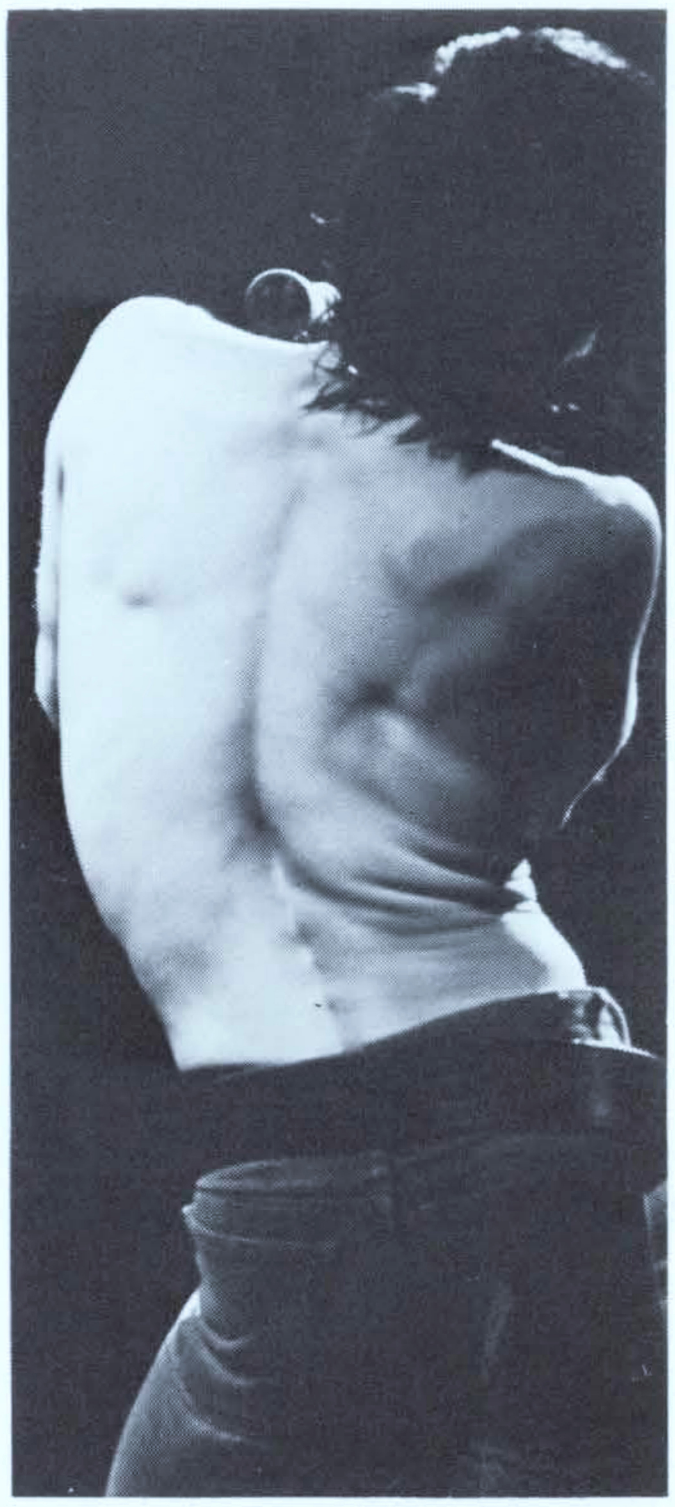
We had the most tough, maniacal, poker-faced, ready-to-fight-at-all-times killers for roadies you can imagine—every one of them. My pride and joy. Our kind of band needed them. We had to have soldiers when the going got rough, cause we were rockers, right?

So we had Dave the Dogman, who had been a Marine captain and served in Vietnam. He had machine guns—including a beautiful AK47 Russian-made submachine gun—and everything else; a genial, mustachioed, Stacey Keach or Burt Reynolds looking man from Pontiac, Michigan, whose last name is Dunlap. I'll bet you're laughing, Dave, when you read this name—why don't you drop me a line c/o F.B.I., 250 West 57th Street, New York City 10019? And we had Leo Beatty. Leo was another badass from Pontiac, a narcissist badass. Last I heard he was in a mental hospital somewhere. He's got some brain problem—narcissistic, long-haired, wiry, tall, kick-ass, beautiful boy, all grace and tiptoes. All my roadies were very good. "The streets are fields that never die." Jim Morrison.

Then there was Bernie. Bernie had been a tank commander in Vietnam. He killed a lot of guys; in fact, after the Stooges broke up he reenlisted.

And we had Zeke Zettner, my roommate in 26G, who's now passed away. He later played bass in the Stooges. He was about 6′ 4″, somewhat quick-tempered but really sweet, a very beautiful boy—very beautiful.

Then we had the amazing Don Cool, "Don Cool from Liverpool." Don Cool was so dirty at all times you not only saw the dirt but you smelled him from a few feet away—I mean a really strong stench. It was an honest sweat mixed with the smell of distress and deprivation. Don was semi-literate; he grew up in the middle of the ghetto of Detroit, one block from the Chrysler plant. He was the kind of guy who would walk with his palms backwards, a common Negro walk, you know what I mean—it's called pimping. He was unreal—one of the toughest guys I had ever seen—wiry strength. He was devoted to the Stooges, and me especially, entirely. He was my animal. He'd sleep anywhere, usually curled up on the floor. He'd do anything and do it with complete fervor and never raise his voice. Fanatic! Quite an interesting guy. He was very valuable. We were the first people, I think, who had ever been kind to him.



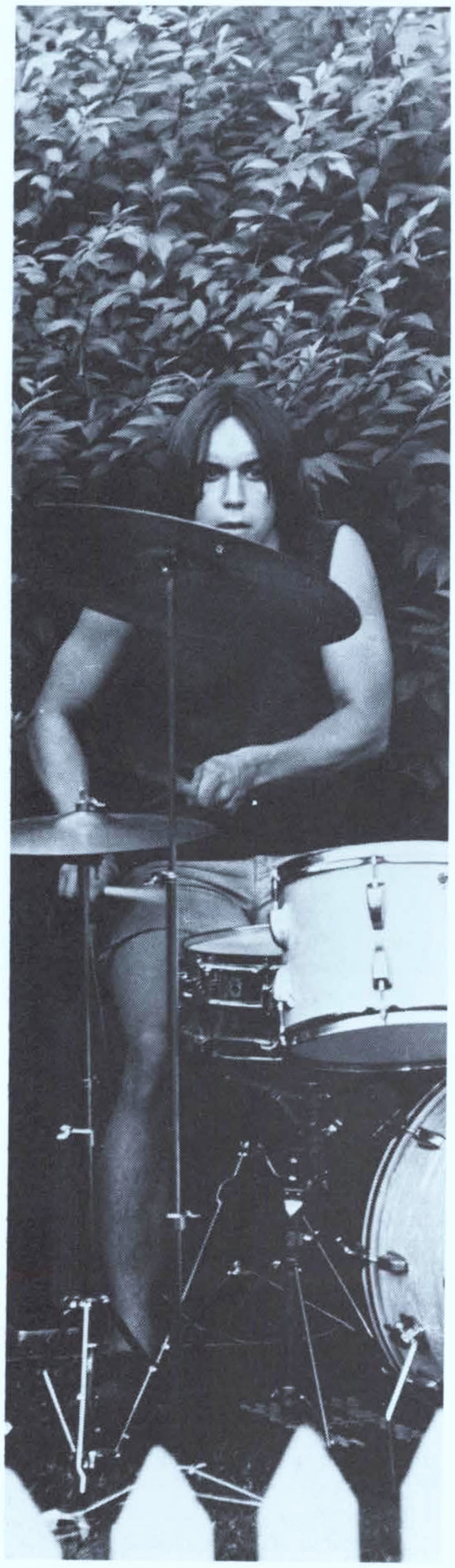
I went once to find out the kind of life Don had had before he found us, the kind of space he came from. I wanted to see if he was alright. It was just a personal thing I wanted to do. The neighborhood was very oppressive, falling down shacks and everything. I got to the house, and it was very filthy and dirty. His mother was disheveled and had—just what poverty can do to people—the pockmarked complexion from bad diet; bad teeth; that beaten look, just beaten down look. She was trying to be decent for me—she said, "No, Don's not here"—but she was dulled by life; she had no emotions. She spoke about everything the same. There was no bloom. Nothing happened to her insides anymore. But he wasn't there anyway, so I get back in the car and drive about ten feet, I'll never forget it, with the big Chrysler plant in the background, and this small child, about a year, just old enough to walk, a toddler, crawls across the street, unattended—a little girl. A car comes along, a big car going too fast, some kind of GM. It was light blue. It was either an Olds or a Buick—some non-descript thing like that. And the kid was run over. And they took off. So there you go.

But my favorite of the crew was Lueere, Eric Haddix. I just really liked this guy—very, very narrow at the hips, extremely narrow, like almost no hips, maybe a size 26, and enormous at the shoulders; very, very lean, quite muscular, sort of lantern jaw, almost oriental eyes, from a farm community fairly near Detroit. He got kicked out of society early for something violent that he did—a lovely guy, though. He always wore these black gloves, just regular winter gloves, whenever he answered the door. You know what I'm saying? It made a big impression. He never smiled. Anyway, they were all very beautiful—cute boys. That was our team.

My Wife

I was married. Once I got married—I was 21 or 22 years old—to a beautiful girl. Her name was Wendy Weisberg. She was Wendy Osterberg for awhile, legally. I met Wendy through a college friend. I met her when I was in college. I was 19. I was still young.

I tried college out for a semester. I found the people, the students, brutish—stupid. At that time I really had a fear of girls. I was so shy; I just thought she was so beautiful, and I liked her. She was tomboyish, with a very, very beautiful build—a



Iggy keeping the beat, 1966

Jewish girl from Shaker Heights, a wealthy suburb of Cleveland. Her dad ran a string of cut-rate farmer stores—the Giant Tiger—a very rich man, sort of a Joe Blow type. You know what I mean? I'm self-made, I'm tough, I got the house, I got the steaks, I got the barbeque pit, I got the Cad, and I gotta attitude, you know. The kid's got everything. She was real sweet—a tomboy, you know—would do anything you'd like to do, not coquettish or anything, very, very beautiful—a dark beauty—with very long straight black hair, down well past her waist. She'd wear it in braids sometimes. She had Indian blood from her mother's side, almost black eyes, with a look of surprise and fear at the same time—like a deer caught in headlights—very beautiful to look at. So, I met her that one time, but I didn't even dare talk to her.

Years later, I was playing with the Stooges at a college. It was in Delaware, Ohio. We had a record out by that time, but the public, especially in colleges, didn't know who we were. Will they show or will they not show? So we attracted, I don't know, maybe about 60 people in this huge auditorium; maybe not even that, maybe like 20 or 18, and probably only 12 of those paid. And Wendy turned up. I saw her before the gig. I was shocked. I remembered her immediately. She was someone you always kept in your mind, maybe to encounter again: you think you never will, but I've always believed that if you want to see somebody in the future you always do. It has always held true. So I say, "Hi," just to be cordial, "How are you?" As it turned out she really wanted to see me and was surprised that I remembered her. So we chatted for awhile.

I was looking very spiffy that night. I was in my white period. I wore white thin ankle socks and continental semi-sandals. They used to sell them at the Regal Shoes in Times Square that caters to Blacks—a casual kind of shoe, right? What the pimp wears around the garden. And I had a pair of size 28 soft, brushed denim jeans—no flare—just a little bit short, and a real clean white pull-on T-shirt and hair down half-way between my shoulder and my breast—auburn, my natural color, a little wavy, a curl on the ends—and I had very long bangs. And, yeah. . . there she was.

There she was, and we made an arrangement to speak after the show. She was with her boyfriend but that didn't faze me. Apparently she had been a big fan of my work. She thought I was real visionary. She'd only heard us on record, where my vocals were much more drawling and laid back.

So meanwhile we went out to join the 12 or 18 people out there. There may not have been that many. So we came out to play, and, the first song, I was really into it. It was a lovely room to play in: the stage was nice, and I was trying to do a good gig for her, too, you see, so I really got into it. It was really great. But I didn't feel enough response from the audience. Somehow, I guess it wasn't what I wanted. I didn't hear the bells ring or whatever. So in the second song I started hurting myself: flinging myself about and hurting myself, messing myself with a drumstick. And, as I was doing it (it didn't hurt or anything), the music sounded better and better and better. It was just great—strange overtones, beautiful overtones. It sounded enchanting. I felt very good. And then it was over.

We got done with our usual short and sweet set—about 20 minutes—and we were the only band on that night. A 20 minute show for 12 people. So we get off, and I was quite pleased with myself. Then again, it's not like I cut myself badly but blood was flowing. It was like a little prick here and there with a broken drumstick and maybe a little slap on the face. I felt I wanted to commune with the ground in some strange way. I misjudged a little bit: maybe a little cut on the lip, from the microphone—sometimes you try to eat the thing—a nick here and there. You know what I'm saying? Nothing you wouldn't get from a crown of thorns. Also as the gig went on my mood got blacker and blacker. I just wanted something.

So we get done, and I was rather pleased. I thought the sound was terrific. Everybody played well, and I loved what we were doing, though I still tended to be a bit insecure since our music was so totally outside the realm of what was around.

Anyway, she came back and said hello. She was almost in tears. She had been crying. And she was angry—like, "How could you do that to me?" I felt so bad. I had never thought that anyone (except, of course, my mother and father) ever cared about me, in any way; in fact I still don't believe it very much. I think humans, if they care for you and respect you, it's often not really you they are caring for and respecting but rather what they want you to be. Actually, they don't care for you, they just learn how to prick your emotions at certain times: prick this string or that string. You may respond, but I wonder how much real caring there is.

So Wendy made me think about some things. Her boyfriend was with her but somehow we talked into the night, and I told her that I loved her and I had to have her. She said, "I have a boyfriend," and I said I didn't care. So I rented a car the next weekend and drove down four hundred miles alone to Columbus, where she was, and spent the weekend. I went down there against all odds: against her father and her boyfriend and her pleasant university. I just pushed until I got my way, and I got my way.

Before I actually rescued her, there was an interlude when she

I Wanna Be your Dog
Pop/Asheton

so messed up
i want you here
in my room
i want you here
now we're gonna be
face-to-face
and i'll lay right down
in my favorite place

and now i wanna
be your dog
now i wanna
be your dog
now i wanna
be your dog
well c'mon!

now i'm ready
to close my eyes
and now i'm ready
to close my mind
and now i'm ready
to feel your hand
and lose my heart
on the burning sands

and now i wanna
be your dog
and now i wanna
be your dog
now i wanna
be your dog
well, c'mon!

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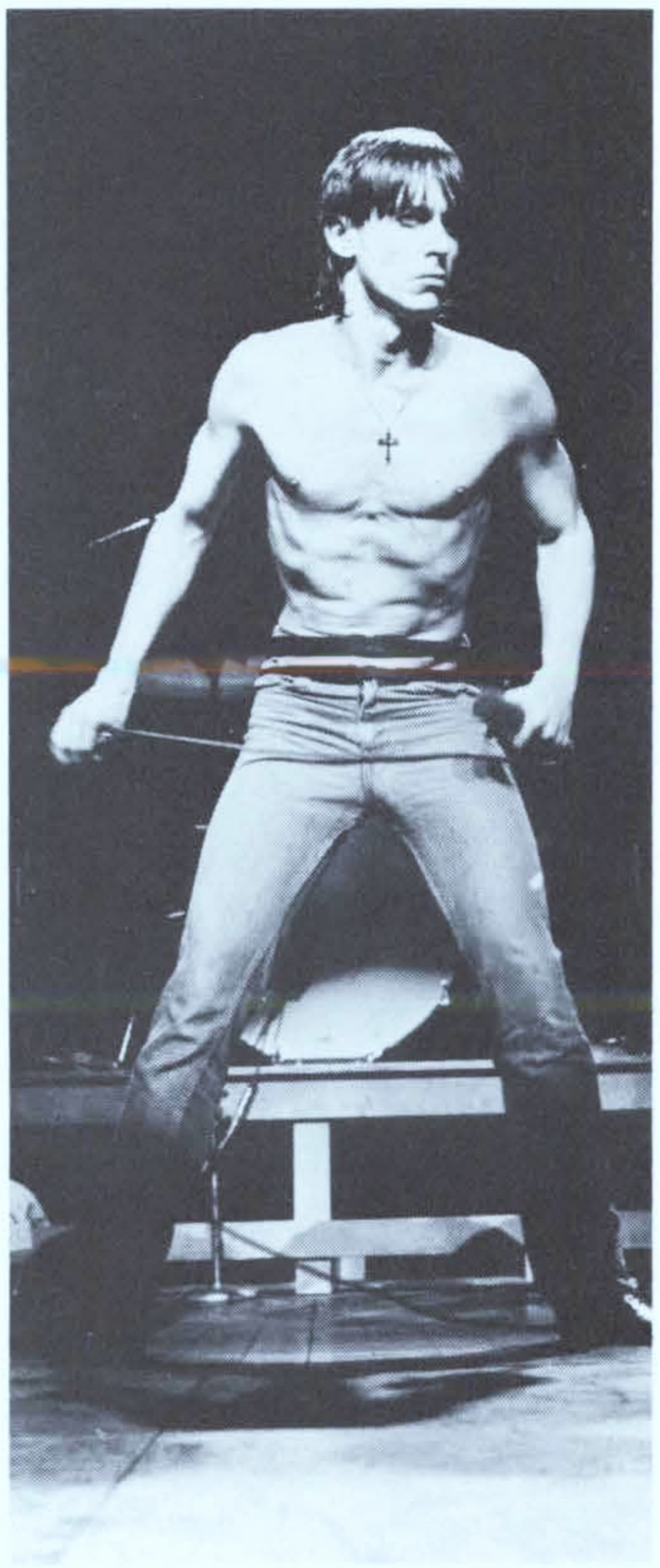
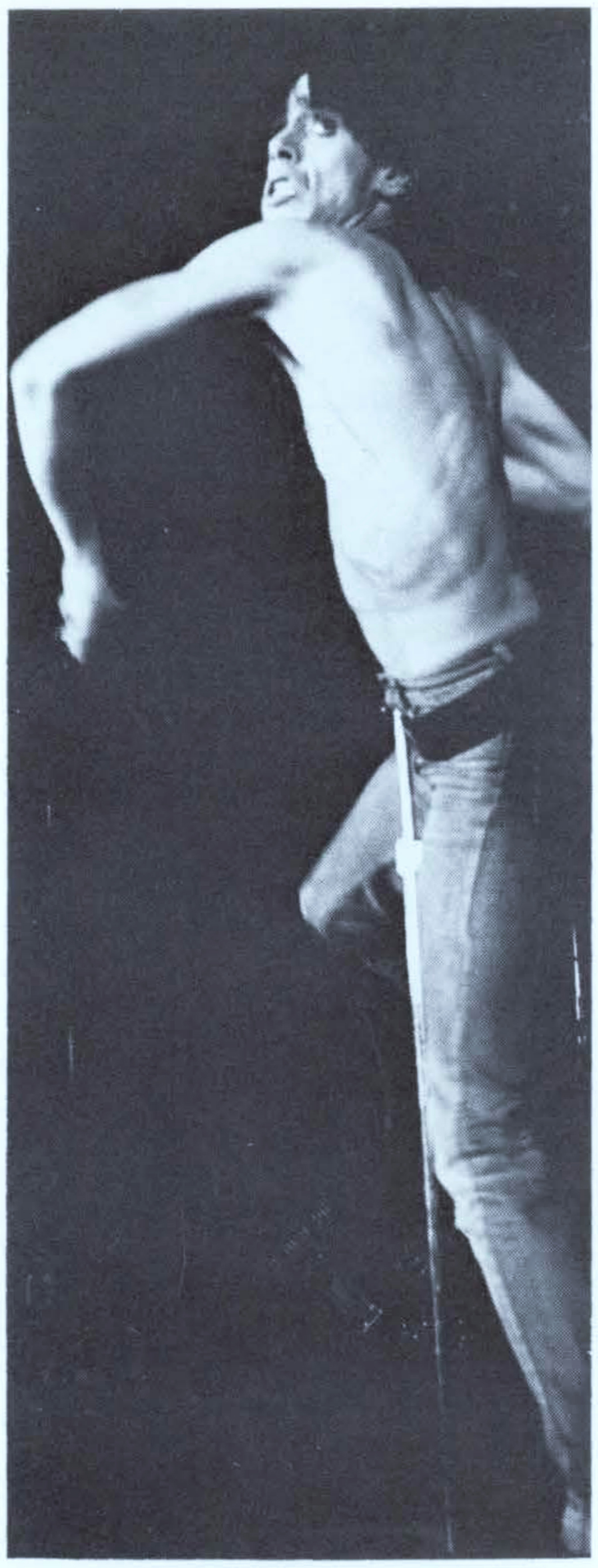




had her own apartment and I used to visit her. She was set up in an apartment in Shaker Heights, and she had a stereo. It was the first time I really listened to the song "Heroin," by Lou Reed. I'll never forget sitting in the apartment with her—this broad who was making such a nice life for herself—nice girl—nice life—nice college—and I was a nice boy too, then. You know what I mean. I'd never taken a downer or anything, and I was listening to the song "Heroin" in this bare room. She didn't have all the nice furniture yet that she later acquired. It was a very bare room. It was very chic, the apartment section of the Sunday paper chic.

She was a virgin at the time. I just HAD to have her. We'd go to the lake or to the movies and then to our favorite hamburger joint. She was the only one who could get me to eat a hamburger. Then we'd play the juke box. She was really into Junior Walker, his beautiful love song, "What Does It Take"—it's just such a beautiful love song—that and Frank Sinatra's "My Funny Valentine," and other just badass rock. We'd just sit and listen to music on the juke box, preferably the kind where you had the selector right at your seat.

Then we got married.

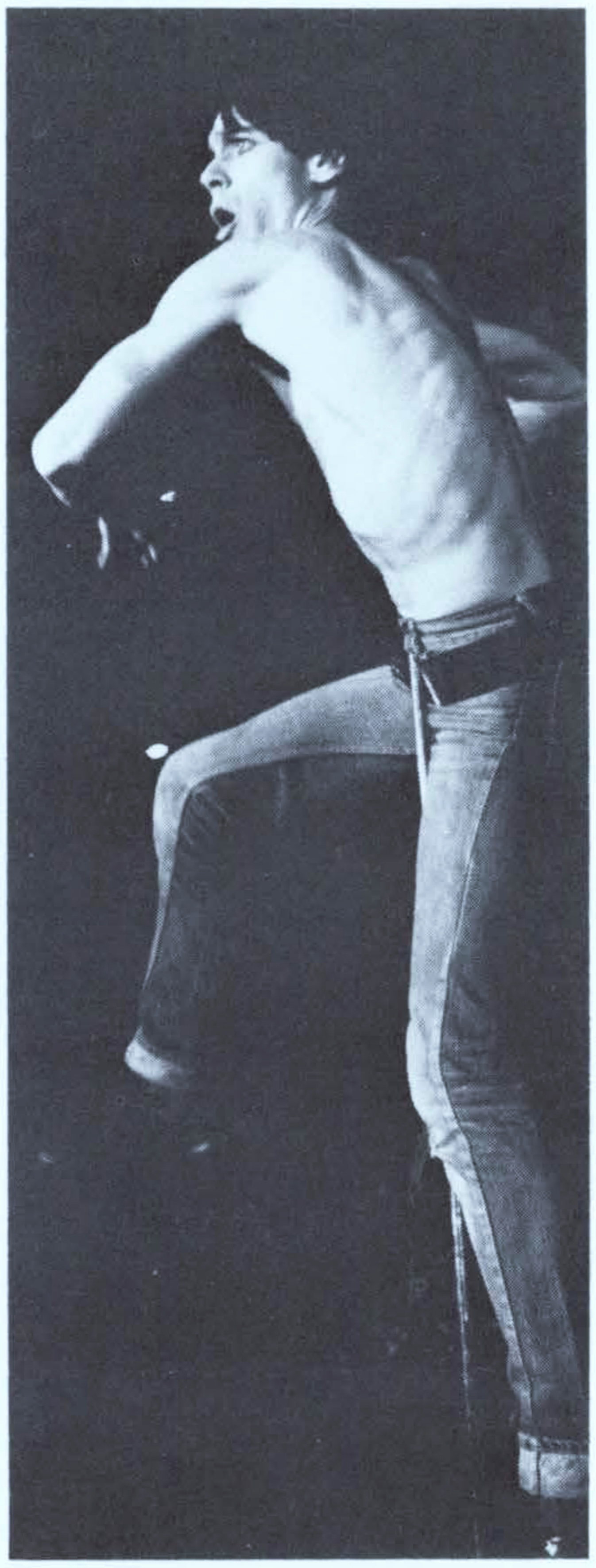
Her parents didn't come. My parents came. We had the wedding on the front lawn of the Stooges farmhouse. It was beautiful. It was a nice summer day. The bride wore white and long black hair. All in all, it was an interesting affair. First of all, Danny Fields, my publicist at Electra—the "architect" of my career—flew down. I had called him up the night before and told him. He just about swallowed his tongue. I was such a straight young man, and he didn't know quite how to say anything like, "What about your image?" So he said, "I'll see you tomorrow." He flew out from New York.

The WABX disc jockey, Russ Gibb, from Detroit called up the house to find out what the hell was going on without telling me that the call was live on the air. So I stumbled into learning something about publicity: the human interest angle. WABX's attitude was that they didn't believe it: WHO would marry Iggy Pop?

Meanwhile, the boys in the band were sitting on the front porch drinking beer, flipping coins, and taking bets on how long it was going to last. Really loud, you know what I mean. "Hey, I'll give you 5 to 4 on two months." "No, one day I say, you watch, I know Pop." Danny is saying, "Jim, what ARE you doing? Think about your image." And my macrobiotic Zen manager, Jimmy Silver, is going, "Hey, reality, truth—that's where Jim's at." Danny just looked at him and said, "Fuck reality! Who cares about reality?"—really disdainful. I was very Zen at the time—a complete health nut—a peace-loving Zen health nut who was into stabbing himself with drum sticks. Anyway, I was on the cover of *16* magazine that month.

The best man was Ronnie Asheton. He was dressed in a full SS colonel's uniform—a real one—head to toe. My manager did the honors as the minister. He had sent in his $12.00 to the Universal Life Church so it was legal. And we'd gotten the blood tests and the license and all that. Some band friends of mine from Ann Arbor showed up, plus her friends. Everybody was very skeptical about the whole thing, except us. She never looked more beautiful; I loved her so. And so we got married. My father said, "Jim, you've got good taste."

But then what happened. . . First off, she tells me that ALL of her girl friends at the wedding are going to stay for a few days. These girls I didn't like, right—loud, strident, fat, and seriously distasteful in every way. Suddenly I realized that it was going to upset the chemistry of the house. In fact, not only that, I realized that, while the guys were sitting on the porch loudly making bets, they in some weird way, for all their masculinity, were jealous. I intuited it. It wasn't something at the time that I was sophisticated enough to consciously think of. They were jealous. All boys are queer. They were jealous.



So her friends were going to stay for a few days after the wedding ceremony. I wasn't really that fond of her friends. Plus it was a very special occasion, I felt, to be shared by we two in private.

Then came the possessions. Up, up, up the stairs came boxes and boxes and boxes. Remember, I had this garret upstairs. Just the Marshall, a pillow and a mattress and that was it. A few clothes—a bare room—in the attic. She had a convertible Pontiac LeMans. That I didn't mind. Suddenly I had an AM-FM radio with an alarm on it. This is a guy who works TWO HOURS A WEEK at most! I've got an AM-FM radio with a clock and an alarm! I've got a fancy rattan wickerwork coffee table with a glass top and this little setting for—I don't know—things. What else do I have? I have a throw rug—a beautiful throw rug. I have a bottom sheet and a top sheet and four pillows and two blankets (one electric) and a bedspread with a yellow, green, and white flower motif—cheery flowers. And I have a television, of course. And I have—well, anyway—I have a lot of STUFF. Suddenly I had this perfect little laid out world: I guess I was a Jewish prince. It was then that I began thinking of how to get rid of her. I still loved her, but. . . .

So the sun's starting to set, you know. It's the wedding night, or thereabouts. My drummer, Scotty Asheton, was a very, very, very attractive, good looking guy. And he liked Wendy, so she had a crush on him, right? And I'm the world's MOST jealous man. So she wakes up in the middle of the night, and,

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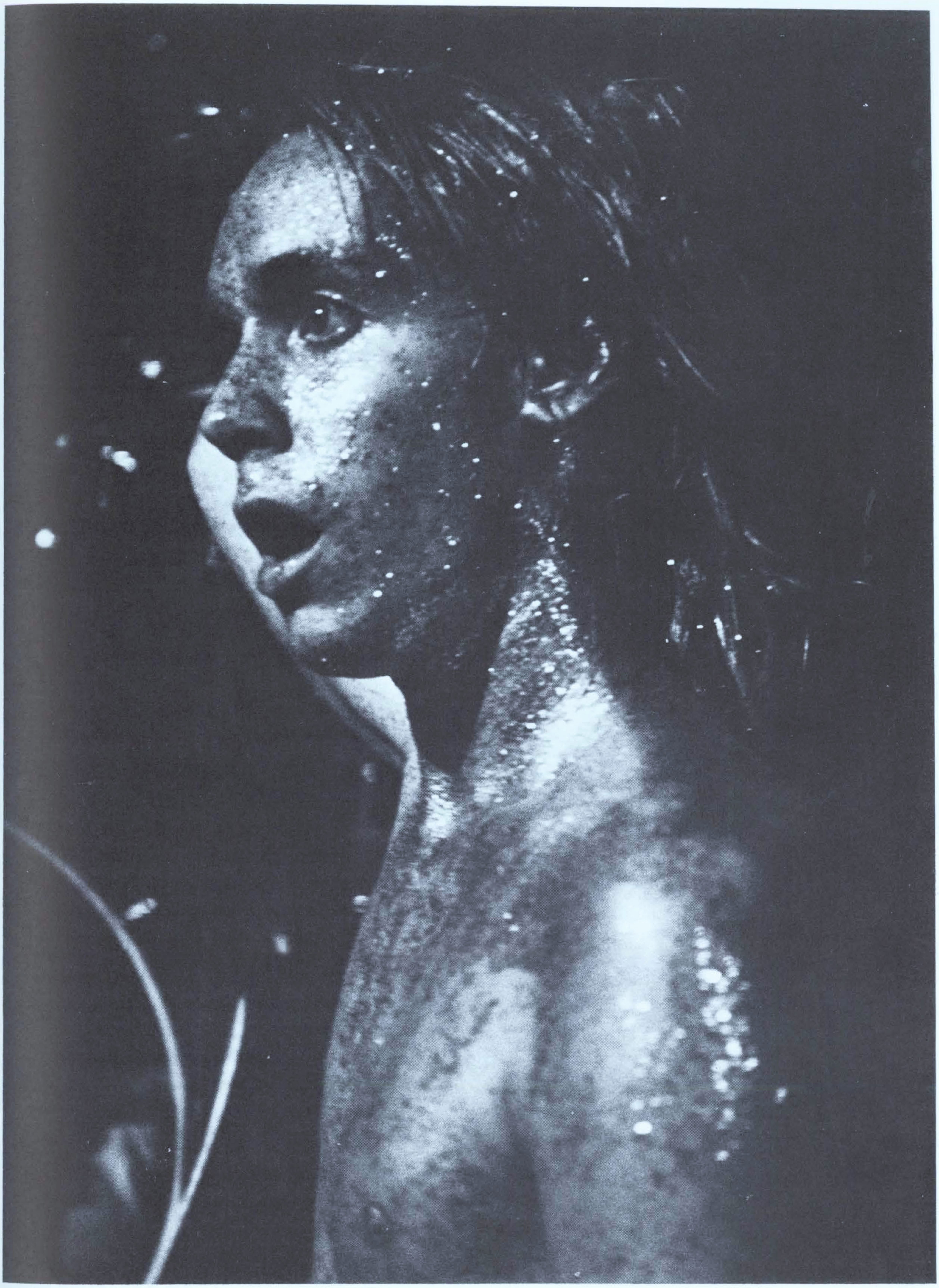

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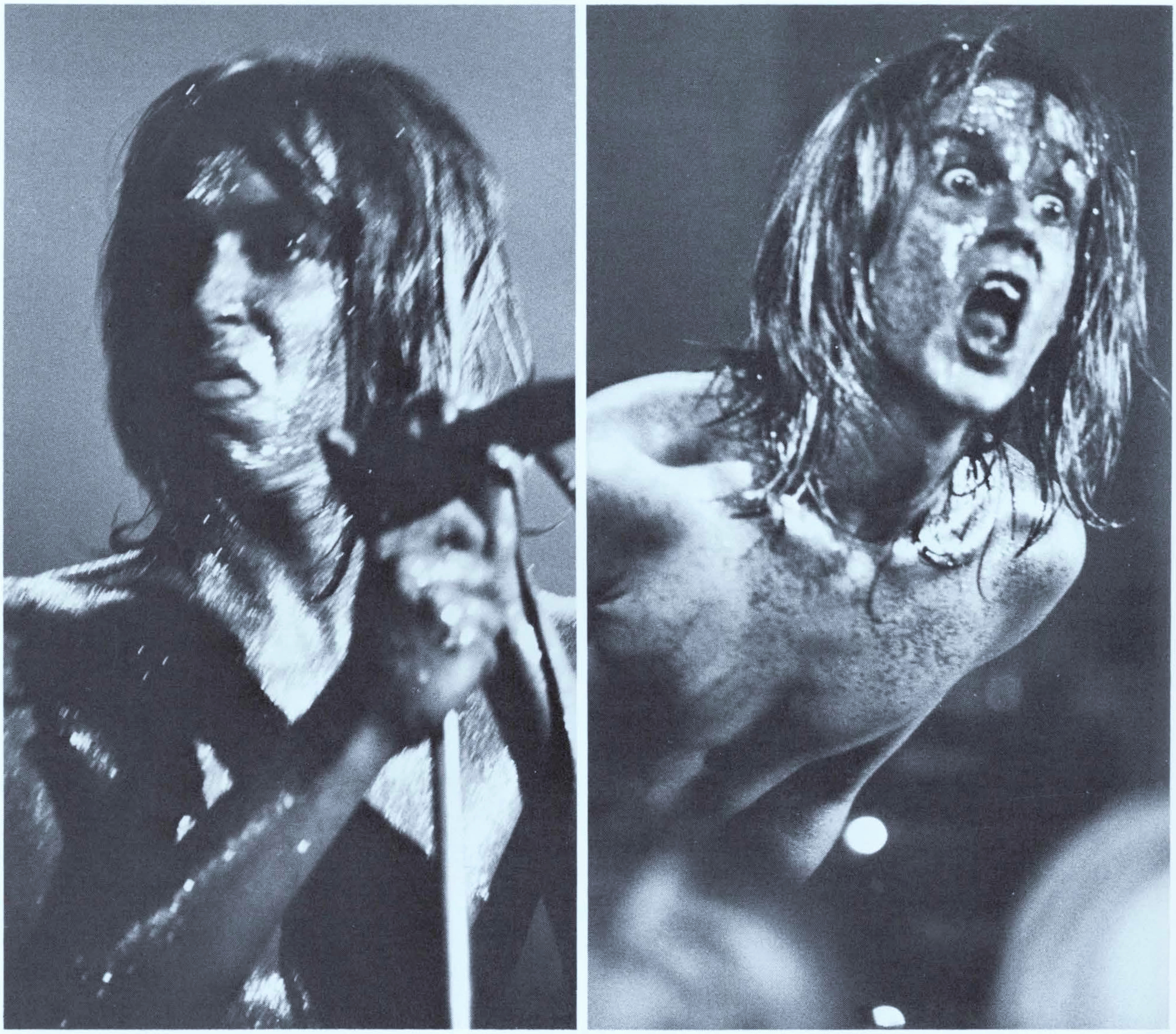


Photos © by Gerard Malanga

Photographs on pp. 38–40 are of gigging on St. Marks Place, the Electric Circus, summer 1970.

half awake, she tells me that she had this dream about Scotty.

I completely flipped out, automatically. It put me right off. That was the first thing; the second thing was she wanted me to stop smoking pot. She said it was bad for my health, and she also said that my band was a bunch of derelicts and dummies and that they were dragging me down and I should get on my own and do something and she'd help me, right? I was in shock. I couldn't believe my ears—that this fucking nobody, this underachiever, could so grossly overlook the limitations of her role: to me she was just a just a place to bottle my romantic notions. I liked smoking pot, and I liked my band.

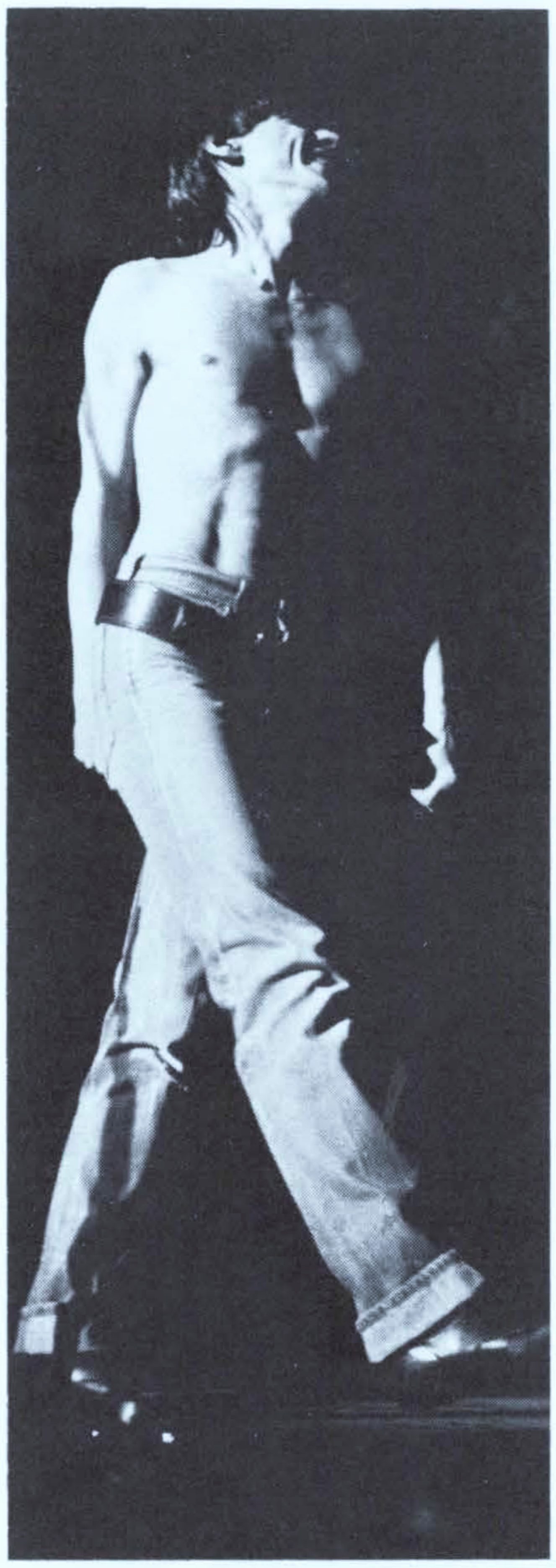
The other thing was she liked to sleep at night, of all things, and I liked to sleep whenever I wanted to. I like to play my guitar any old time. So one night I got an idea for a song—just right in the middle of the night—but here's this woman in my bed. It suddenly hit me, then and there: it was impossible. It had to be one or the other: her or a career. Mind you, I loved her very much.

I then proceeded to write one of my best tunes ever, "Down on The Street." I went into the closet with my amplifier and played my guitar muffled and quiet—a real stomp, very tribal, very tribal beat. It sounded nice—muffled, intense. But then I wanted to go to the next musical idea for the song, and I thought, "Oh, I gotta be quiet." And then I thought, "No man! You DON'T GOTTA be quiet!" So I stepped out of the closet and the next part was this huge noise, a thundering fucking chord. That just shattered her immensely. But it was OK: I had the song stuck together. That was a funny moment—birth!

So finally I had to tell her to go. There were many tears. She didn't want to give up. So we decided maybe she should split for a couple of days: come back in a week or so. So she left as soon as possible.

I was free again. I could go out on the streets like I used to—roam the streets, looking. I walked into a hamburger joint where the kids went after school. It's actually where I wrote the Stooges' first record. It was a coffee shop and a bathroom. I'd come in before the kids were out of school, and I'd just sit in the back of the balcony and observe their social patterns, which became material for my songs.

And so I went there and saw Betsy. I never saw anything like that. She was very cute. She was the exact opposite physically of my wife—blonde, white as snow. She was 13 and she looked at me penetratingly. So I suppose you can figure out what happened next.



Time to split . . .

Eric, my son

My Gamble

You know, it's funny, I can't begin to count the times when I'll be with a friend after a gig, and maybe if it was pretty good, maybe they'll say, "I liked it." "Did you really like it?" I'll ask. "Did you really like it? Are you sure you liked it? How good was it? What did you like? Did they love me?" On and on, until finally, "You didn't REALLY like it, I KNOW you really didn't like me," etc., etc. That's really bad taste, but what can I say? You want people to like what you do so bad, but at the same time it ain't shit if you're not gambling. That's why I got into music—to have a gamble. I was slipping past 15 and breaking into the routine end of my high school phase and had to quite rapidly choose some sort of life, you know.

I was very well spoken and could have been a lawyer or even a politician: I was a super salesman. But I looked around me, and one thing I noticed about, for example, the parents of the kids I went to school with—some pretty successful people—was that their lives seemed fragmented. These men in their forties, with many beautiful features still—big bones, I'm into beauty, beauty and luxury—had no white in their eyes and no room for their wives.

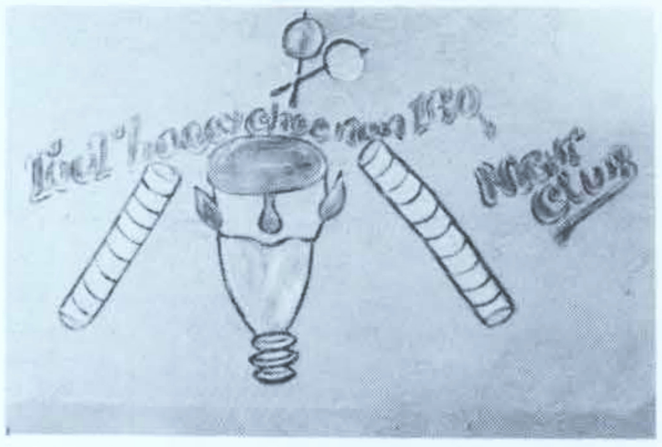
Let's put it this way, I didn't meet any great personalities. They all seemed to say that I could get fat and stale. They never wanted to carry on a conversation about anything deep. They weren't poetic. They weren't poetic, these people; they weren't enchanted. They had no identity. They were out there in the world of property and power.

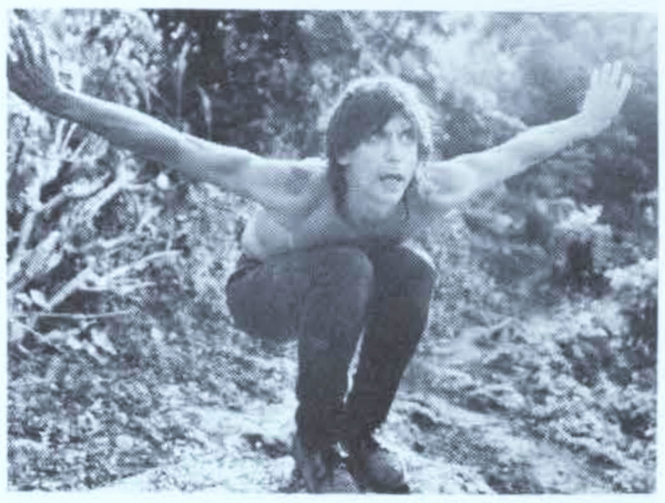
It's funny because I come from a trailer camp, but my father made sure I'd be in the Ann Arbor school system—on the other side of the border—so that I'd go to school with the upper class kids—substantial kids, a lot of overachievers.

It's real sad. I wanted to live in an enchanted forest, you know. I wanted to be under a spell. And I saw all these people who were settling for their nice lawn, their very nice neighborhood, very nice house, you know, classy looking wife, good job and guys to boss around, political power and office. You know what I mean: things people can count. And let's not forget kids to indulge.

I just got a bad feeling from what I saw of bourgeois life, and I certainly didn't want to be a laborer. I just found everything around me very brutish, especially the kids at school. So I decided to gamble with music—it was the only thing that was really fun to do—to escape from all that. I'd just die not to gamble a big gamble—something natural, something you could touch and grasp.

Plus I was in love deeply, was completely hooked on the apparatus itself. Just the sheer presence of electricity in large doses has always made me feel real comfortable and calm, especially the way a very large amplifier with an instrument plugged into it will push air, the way the speakers push air—that's basically what amps do, they push the air and push me too. And even just the beauty of the microphones appealed to me. And the beat of the drums. It was like, I gotta get out of here, I gotta get out of here. I hate this life! I hate everything about it! I can't live with it. It hurts me. I feel odd around these people, and music is the only place to hide. The refuge, really.





The original gamble was taking a full time gig, five sets a night, six nights a week, with $55 a week as my cut. But I had to. We had a bare house to flop in. But it was a big gamble—am I going to be able to stop in time or am I going further and further from being able to go back and face some. . . corporate claw: I was three days out of high school.

I had no idea I would have records or anything like that. It was just a refuge, like getting lost in a poem can be for an adolescent, like a love affair. And, sure enough, once I got a taste of it. . . . This was the summer of 1965 when Bob Dylan's *Bringing It All Back Home* came out, as well as the new Stones album. I was listening to a lot of Dylan.

Anyway, I tried to go back to school, and I couldn't do it. I was in this college band, the Prime Movers, and I met with Paul Butterfield's guitarist, who said if you really want to play you've got to go to Chicago. So I went to Chicago with $.19. I knocked on the door of the great drummer Sam Lay, who was with the original Paul Butterfield lineup. He lived on 65th and Homan. He lived way down deep on the West Side. I was scared stiff on my way down through the neighborhood, and he took me in. He found me a place to live in the basement of the Delmark Record Store, run by this guy Bob Koester, who tried to attack me every night. I didn't care: I had a place to practice in the store and a good connection to get gigs. Bob loved the blues, knew his shit, and was very involved in the black Chi-town scene. He still puts out some great records on a label called Delmark (Grand Street, Chicago, Illinois).

I started getting gigs playing with these black guys: I was still very young and raggedy at this time, but I started getting gigs. The first thing I noticed about playing with these black guys—older guys—their music was like honey off their fingers—real childlike and charming in its simplicity and lack of any real arrangement, not like any Chicago blues played by the white groups, who really misinterpret. There was no actual arrangement. Each guitar player had about 20 understood riffs, and everybody knew what to do depending on what was appropriate for the song. They all played so it fit. They LISTENED to each other. It was so high powered. One night I was sitting by the Chicago River—I used to hang out by the sewage treatment plant across from the Marina Towers where Steve McQueen in a movie crashes a car off the 65th floor into the Chicago river; I'd sit there and think sometimes—and I was thinking about structure: maybe you don't have to play these complex lyrics; maybe I'd like to do some writing and singing.

Queering Out

When I was first supposed to go up for the draft, it was the biggest quarterly callup, and hopefully would be the last, in modern American history in the absence of a DECLARED war. It was late 1966. They needed 650,000 guys to sign the dotted line within three months; each was to serve for two years. The authorities were accepting any and all, regardless of physical deformations. Such disregard of cost efficiency was blowing your mom and dad's bucks, dear reader. They were taking anybody: guys "wid" ten teeth. Now Bill Figg, a drummer and friend of mine in a group called the Rationals, his knee had been held together with a steel rod since he was a kid. Bill must have been scared of the draft, but, unlike me, he was more scared of the disapproval of his peer group. It is army policy to induct all draftees, not by residence, but by school. Therefore, if you want to rebel you gotta do it right in front of all your fucking friends. Are they your friends? Fuck no! So why are they in the army? To be accepted and get killed. Bill Figg didn't come back.

I didn't want to go up for the draft for several reasons. One, I couldn't stand the idea of being a pawn of the sick society of America, dominated by men. Two, there was my musical career—the odds are so great anyway that, hey, you can't have an interruption. Anyway, no way José am I going to sleep in a bunkhouse with a bunch of crewcut machos: I hate guys—at least ones who call themselves guys—they are full of shit-shit-shit. I'm glad they are all dead, in one sense or another.

But mainly what kept me out of the army was the utter terror of two more years of even more closely enforced society, confined with the goddamn weasely little things—the sons of World War II vets—those cruel bottleneckers who comprised my peer group in America.

So I was still in the Prime Movers band at this time. They were older guys, a blues band. I was waiting, smelling out the right move: waiting for the Stooges to appear.

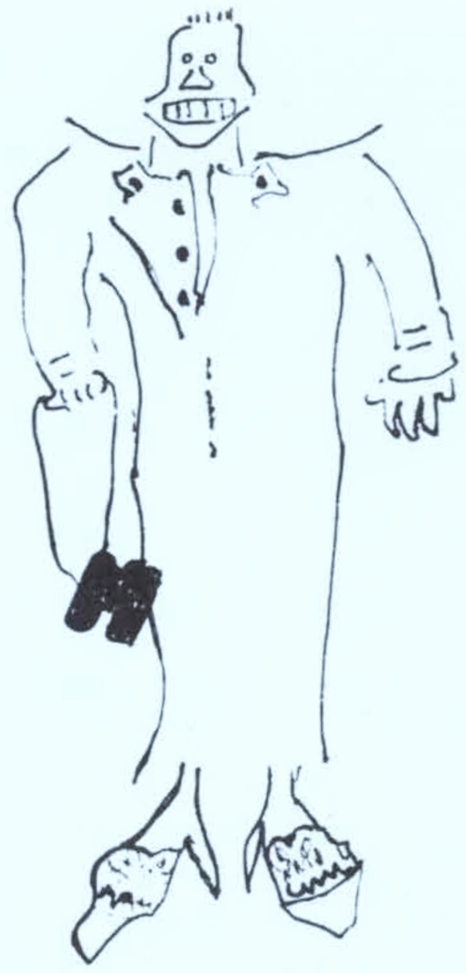
So what did I do? My strategy to get out was this. First, I said to my mom: "Mom, you know I've really been looking like a ragamuffin." So she bought me the kind of clothes that a mother buys, right? A pair of nice gray slacks that fit really absurdly, you know, and a funny crew neck, mauve sweater-ish sort of polo shirt. I had my hair cut very short. I looked great as a mamma's boy, my disguise was impeccable.

My idea was to queer out. It was very difficult at that time. So I went down to the station, down to Fort Wayne, with my peer group. We all went down on a special bus line. They don't just say come to the fort. You can't do that, you have to go by way of the local designated private bus line. This is whatever firm that has secured the army contract for transport of inductees to God's cafeteria for food processing.

We all did a mental test, and then we took physicals, starting at station one. Station one is where you take off your clothes down to your skivies, and then you're supposed to get in line for the next bullshit test. So, in my part of the room, I stripped off and didn't have any underwear, just bare naked—pretty clever plan, eh? I just whacked it a little bit and walked out with just the most enormous hard-on (11″ x 1¾″ at approximately a 94 degree angle), straight toward my place in line. I'd not gone four steps when a shout rang out: "Halt!" a sergeant approached me. "Where's your
UNDERWEAR!!!"

So I got noticed right away. "Help me out man," I said. So they sent me to a rest station to collect myself. I then hyperventilated and ran down the hall, stopping just before I saw a medic—so I was really shaking—and he said, "What's wrong?" And I said, "I'm gay, man, I'm scared to be here with my clothes off around other men." So I went to the shrink, and he asked me questions like, "What does gay mean? What's a queen?" things like that. By this time I was really into it, and he bought it and took me downstairs to the captain. I was almost in tears, I was so wrapped up in my role—lots of convulsions and tears. I started disgusting him and undermining his professional attitude, and he asked me to leave. It only took me an hour and a half to evade the draft: all in a good day's work.

Now that was one method. Rock Action had a whole different method. Rock's a few years younger than me, so he went in a couple of years later. First of all—I don't know how he did it—he refused to take the bus. He just showed up: he had a van. I was still in the Prime Movers at the time, and he was my protegé—a drummer. He went with an ATTITUDE, baby. He's been up for about two and a half days, drunk and crazy, right? And just before he left he painted a huge two-color lightning



"Where do I sign?"

The Villagers
Pop/Du Prey

the villagers are
out tonight
uptight and bored
they're pushing you
underground

on wintry days
they stand and gaze
outlines in black
and ignorant
villagers
dark shadows house
a sleepy malice
in the backbrain
of every body you meet
man is the village animal
united by the glue
of our loathsome qualities

we are sneaking peeping toms
in revolt against each other

the villagers are
most insane
they live to die
anonymous
and muted too. . . villagers

in revolt against the other
but not against the rules
so in the space age
the village idiot rules
on TV for all to see
while some good men
walk the streets
unh unh unh unh unh
the villagerssssssssssss arghhh
you can't get lost
you can't get lost
in the village of space
you can't get lost

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bolt with lipstick on the front of his head. This was a BAD looking dude, right? With rolled up sleeves and a motorcycle jacket, he just walks up to the front gate, drops a 16 ounce can of beer, and strides in there like Bulldog Drummond. You know, just a mess, and this was before leather fashion. He went through a whole different trip. They immediately put him in detention barracks. But he got out, and that was the name of the game.

The army is such a deterrent to young artists!

In a Bathroom

It's so God Damn hard to get that feeling back from when you were young. So here I am sitting in the bathroom because that's the best way I know of to get back my childhood and what it meant to me.

I was brought up in an incredibly isolated environment. My father was a somewhat aloof English literature teacher. Anyway, for whatever reasons, I've been a loner. And when I entered the first grade I realized how incredibly much brighter I was than the other kids and how I could pick up everything faster than them. I had never spelled before, but I soon could spell words like beauty and canoe—words with funny vowels and funny compositions—real quick, quicker than the other kids could.

And I'll never forget, towards the end of my first grade year in school, or maybe I was in the second grade—I was six or seven—I'll never forget, it finally occurred to me to ask my teacher, "What is the longest word in the English language?" She told me it was antidisestablishmentarianism.

I remember one day in the school bathroom I was pissing two stalls down from some fifth grader. Somehow we got to talking, and I asked him if he could spell antidisestablishmentarianism. Before he could answer I proceeded to spell it for him. I liked to spell that word a lot, as fast as I could just to flaunt my brain.

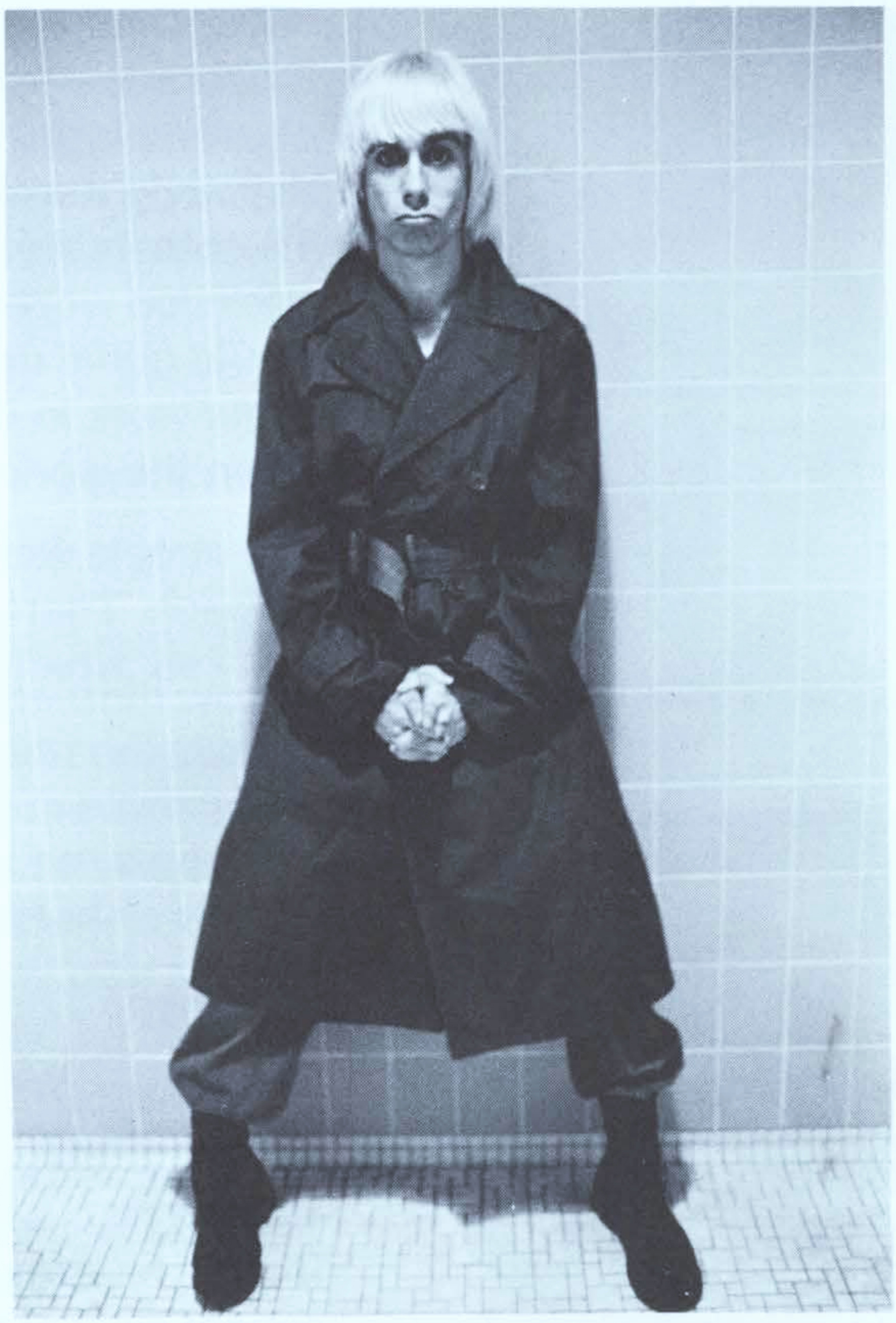
It was at this time that I gave myself the name, "the Atomic Brain." That was what I would call myself in my private fantasies and in things that I would write up about myself, and sometimes I would even mention it to other people: that I was the Atomic Brain, and no one could possibly be smarter than me. Ha, ha, ha. Well, so much for a child's idea of what being smart is.

Trailer Camp

I was raised in a trailer camp—or mobile home park, if you

Copper Harbor, Michigan, 1957

Opposite page: backstage showers, Paris, 1976, Bowie's Station to Station tour



Photos © by Andrew Kent

I wasn't really aware of houses until I was in the first grade.

will—which was situated out in the middle of the sticks, on US 23 between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor, Michigan, in the middle of a very large farm owned by a Mr. Leverette. Our family was definitely the only literate occupant of the entire trailer park. The others were mostly heavy truck drivers or low wage unskilled workers, who were often migratory—guys who would come up from the South when they heard there was some work in Detroit and then return to Carolina, or wherever, when the work was over.

The streets were really just ruts, and they were strewn with garbage. There were 97 or 99 lots in the trailer camp, and ours was #96, which is where my parents still live.

I guess the reason we lived there was because my father is a very private man, and he didn't want to have chums and neighbors; he really didn't want to have the bother of a house, with its upkeep and la de da. He really didn't want a social life. He was also very poor, being a junior high school teacher at the time; he had begun his career in a very rough school where kids would pull knives. Actually, he got to high school status, finally.

He was also a bit of a Socialist and a heavy union organizer. In fact, he organized one particular movement in the Ypsilanti school system which almost won out. But when things came to a head everybody backed out on my dad, except his best friend, the diving coach. It's good to have a friend.

So I lived in this trailer camp. I never met kids who lived in houses. I wasn't really aware of houses until I was in the first grade, when I found out that other kids lived in this suburban housing development about a mile and a half up the road from me: that was quite a shock. I suddenly realized that my way of life was considered—well, let's put it this way—to anyone with two eyes you can see that a house is at least ostensibly more secure—it's rooted to the ground after all—than a mere trailer, which has a fly-by-night connotation.

The trailer I lived in between the ages of 8 and 13 was called a New Moon, and it was the EXACT MODEL that had been featured in the film *The Long Long Trailer*, starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, right? They made a movie about this trailer, and my father and mother aren't movie goers or anything but they went because it was about trailers. My father loves trailers.

Trailers at the time were a rather revolutionary idea for anyone who didn't HAVE to live in one. My dad was a bit of a nut.

So we had a New Moon trailer—45′ long and 8′ feet wide—which we kept from the time I was, say, 8 years old until I was about 13, when he traded it in for a 50′ x 10′ trailer, in which my parents still reside. A beautiful piece of art, actually—this trailer—very well-made, called a Vagabond, which is perhaps some mystic precursor of what my life was about to become: I lived under the New Moon and moved on to be a Vagabond.

You know what farmers say about crops: plant them at the new moon.

Asthma Pills

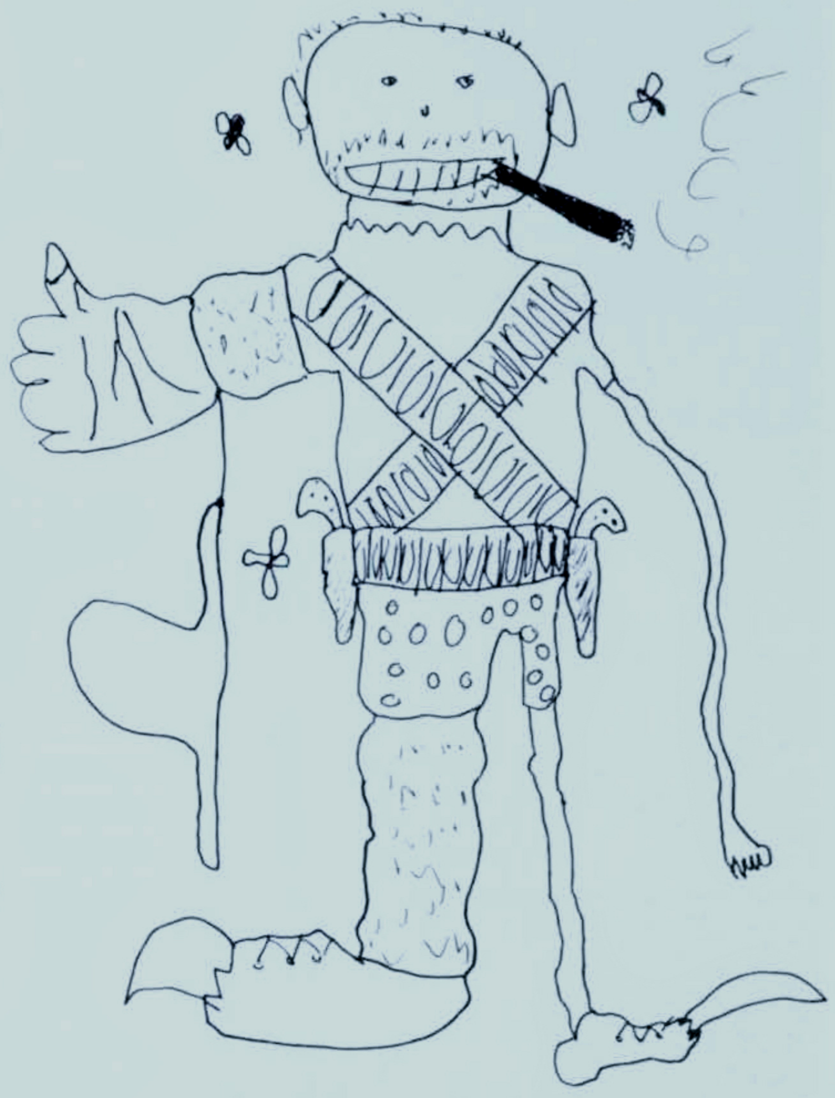
I started realizing at one point that things were different for me. After school I'd have to go home. My parents both worked so I had a babysitter, Mrs. Light. The whole matter of supervision when I was a young child was different for me than it was for most children, because I was badly afflicted with bronchial asthma. I spent a lot of the time scared, without my mother.

Apparently, it was deemed that I was so badly off that until I was about eight years old I couldn't be out of anybody's sight. And then, from 8 to 12, I could have 20 minute periods by myself. I'd always have to check in every 20 minutes to let my parents or some responsible adult know where I was and that I was still breathing.

It was when I turned eight years old that I was now considered ready for anti-asthma pills! They were called quadranol, and I'll never forget them. I've since found out that their main ingredient was something called ephedrine, which stimulates your adrenal glands, thereby shrinking the bronchial tubes, allowing me to breathe.

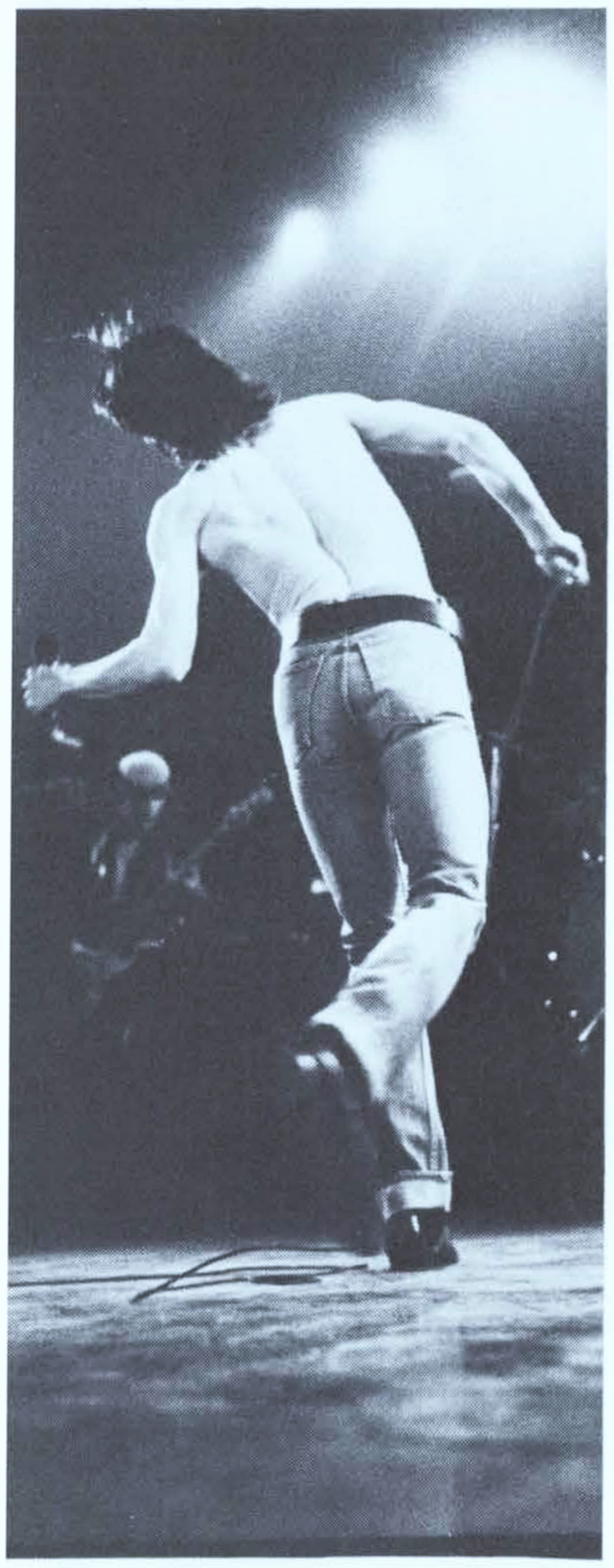
Bronchial asthma refers to the two bronchial tubes in your body which connect your nasal system to your breathing system—that is, your mouth and nose to your lungs. Now if these tubes swell—think of what happens when a donut swells—there's not going to be any hole anymore. Those bronchial tubes are made of cartilage-type material, and they can swell, at which point the kid can't breathe and he falls down dead. Usually the fall and winter seasons are the worst. But I would also get it out of fear, and other things, though never in the summer: never when things were free, and never when there was heat.

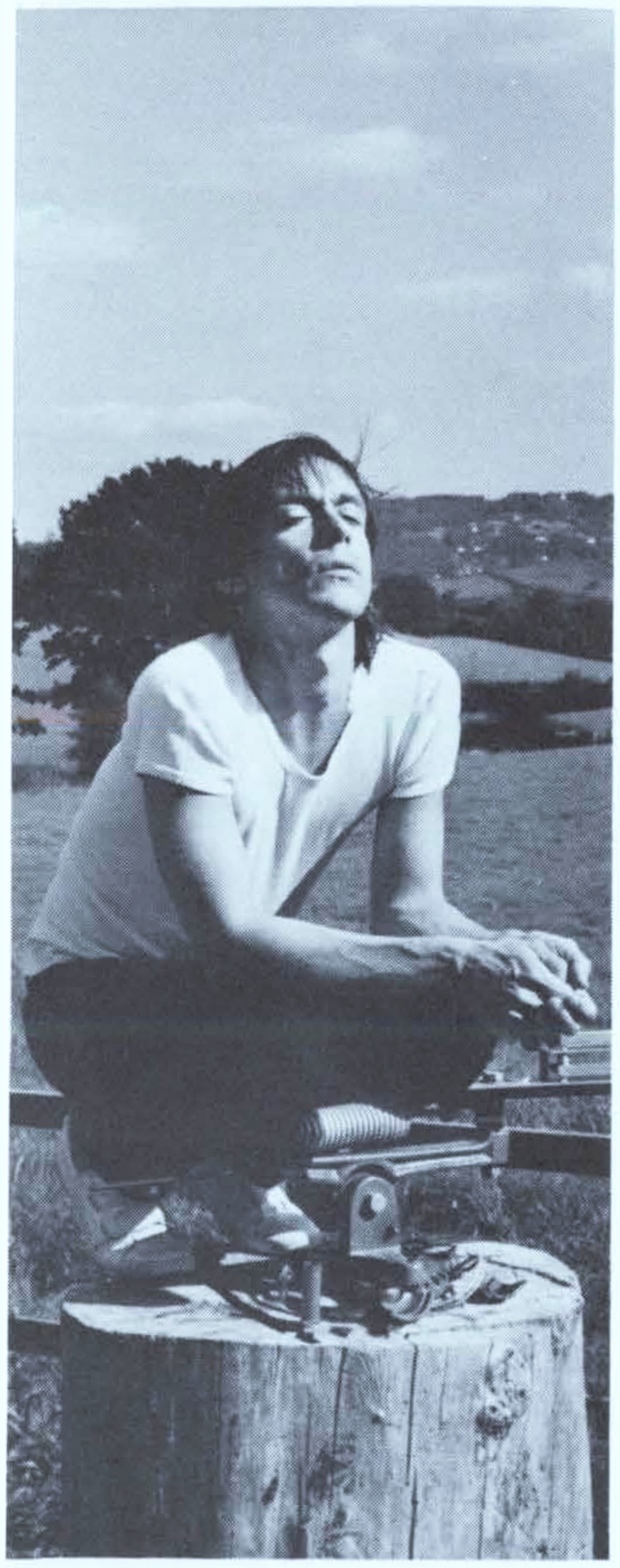
Anyway, so they started me on these pills instead of the constant steam treatments and bothering me every five minutes of my life. Now on the bottom half of the pills, to keep the kid from getting too wild and uptight with all this ephedrine in the system, there was a nice, tidy little dose of phenobarbital. In other words, a little something to tie you down. I felt so relaxed, so wonderful. It was during the winter season. My



my childhood friend, the imaginary mexican

As a kid I had a character in my brain. I drew him over and over. He was my imaginary Mexican; well, you look at him and figure it out for yourself.





dose was supposed to be a half a pill, but about a week after I started taking them I figured out a way to sneak into the bathroom and take a WHOLE one. and WOW! when I took that whole one I'll never forget the beauty, the beauty, the grandeur that I observed as a nine year old—the incredible shimmering, sparkling of the snowdrifts in Michigan at that time. There had been a heavy snow, and usually after a heavy snow I was very scared to go out of the house, and to walk or run or talk excitedly would be out of the question. But I thought, I've taken a whole one, now let's see what happens. So I took a walk just along the little roadways around the trailer camp, and the snow was so beautiful, it shimmered with very subtle red, blue, and purplish overtones. I could practically intuit the microscopic inner structure of the flakes. So that was the first time I got stoned, and things haven't changed much since.

Shit

I got a big thrill the first time. . . I remember, I was in the second grade, and for some reason one day I didn't take the school bus and my mother had to take me to school. She had to get to work so she dropped me in front of the school a little earlier than the school doors opened. So I had to stand there for about 15 minutes with my little books. And there were these two sixth graders dressed like the antagonists of James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. They were standing there talking—real badass—and I heard them say this word, SHIT. I had never heard the word shit before. Although, somehow, I instantly knew what it meant. I was. . . thrilled. It was most impressive to me—it was very impressive.

Trailer Design

At this time in America, in the fifties, everyone was building. ~~America was a beautiful virgin land full of virile men and fertile~~ women with green meadows and room for everyone. Everyone making deals; everyone confident, and nobody was upset if they didn't happen to have some damn designer label on what they wore. Things were different. Status was measured differently in America in the fifties, the early fifties. Eisenhower was president. It was a calm, verdant land. It was a beautiful time. Of course, I was too young to know about Korea.

So when I was between eight and ten I really started grasping how buildings were built. I was troubled by the fact that I lived in a trailer when everybody else lived in houses. By this time I'd been on car trips to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I eventually went to school, and I saw what real houses were like. I just thought, SHIT!

If some people lived like that, how come I'm living in this? Right, you know? You have to realize that it's not just the thing of how big or grand where you live is that can bother a kid. It's just that when someone walks into the trailer and closes the door the house DOES shake a little bit. If I whisper in my room I WILL be heard.

In a well designed trailer, to save space, the doors don't open and close hingewise: they're sliding doors and generally without locks. So I had no lock on my door. A boy without a lock on his door and without at least one story separating him from his parents goes through some funny shit. So I used to spend a lot of time in the bathroom, or out in the cornfield.

It was bothering me that I lived in a trailer but I didn't quite understand: I just assumed, well that's my lot. Sometimes I think children under ten are a bit like Orientals: they accept their lot in life but they want to do the most with it they can. Over ten they think they can change the whole damn thing. So I would draw these radical architectural designs of trailers that were hundreds and hundreds of feet long and telescopic—hundreds of feet long, and telescopic parts that were four stories high with L-shaped swimming pools. I tried to think positively about trailer life. I tried to think of all the gadgetry you could have that plain old houses couldn't. I tried to think positively about it.

Speakers push the air and push me, too.

First Musical Impressions

It was also between the age of eight and ten that I received my first musical gift from God. A trailer is just the most wonderful place to be exposed to purely mechanical sounds—especially if you live on a US highway near Detroit—technological sounds are all around you.

And I—being an impressionable child—used to spend hypnotic hours just listening to the whir of what's called a space heater. I'm sure all the poor people reading this know what a space heater is. I used to play harp on the front of it—you know those little grills? I used to play harp, and I would play drums on my mother's pots and pans using my Lincoln Logs and tinker toys. I would sit and listen to the cars and to the noise our heating unit made when it switched on and off. I would listen to lots of noise: my father's electric shaver and this and that. In other words, I wasn't brought up on the sizzle of Mom's frying pan. I was brought up on the strange little red light on the aluminum plug of her electric frying pan. See what I mean? I was brought up in an extremely electric, totally electric, totally metal-cigar-box environment, in the middle of a God Damned cornfield near the railroad tracks.

Bishop Family

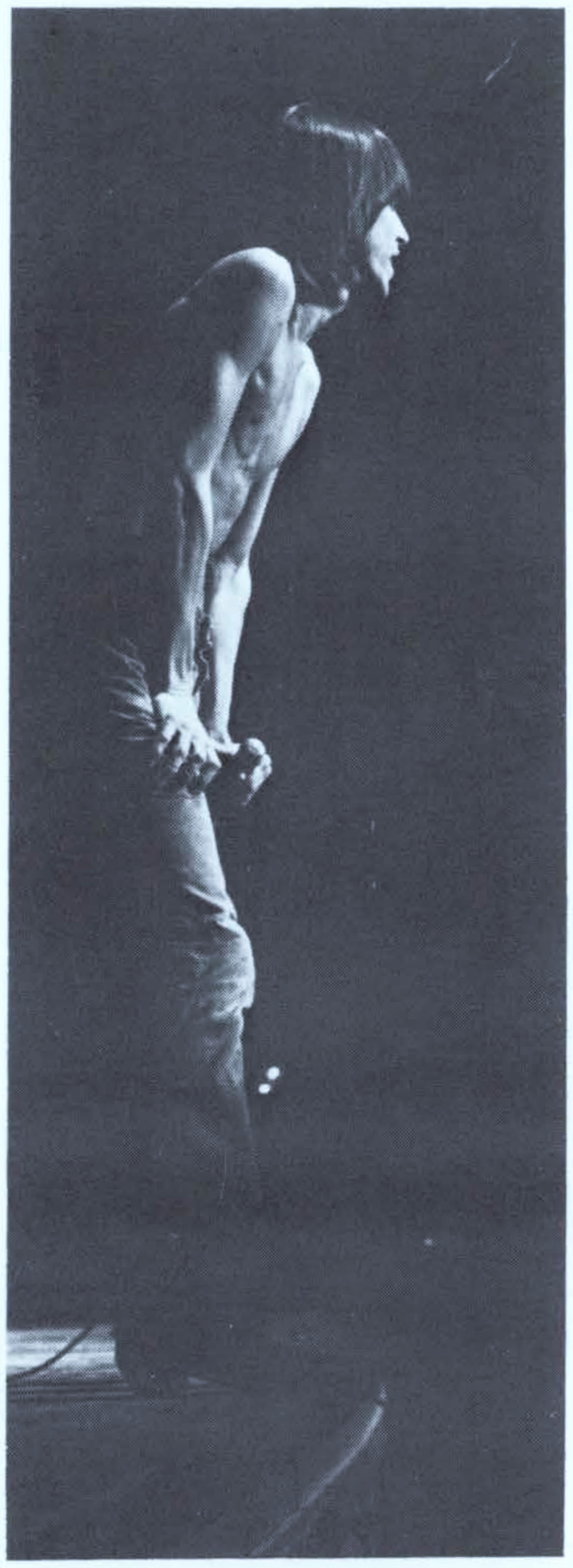
There was one incredible family among my neighbors who had a great influence on me—the Bishop family. These were stone badass Hillbillies. The father was drunk from the day he was born but was a somewhat manly man. The mother was quite voluptuous—I think she was half Cherokee Indian—must have been quite a looker in her days. I certainly had a crush on her.

And, of course, they just couldn't stop having kids. They didn't have the sense, you know. They were too busy fucking. This was before the days when birth control was in vogue. I mean there used to be people who would be embarrassed about birth control—about the whole idea—because it was inhuman. Well, it IS inhuman. It is inhuman, and we as a race are becoming less human. We are now becoming more something else, that's all. and the first one to figure out where we're going will make a bunch of money—go on TV or something.

Anyway, the Bishops were interesting. I'll never forget one thing Mr. Bishop said to me: he said, "Jimmy, you're a coward with your body but you're a champion with your mind." He didn't just say that I was smart. He said that I was a fighter with my mind and should use my mind to fight, not my body, because it wasn't built that way—that I was too sensitive. He probably saw that I was very womanly. Because my eyes used to be as big as they are now, except my head was littler and there was no hair to hide it.

The Bishops had a son David. David Bishop was some kind of idol to me—enormous broad shoulders, barrel chest—Elvis type—badassed, crew cutted tough. He didn't even need to have long hair. He was a beautiful boy with lascivious, wonderful lips, and he wore the right blue jeans and everything and could play the guitar. He could play a song called "Bulldog" on the guitar—it was very popular—and "Raunchy" by Duane Eddy and stuff. He was into Link Wray-type rock, and I had just never seen anybody play like that, on a hollow body guitar—a big, fat hollow body. Anyway, I got exposed to a little bit of music. He'd been on the Dick Clark Show, once.

The Bishops also had a daughter named Diane, who became rather an issue in my family. Diane was a few years younger than me, but, even in my early teens, I was already very attracted to her. She had the family build and enormous lips, and uh, well, she just had a rather, she had sort of . . . she was born for sex, this girl. She grew huge tits very early, and my



Opposite page: the trousers are by Tony of New Zealand in red and yellow nylon swimsuit material. They got me on People *magazine's 1980 "25 best dressed Americans" list. They also proved very durable on the road. They couldn't be torn and were washed once a week.*

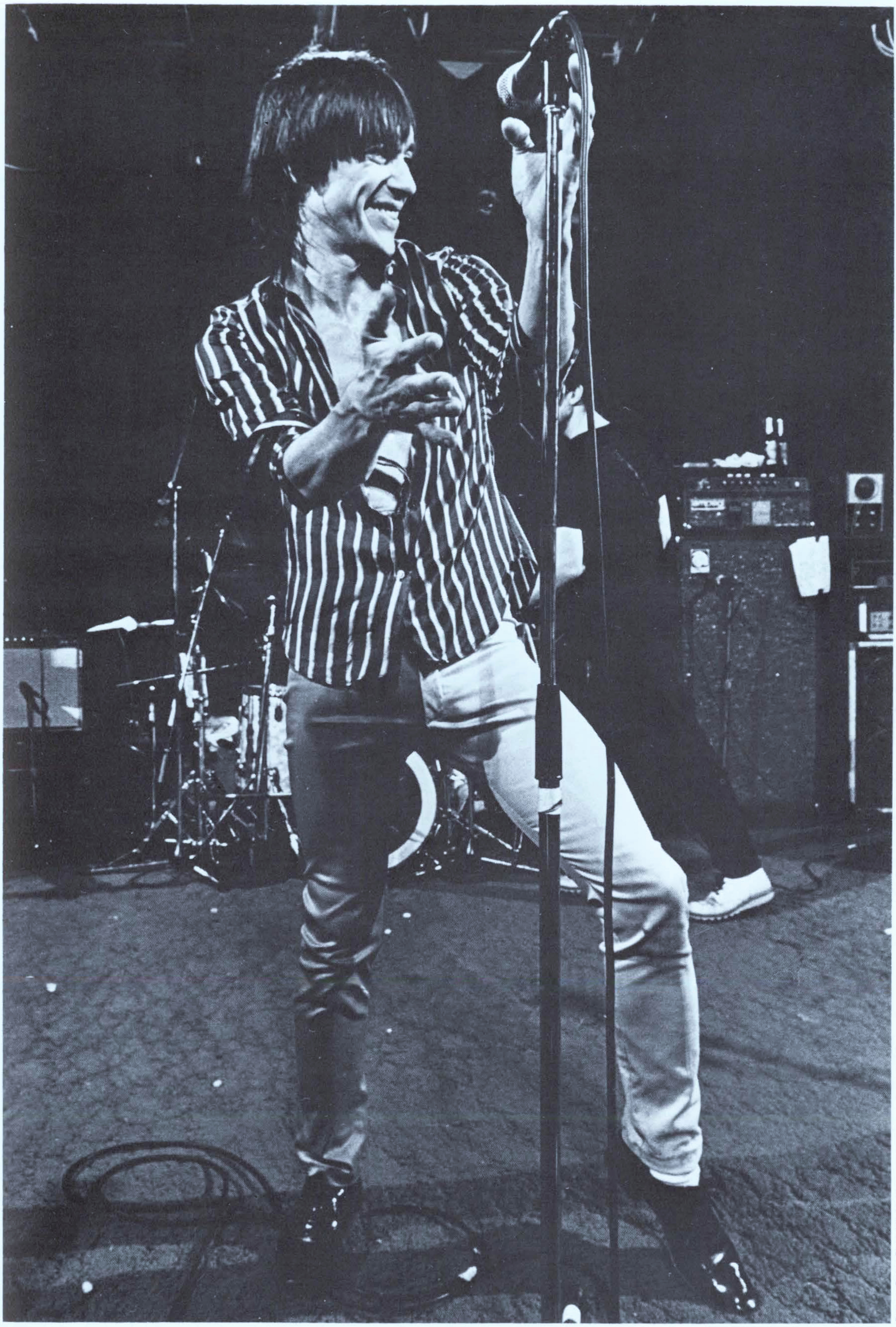


Photo © by Paul McAlpine

China Girl
Pop/Bowie

i could escape this feeling
with my China Girl
i'm just a wreck without
my little China Girl
i'd hear hearts beating
loud as thunder
see the stars crashing

i'm a mess without
my China Girl
wake up mornings there's
no China Girl
i'd hear hearts beating
loud as thunder
i'd see stars crashing down

i'd feel tragic
like i was Marlon Brando
when i'd look at my China Girl
i could pretend that nothing
really meant too much
when i'd look at my China Girl

I'd stumble into town
just like a sacred cow
visions of swastikas in my head
and plans for everyone
it's in the white of my eyes

my little China Girl
you shouldn't mess with me
i'll ruin everything you are
i'll give you television
I'll give you eyes of blue
i'll give you men who want
to rule the world

and when i get excited
my little China Girl says
oh Jimmy just you
shut your mouth
she says "SShhh

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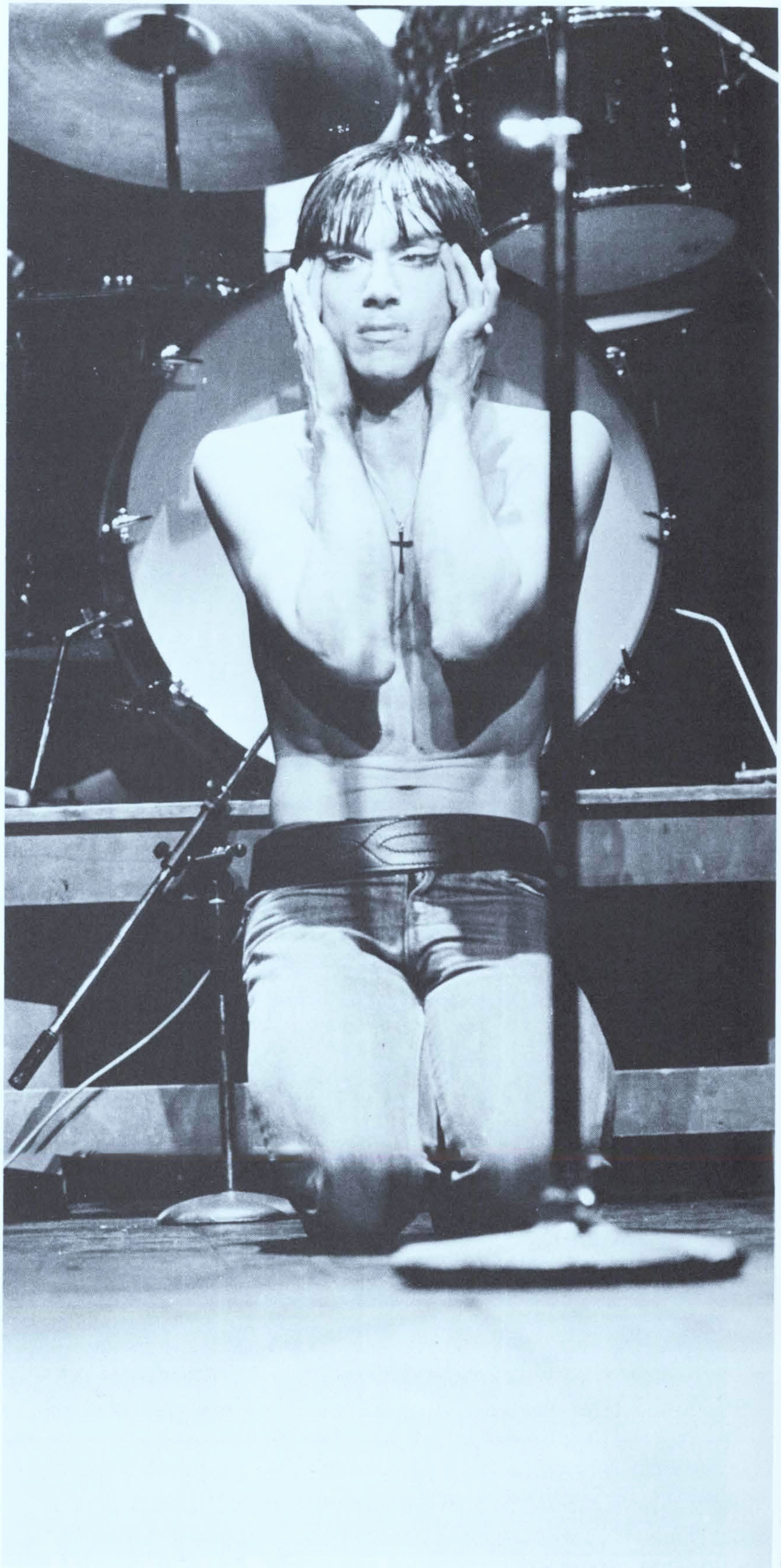


Photo © by Andrew Kent

father could see that might be a problem coming up. One day he saw me with her, just talking to her, and I got this big lecture. He said, "Jim, you don't want to be hanging around these kind of people because you're too good and something might happen"; he wouldn't tell me what—sex? I didn't understand what the problem was, you know what I mean? I didn't understand what the problem was.

The other thing I wasn't supposed to do was play by the railroad tracks, which was where all the kids from the trailer park—maybe seven of us; there weren't many children around there all together—would go to play. I wasn't allowed but, of course, I started going down there anyway, though it was hard to check in every 20 minutes and be at the railroad tracks.

So one day—when I was a bit older and more attractive and was drumming in a band and all—one day I ran into Diane Bishop and went down to the railroad tracks with her and, well, felt her tits—the first tits I'd ever felt. I think my father, who was out looking for me—I was spotted within five minutes—didn't know what I'd been up to, just that I was at the railroad tracks.

Anyway, since then I've had this dream of him hunting for me with two six-guns at his side and a cowboy hat on—hunting me down, through the trailer park—and I would try to hide by the railroad tracks. The railroad tracks were built into a ravine, so I had lots of little hillocks to hide in. I put this in a song once: "Sister Midnight."

Mickey Mantle—My Father

My first real hero was Mickey Mantle: Mickey Mantle because he was this—for those of you who don't know—this unbelievable home run, terrific long ball, hitter and great center fielder for the New York Yankees. He had the most tremendous thighs—these most incredible, tremendous, powerful thighs—and this incredible white complexion and lovely, lovely blonde hair, so blonde you could barely see it. And I loved, I loved the motion that he would make as he swung the bat to hit a ball. He meant a lot to me. It was something about confined power, because as a child I felt so incredibly powerless in so many ways. I don't know why, but he was important to me—the whole team. That was when Whitey Ford, another extremely blonde guy, was pitching, and Moose Skowron was on first base. They had a lot of great guys, anyway. And it was a team; I lived in Detroit and my favorite team was the New York Yankees. Probably my dad had turned me on to them. It was a CLASS team, and there was a brotherhood about it. I loved that very much. I saw class!

1950, Muskegon, Michigan

Top: with my Dad
Bottom: me

Iggy's father when asked about his son: "I'd rather not open that can of worms. He's our son and we know he's going to be alright."

My father had been a professional athlete up until the war. He played in the minor leagues—in farm teams for the Brooklyn Dodgers—and was rather a good first baseman and hitter. He'd been a local star before he turned pro. And then the war broke out. He never made the majors because of the war.

After the war he decided to get an education, as he'd been rather lacking in that area up to then. He was as facile at learning as I am, and he won several scholarships to be an osteopath but decided that wasn't what he wanted to be.

Like his kid, you know, always running away from success, which I think is a good policy because success makes you into, I don't know, it makes you into Charlie's Angel. It takes your smell away. You don't smell good anymore. Yeah, I mean, I'm sorry but, ah, sterility, sterility, sterility bores me. Sterility turns me off. Yeah, I'm in favor of children as long as they're haphazard, you know? So let the kid go—that kind of roll. After all, they didn't ask our permission before we were born: they can leave us alone afterwards.

So, anyway, after toying with the idea of being a dentist, my father finally settled on teaching.

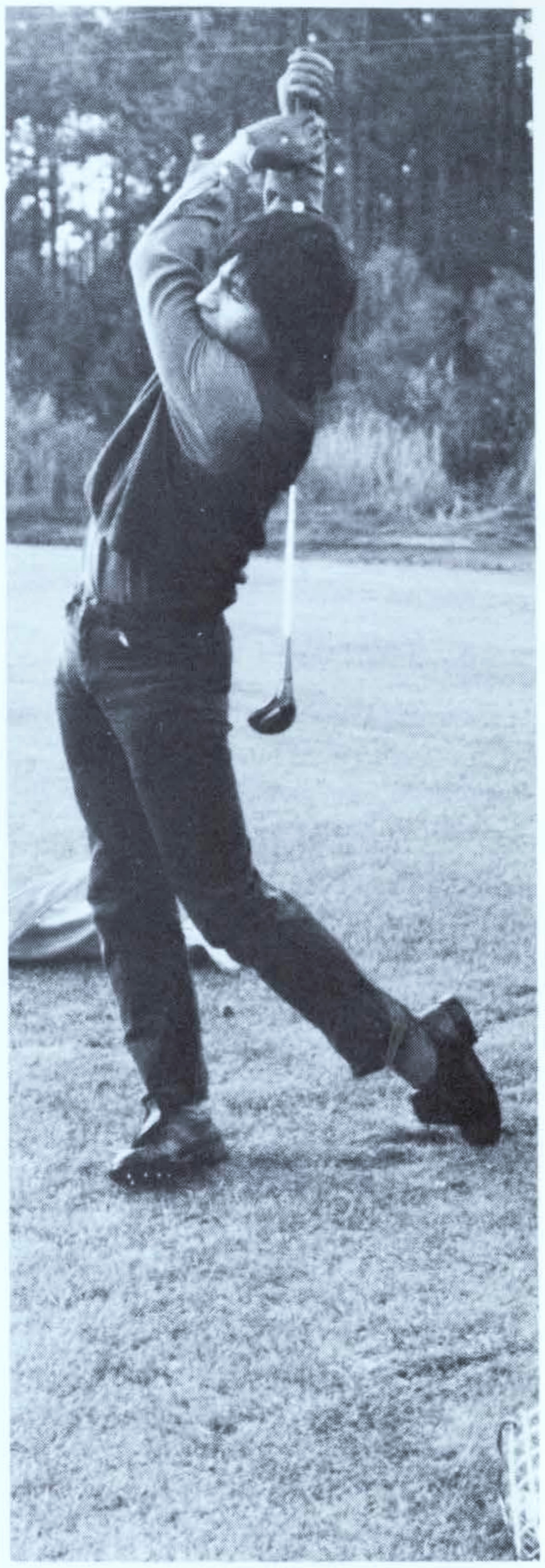
When I was little I was very talented at baseball—his game. I always insisted, even as a little boy, on using his bat. My father is a very large man, much larger than I: he is over 6 feet and very strong. He used this enormous thing—a 44-ouncer—and I insisted on also using it. As a little child I would really swing the thing. But he never let me play Little League. He never let me play anything that resembled organized sports because, as he would say to me, "Well, Jim, you don't understand now what I'm doing for you but these people will victimize you." I guess what he was afraid of—looking back—was that they would flatter me about my talents and steer me toward professional athletics, which he didn't think was a good place for me.

Anyway, I was rather upset about that. All the other kids could be in Little League, but what about me? I had no way to prove myself—to prove my abilities—except in individual sports. The ONLY time I was allowed to—the only time I could play baseball—was in the unorganized games at the camp I went to and where my father HAPPENED to be a counselor—so that he could keep an eye on me even, EVEN during my summer vacation, right? And he would be the pitcher. He would pitch and run the game for us kids.

One day I knew I could do it to him, I had gotten to be such a good hitter that I knew I could do it to him, and he threw me a fastball right down the middle, and I hit it right up the middle aiming for that "son-of-a-gun's" teeth. And I got him and

knocked him down. I missed his teeth, but I got him and knocked him down. He was, I mean, you know, he was out of bed the next day. He had a big lump. I finally got his four front teeth a few years later playing golf, for which I also had a talent and would have liked to do as a living. One thing I like about golf courses is that there's so much room between you and the next guy. You only meet at the tee during the first shot and at the end.

Like life, you know, and in between you can really be on your own. There's a lot of solitude about it and concentration, and there's a wonderful feeling of power in being able to—just with your own hands and a very small metal instrument—being able to make a ball go hundreds of yards—through your own power, not by overpowering it, but just through grace—not only hundreds of yards, but hundreds of yards EXACTLY where you want it to be. That's a kick. My transition from golf to music is embodied in a pair of golf shoes standing on galvanized steel and equipped with contact mikes—my dancin shoes.



Golf is like life: you only meet at the tee during the first shot and at the end; in between you can really be on your own.

Sputnik and Castro

Back to elementary school. Two events of world importance happened. I don't know in which order: Sputnik was one (the first artificial satellite, launched by the Russians in 1957). When Sputnik happened I mean, man you could not BELIEVE the shit I caught from my teacher, Mrs. Schreiber. I'll never forget the bitch. I had her in the fifth and sixth grades. She gave a general lecture for everybody, but then I got it doubly after class. "Now they've got this thing up in the air—they've got it up in the air—while YOU, Jim Osterberg, sit there like you were a fucking, well, like you were a parking lot. You just sit back there and smile; you get by and that's all, and you don't feel it's necessary to bring paper and pencil," and all this la de da. "And here the Russians are"—we need, we heed, we need more brain power you know—"and you kids gotta get it together and learn this fucking algebra and everything, and do this for us." That's what was said, so I don't know what to make of that. Not much, I reckon.

Now the other thing was when Castro took over in Cuba. Of course, at first they put him up at the Plaza Hotel with his chickens, and Edward R. Murrow was there, and it was good publicity. But very quickly that soured in the nation—the midwest nation—the real nation where I lived in the cornfields and dusty roads, baby, remember the dusty fucking roads—the cornfields and the goddamn houses that I thought were mansions before I saw real mansions?

Eat or Be Eaten
Pop/DuPrey

i got nothin to eat
in this old house
i gotta go out
and catch a mouse
i can't be wrong
so i gotta be right
it's eat or be eaten

something's hungry
like a hunter
and it's probing
like a fingerrr

as the drumbeat
keeps things hurrying
that's the part
that's so appealing
it's the beat
that dominates
each breath you draw
each step you take
strike or be stricken
eat or be eaten

yum yum yum yum
eat or be eaten

your skills
are highly specialized
but still
that girl can magnetize
you sense
the hunger in her eyes
it's beat or be beaten
there's no softness
in her eyes
a weird dull glint
is in her eyes
with a stubborn will
to tantalize
like some cheap devil
in disguise
and it's troubling me
hell it's nervy
that's what it is
eat or be eaten
beat or be beaten
strike or be stricken

the night is dark
the night is pulp
tilt back your head
and take a gulp
of air that's screamed
a thousand times
the main thing is
to victimize
it's just the night
for a conquering tribe
oh, it's just the night
for a conquering tribe

Anyway, when we found out Castro wasn't on our side there was a tremendous fight on the school playground. Our playground, by the way, was imprinted with a huge map of America—very subtle, you know. Probably that was something they had to do to get the money to build the playground. Probably the school board—it was a community school (this was before I was in the Ann Arbor school system) called Carpenter School: "When a Carpenter kid walks down the street, all the people say hey, wow! ain't he neat, la de da," etc., etc.—so probably the PTA got together and said, "We'll put up the money for this basketball court if the American country can be painted on it."

Anyway, there was this big fight about Castro. I think it might have started with Brad Jones, who was this really neat pimply, skinny guy who looked something like some rock star that I really liked: Paul Jones of Manfred Mann. I really liked Brad's look and he always knew what to wear, and he had lots of freedom and spent the weekends at the Dracula movies. He mentioned something about Castro, and somehow I let it slip that I really dug Castro on TV. So there was a big problem there.

Anyway, there was a big thing about Castro. We were already getting brainwashed.

Bishops' Chicken Dinner

One thing that the Bishops used to do that was neat was every Sunday it was chicken dinner. Mr. Bishop would go out and he'd buy five or six—it was a big family—he'd buy five or six good chickens.

God, I'd like to, I'd really like to have a chance to fuck Diane Bishop. I never did get to fuck her. Well, maybe someday. You never know.

He'd get about a half dozen chickens, bring them home live, put them in a burlap bag, and have David, have his kid, hold the top of the sack to the exhaust pipe of the car, turn on the car, and gas em. He said that they made better eating killed that way. It was easier than slaughtering. I don't know what they did with them after that or how they managed to eat them.

Kids Visit Trailer

One time the kids from school all came over to see what a trailer looked like. This was when I was in junior high and I had switched to the Ann Arbor system. My dad had seen to it

that we'd be in their zoning so that I'd be with smart kids. Suddenly I was thrown in with kids who were nearly as bright as I was, but I was way ahead of them in school work and shit.

Also, these rich kids, you know, like they had sweaters with V-necks made out of real materials and things. I'd never seen anything like that before. And they had a camaraderie, a code, and they could walk home from school, you know, a few blocks, but I had to go home miles on the bus. So there wasn't a lot of rapport between us.

But everybody at school got a kick out of me in some way because I don't think they'd ever seen anything like me before. I just seemed like some weird kid, you know. And so one time a bunch of these guys whose fathers all owned various small construction firms or consultancies, or were doctors with medical clinics, decided to pay a visit—there was even the president of Ford Motor Company at the time: R.J. Miller's kid, Kenny, was a friend of mine. Except Kenny never did anything like this to me. He was never that mean to me.

They all came over to my house—to my trailer—all came out to my trailer one time, just to see what it was about. And I thought they were coming over to be friends, but instead they came over and ransacked the place and sat in the bathtub with their clothes on, saying, "Does this really work?" and messing with the faucets. Then they got on the outside of my trailer—they got on either side of it—and started skaking it, to see if it would maybe even fall off its supports. And so I learned something about people—about the bourgeoisie. I still hate em.

Fired

I remember the first time I ever got fired from a job. I learned a lot. It was by a guy named Mr. Rogers, who was a heavy duty truck driver. This was when I was old enough to mow lawns. I mowed a lot of the lawns in the trailer park. He was the cheapest one. He only gave me $.35—of course they were small lawns. His lawn mower was never in good shape anyway. He never kept the blades sharpened. I was supposed to cut with this thing?

Well, one day he decided I didn't do a good enough job—he'd always check the little edges and stuff—and he fired me. And later, when he couldn't see me, I cried and cried. I mean I was just crushed. But he did say to me, "Now, understand," he said, "Look, I'm a foreman on a construction site . . ."

I couldn't believe it when he first fired me. I just always assumed that everybody loved me. I was one of those kids,

eat or be eaten
beat or be beaten
faster than the arrow flies
or the man who smiles
while he lies
it's just the night
for a conquering tribe and

the girls are calling
in a yellow dress
that girl is calling
in a yellow dress
she says
eat eat eat here boys
eat eat eat here boys
and then a bop a doo ba
doop ba abop a dooba
ba bop bohma bop a doo
bop bohm a doopee dee
a dop adoop a bum bayo
bayum bohmbayumbohm ooooohhh

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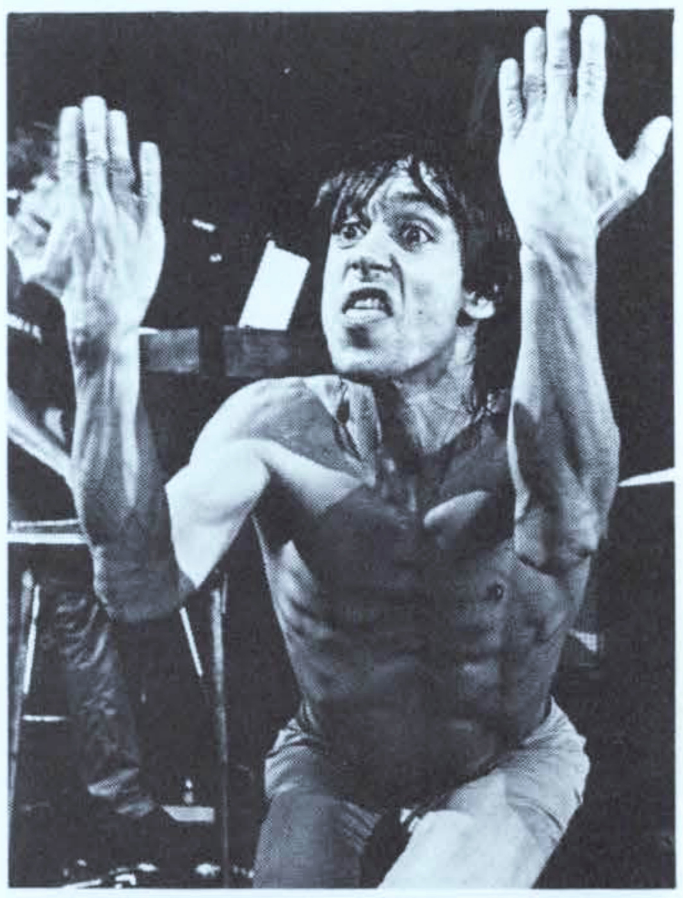
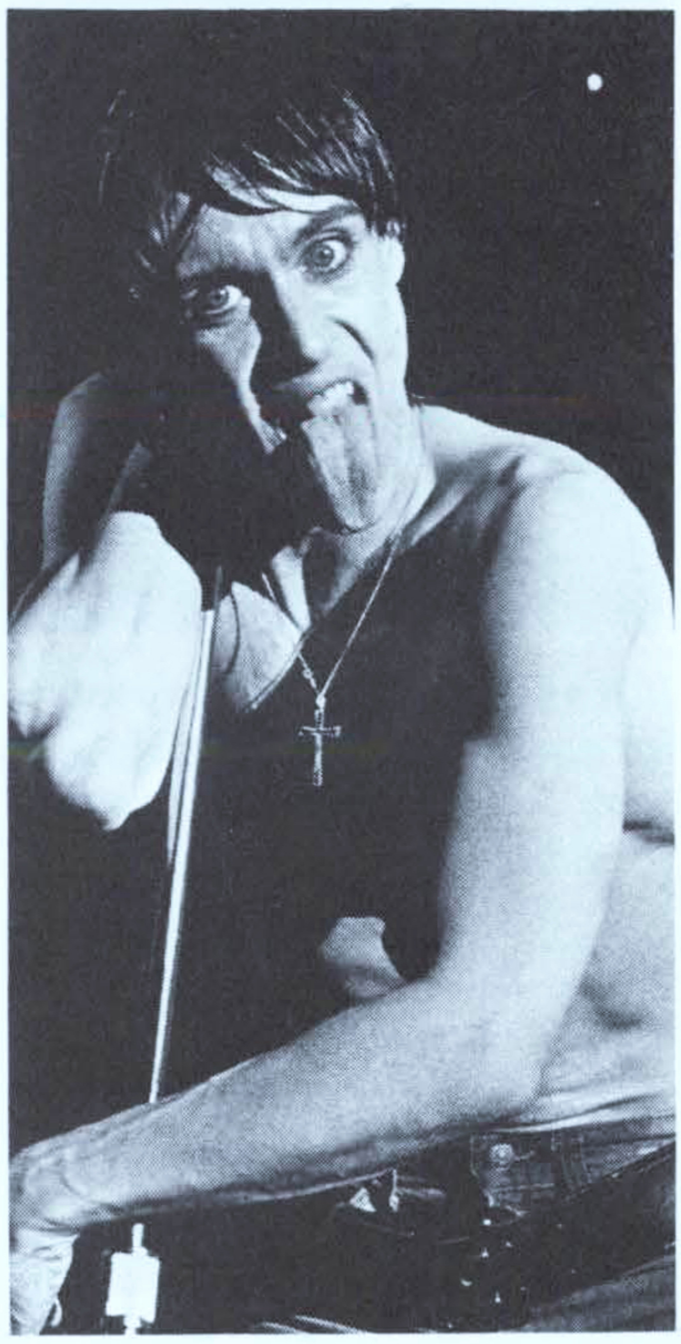


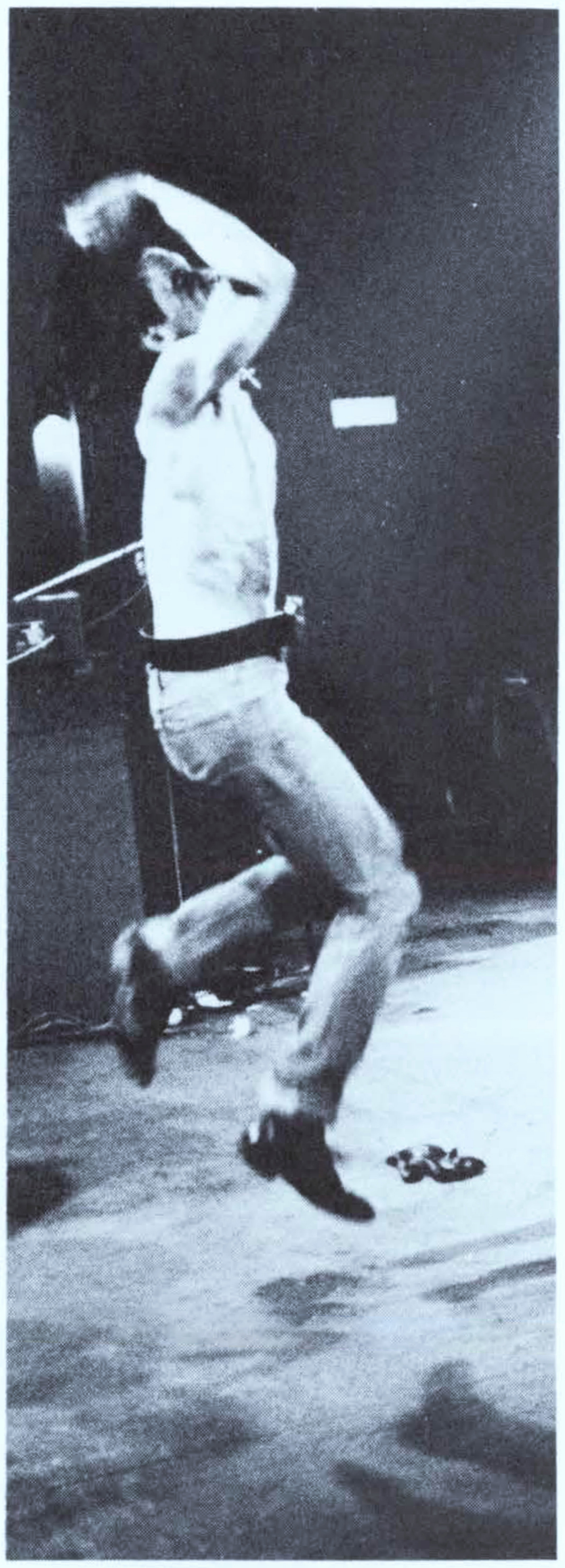


you know: nobody seemed to ever say no to me, at least not in the adult world. Kids I didn't know much about, but adults I knew how to handle right away.

He said, "Look, when I'm on a job and a guy doesn't do his work right, what do I do? I fire him. You were on a job. You didn't do your work right. You're fired."

I didn't quite understand at the time. He was a real dour, nasty man, like a lot of them living alone: no wife, alcoholic. But he had a good income—a real good income, real good at his job—and he felt strongly about the lesson he was teaching me. It wasn't that he did it simply for my benefit. He felt strongly about the morality. At least he was nice enough to let me know. And I think he was absolutely a saint to do that for me. Really, I think he was absolutely a saint. When somebody doesn't do their job, you fire them. Much later in life I've received such joy when at various moments I've felt justified in the end to say, "You're fired!" Because people have the right to say no.

Why I Do What I Do



I'm sure the constant exposure to amplifiers and electric guitars . . . has altered my body chemistry.

I'm sure the constant exposure to amplifiers and electric guitars, and hearing my own voice amplified, has altered my body chemistry, in which, after all, the life lives.

I often try to examine the reasons why I am doing what I do—working with electric guitars and drums and singing—or what I'm trying to do with it. But I feel so umbilically connected to the thing itself, the process is far more important than the result. It is the proximity of the electric hum in the background and just the tremendous feeling of buoyancy and power, you know. When you start being in the presence of this power, you also become its witness. When guitars are played properly, hitting the same sound at the same time, a joyful thing happens; that's good backing. You are dangerously abandoned. It is the most honest experience I have ever encountered. Gotta have it. Once I started playing on stage, maybe even after the first gig, it was like a wolf after getting his first blood or something. As soon as I had a taste of that I just abandoned all interest in music and went right straight for the throat. I was really determined to use the noises on myself, as if I were a scientist experimenting on himself, like Dr. Jekyll or the Hulk. Sometimes I feel like the Hulk, actually. I really didn't have any use for rationality or harmony—that was right out, you know. Stated harmonies, I didn't want. I wanted more overtones. Really good music isn't just to be heard, you know? It's almost like an hallucination. So I've always liked

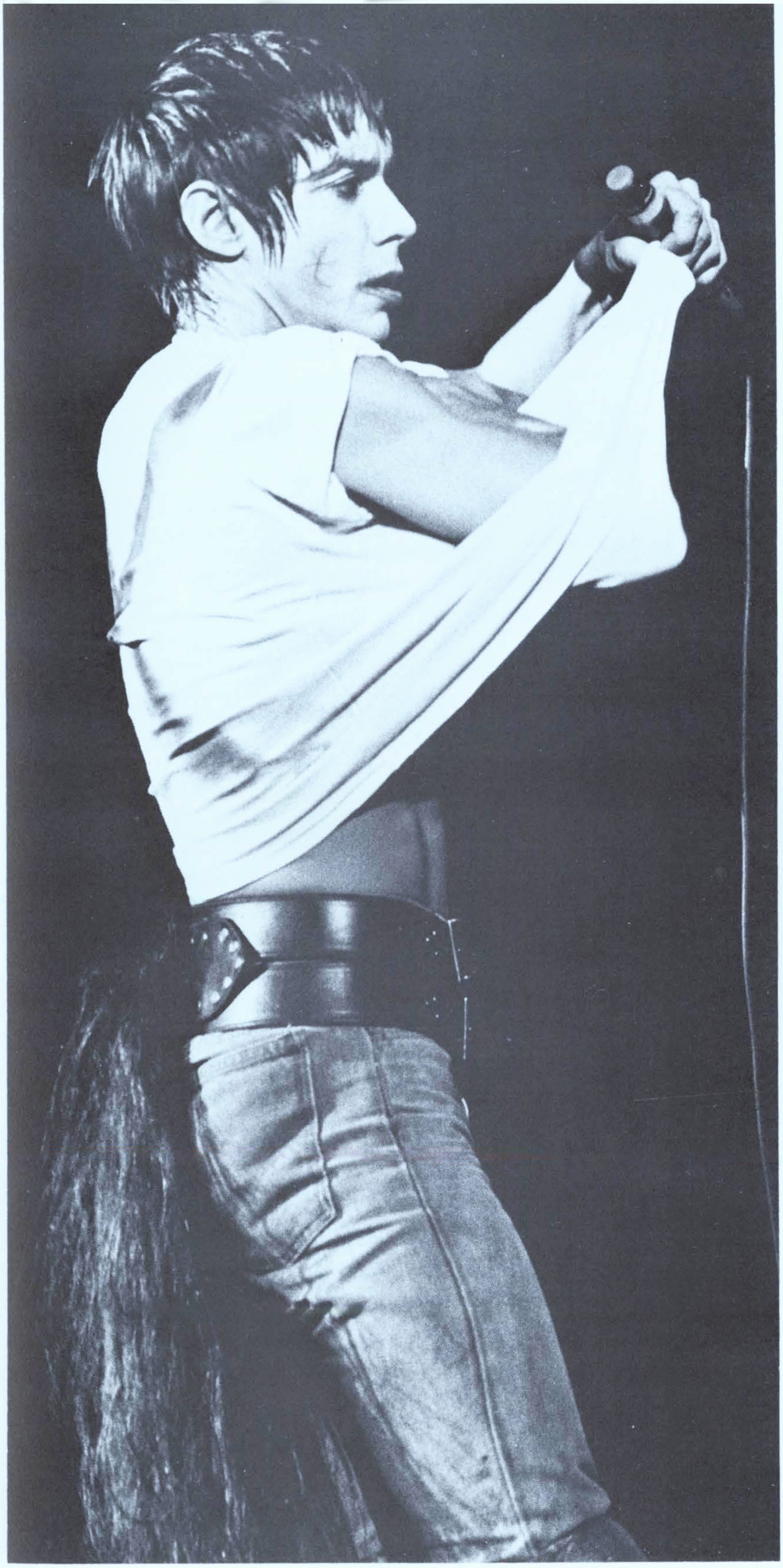
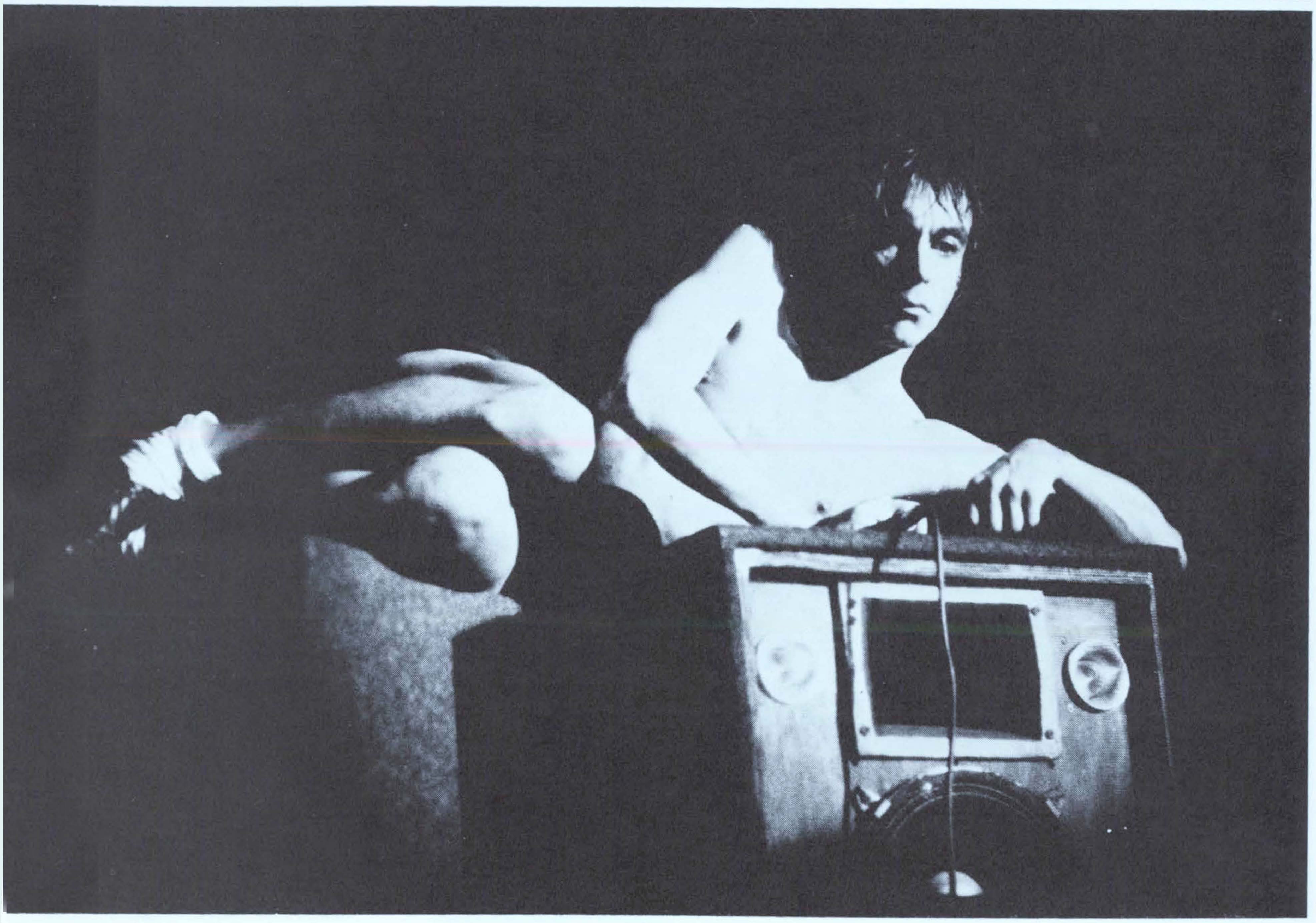


Photo © by Paul McAlpine

I always wanted a tail; this one, a genuine horse's tail, made its debut in Copenhagen, 1978.



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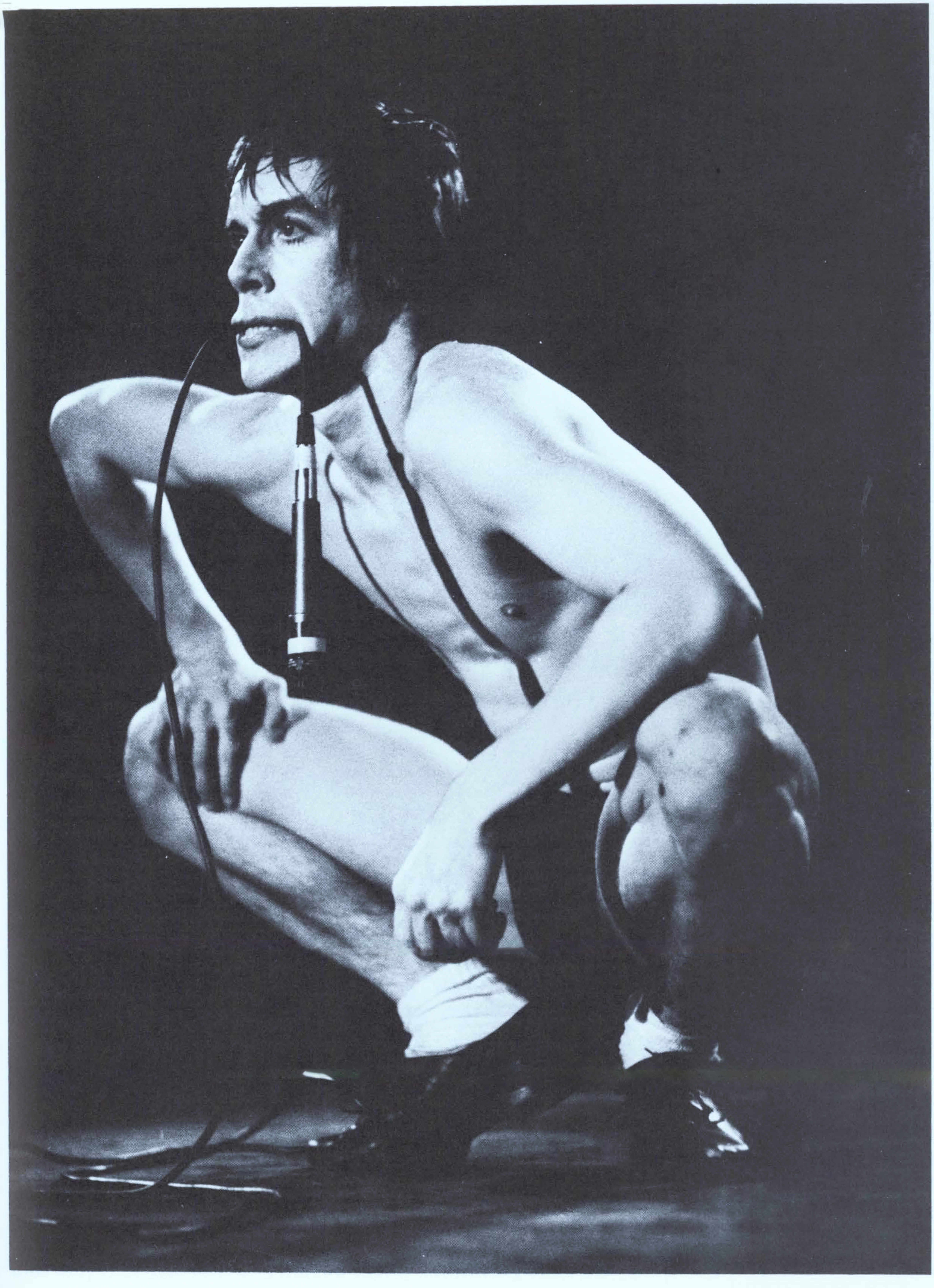

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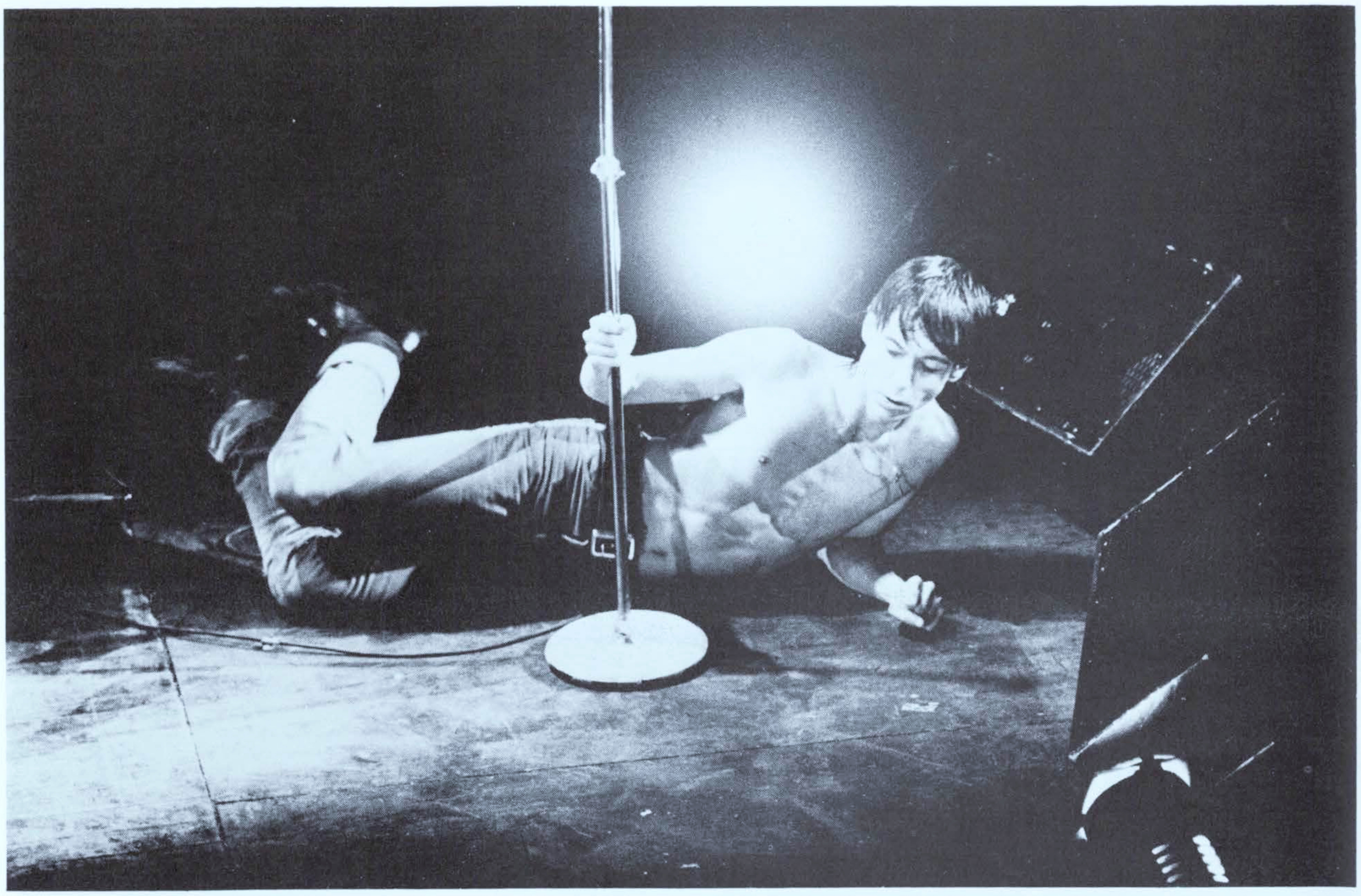


Photo © by Andrew Kent

Photo © by Paul McAlpine

chance overtones. What I do is either abstract to you or it's POW!

Goose Lake

One typical sort of gig was the Goose Lake Festival. It was the Dead Festival days, about 100,000 people. It's me and the Stooges, the Burrito Brothers, the Faces, and some others, maybe Canned Heat. So we're on just after dark, right? It's the second day, and I've been there since the festival started. And I've just been rolling from tent to tent getting more and more out of it, right, with this friend of mine.

I'm in this tent, and I'm snorting something. I wasn't very selective in those days, and all of a sudden I have amnesia: total amnesia. To be honest, this is very painful for me to talk about. I've had some heavy moments in life, and this is one. I can almost feel it. I'm sitting there, and all of a sudden I have no idea not only who I am or where I am but beyond that I don't know what anything is. Everything within my view screen is racing, and my entire world is confined to the inside of this tent, which had a door so you've got daylight out there. I'm crosslegged on the floor. It's exactly like when the vertical goes on your TV, spinning around at the rate of ¾ of a second. The picture keeps flipping over. So we had a problem. I'm told that at the time I was just out, eyes gazing and mouth gaping. I was terrified. Then I remember thinking that I had something important to do, but I couldn't quite remember what it was. Aha! the music. And suddenly I knew what things were, that these were people—by this time about eight people had crowded in my view screen, and the vertical was still going—the vertical hadn't stopped. And then I realized that I had to realize who I was and then I remembered who I was, and, at the same time, the view screen returned to normal—the vertical hold took effect. That's scary, isn't it? I like TV, and it's a drag when your TV don't work right. It should be so simple to bring into focus. So I got up and said, "Good day," and got in the Corvette and took off for backstage. And that was that.

I felt I wanted to commune with the ground in some strange way. I misjudged a little bit: maybe a little cut on the lip, from the microphone—sometimes you try to eat the thing—a nick here and there. . . . Nothing you wouldn't get from a crown of thorns.

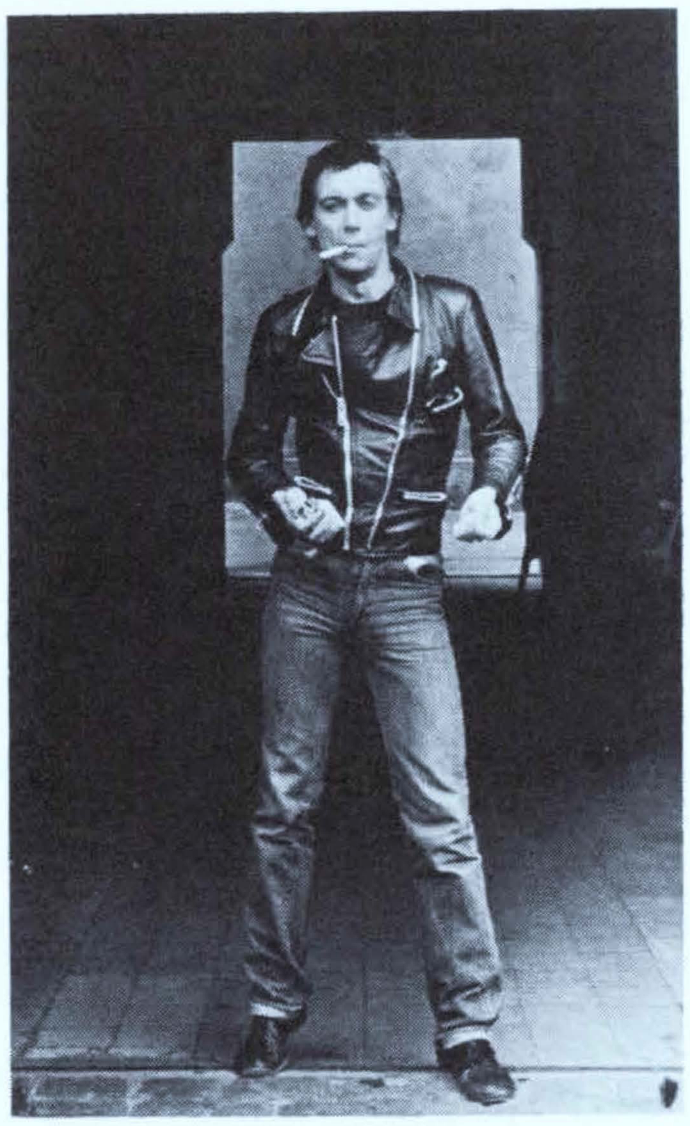
So later during the gig—it was really wild—you know, a wild gig. . . we get up there, right? The people just, the people just were INTO it. The night was full of the most beautiful stars. It was clear, and I was playing music from the *Fun House* album at that time and this buzzsaw, what you'd almost call Skanky, music. It was somewhere between a strut and a march—really slinky beats, an electric shaver and a rubber band. I think it was the first really something, something with some guts to it, that they had ever heard. It moved them, not having seen the

Stooges, before, right? So they were really getting into it, as I was. We felt like dancing; the world felt wonderful, and the stage was very good. Now in front of the stage they had a pit or trench, as it were—about four feet deep and four feet wide—running the length of the stage, and this was patrolled by two policemen on horseback. Then on the other side of the trench from the stage they had a wooden fence made out of two by fours, about five and a half feet high; between the trench and the wooden fence there were two teams of cops with Doberman pinschers. They came really loaded for bear, you know. On the other side of the wood fence was a cyclone fence, and on the other side of the cyclone fence—the crowd. The cyclone fence was just a few inches from the wood fence.

It was a revolving stage so that one band could set up on the other side while the other band was playing; then you can just revolve and there you have it. What you've got for lights is a huge tower, I'd say 45 feet up. So there's all this razzmajazz between me and the people, and they're really getting into it. It was such a nice night. So I'm playing the music. I had taken something, right? And my arm, it just rose up and gestured with a will of its own—"Come a little closer!" That was all it took, man: they sort of started tearing the fucker apart. I really always felt very uncomfortable with separation, in all its forms. I mean I can do it with a fence, but I really enjoy working in the immediate vicinity of people. To play music I just think it's such a gross insult for someone to presume a little fence in a certain place. If anyone is going to presume that it should be whoever is entertaining. Like fine, but I've always found it very insulting. Promoters, such shit! It's not that I'm against walls per sé, you know, between people, but I just think that somehow there are walls and there are walls. It seemed very inappropriate so I decided to encourage them to tear it down. And they did.

And as they did, the authorities—the big psychedelic rangers, you know the type, all these football players who inspect their muscles in the mirror every morning—they got instructions: "Get them off! Get the band offstage!" So they tried to revolve us offstage and simultaneously shut off all the lights and power. Thirty seconds later Bernie, our roadie, is up the light tower after the psychedelic ranger—he just throttled the guy, throttled the fucker, man, knocked him cold—and turns the lights back on. Meanwhile, Dogman had had it and just whaled three guys backstage. They weren't huge muscle guys but they weren't bad. We were halfway revolved off, and he pushed the reverse button and we were back on.

We finished the gig and got away with it, doing it MY way the people, who could be, I don't know, happy—I had so



1969
Pop

well it's 1969 OK
all across the USA
it's another year
for me and you
another year
with nothin to do

last year i was 21
i didn't have a lot of fun
and now i'm gonna be 22
i say oh my and a boo hoo
now i'm gonna be 22
i say oh my and
a boo hoo

it's 1969 OK
all across the USA
it's another year
for me and you
another year
with nothing to do
another year
with nothing to do
it's 1969
1969 1969 1969 1969 baby
and it's 1969 bayyyyyyyybee
baby
baby
baby

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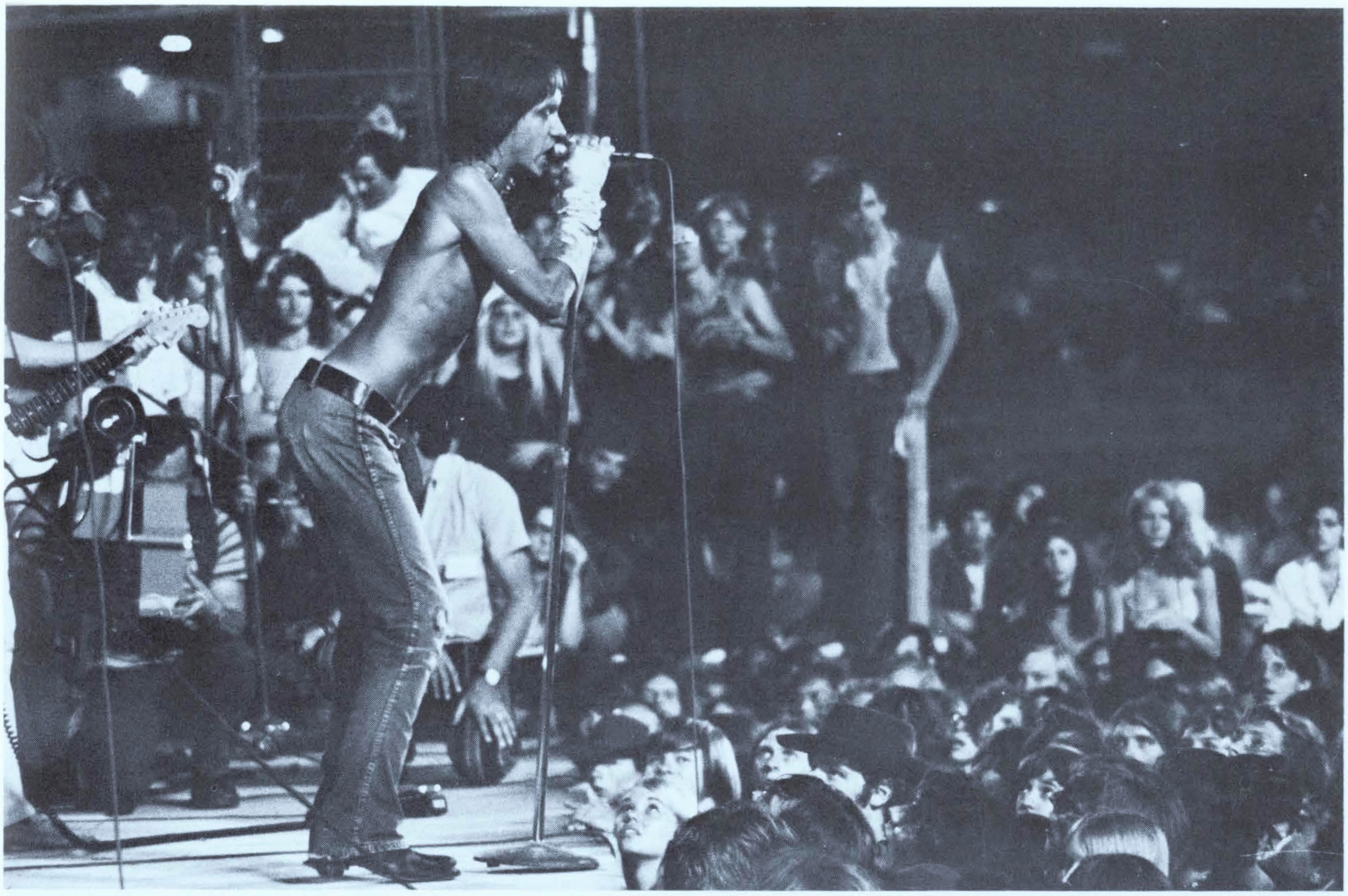

WIEDEMANN Give the Hi-Sign !

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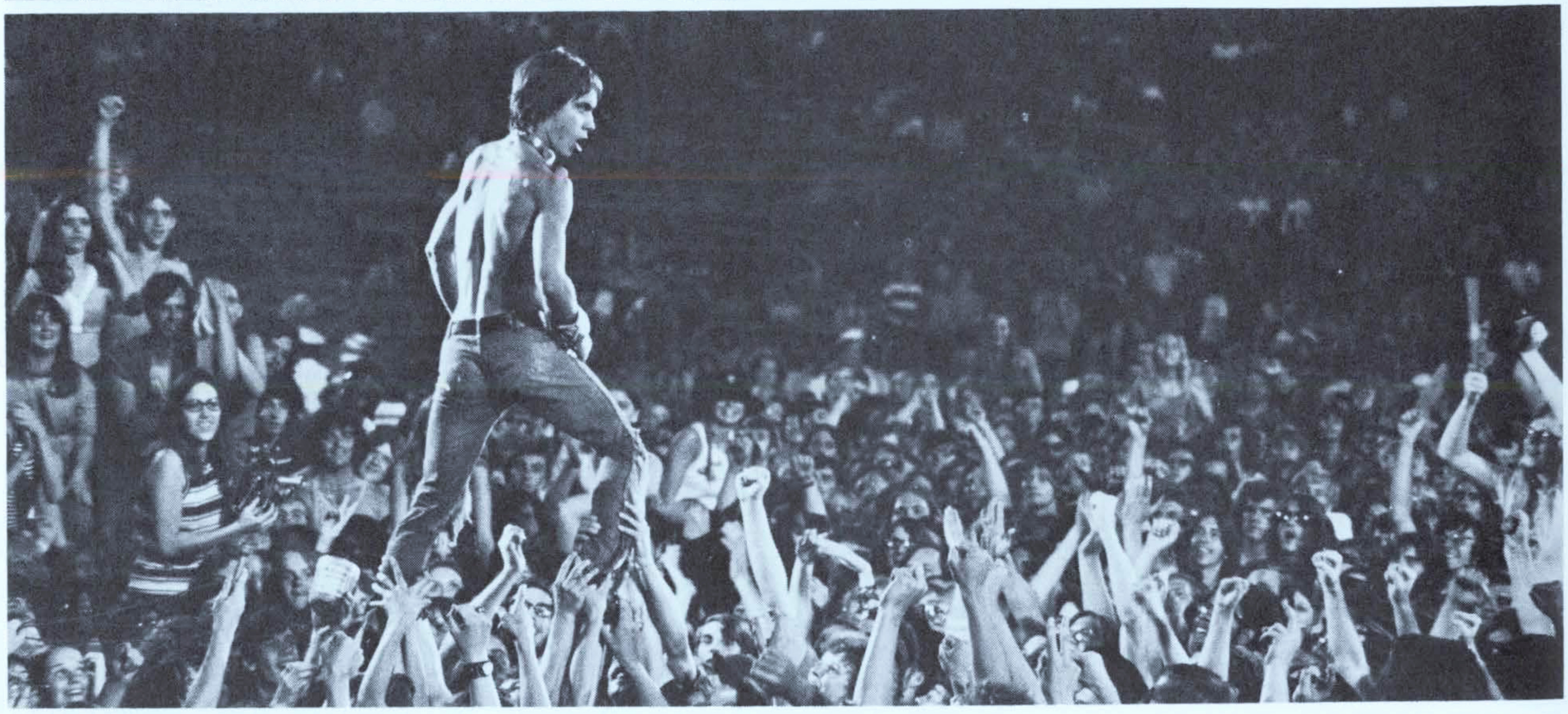

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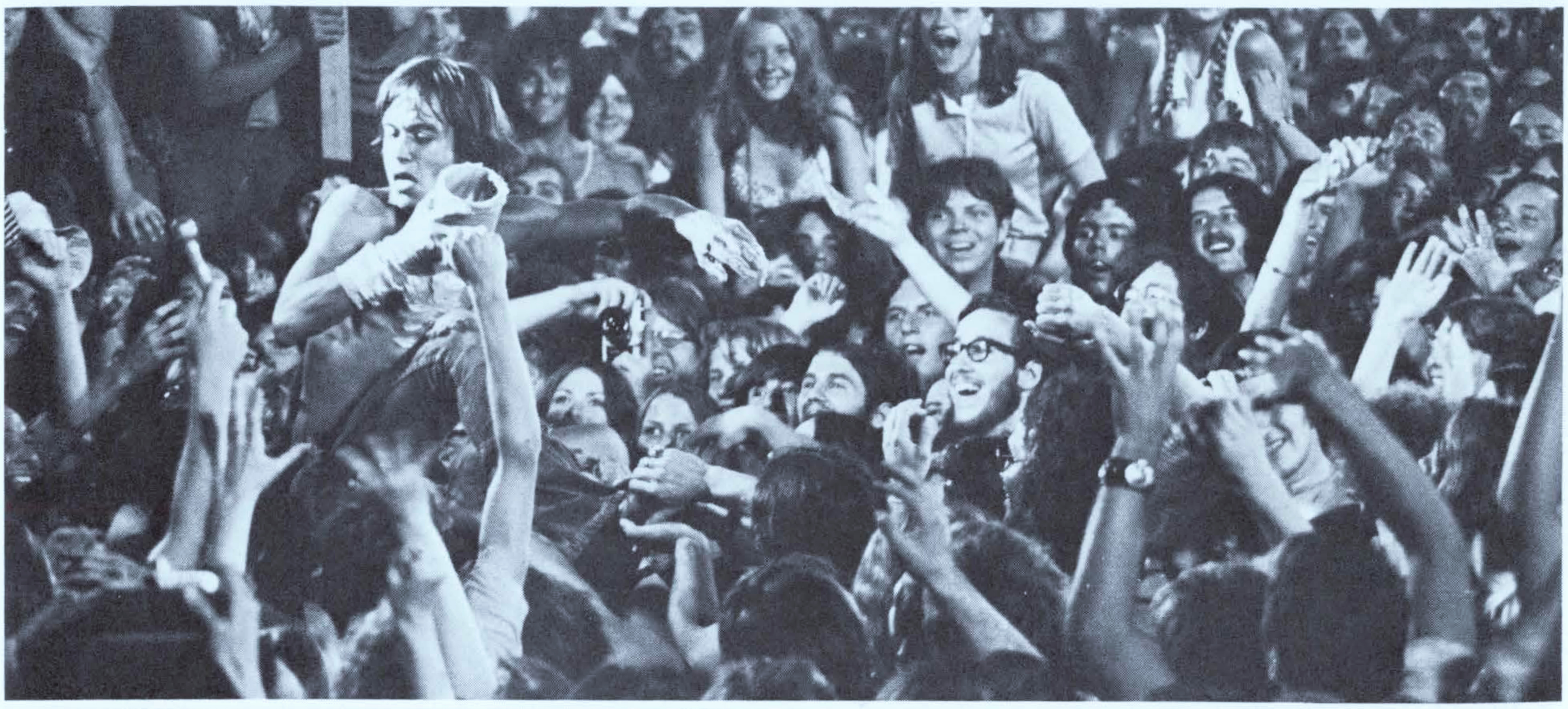

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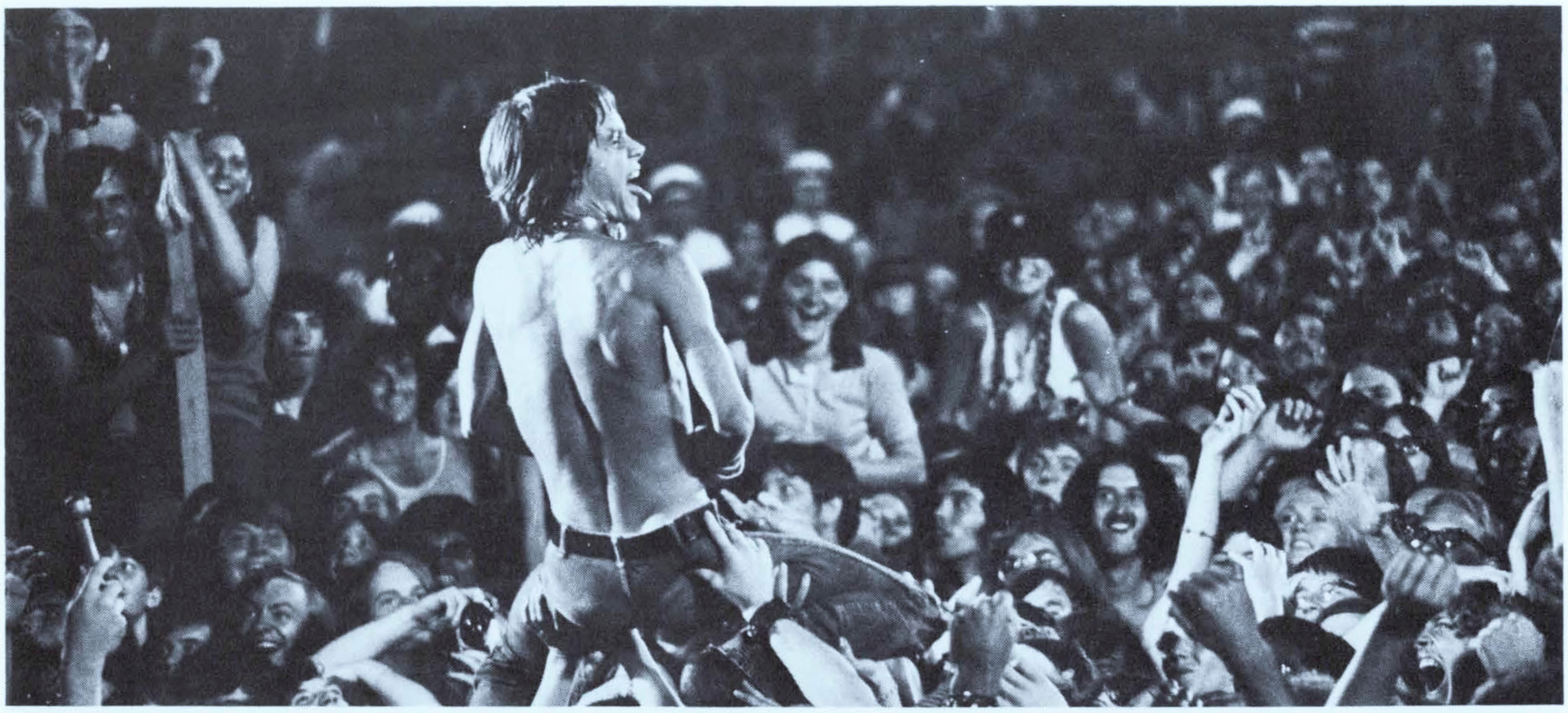

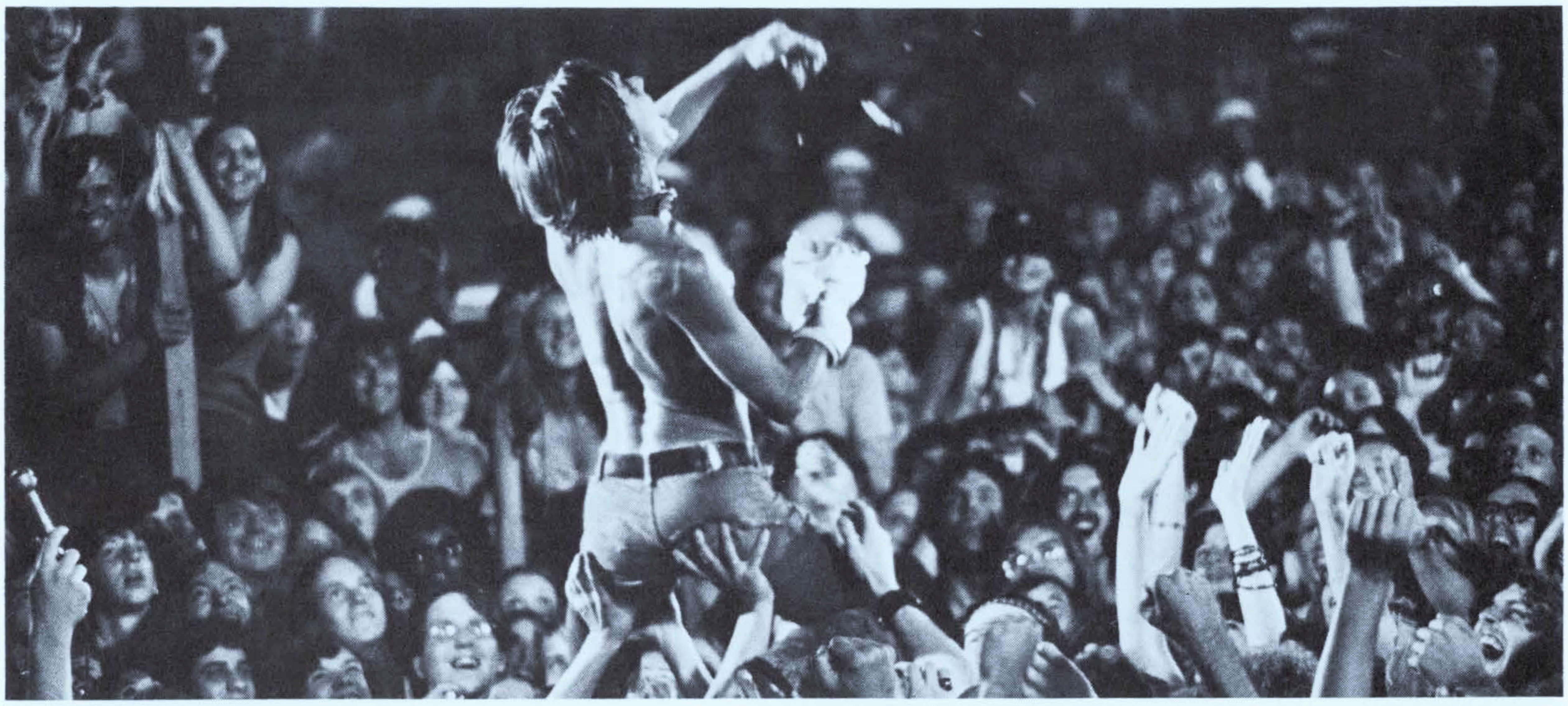

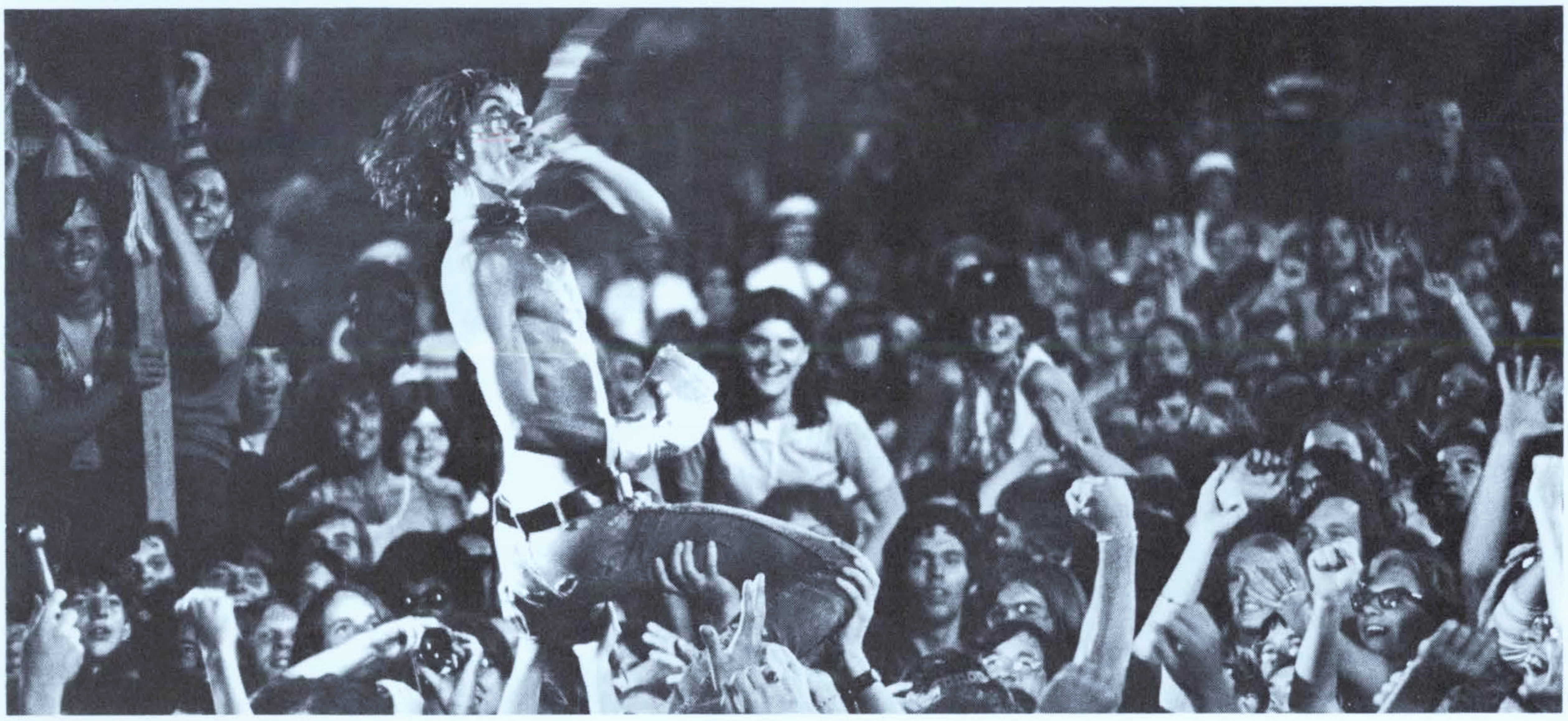

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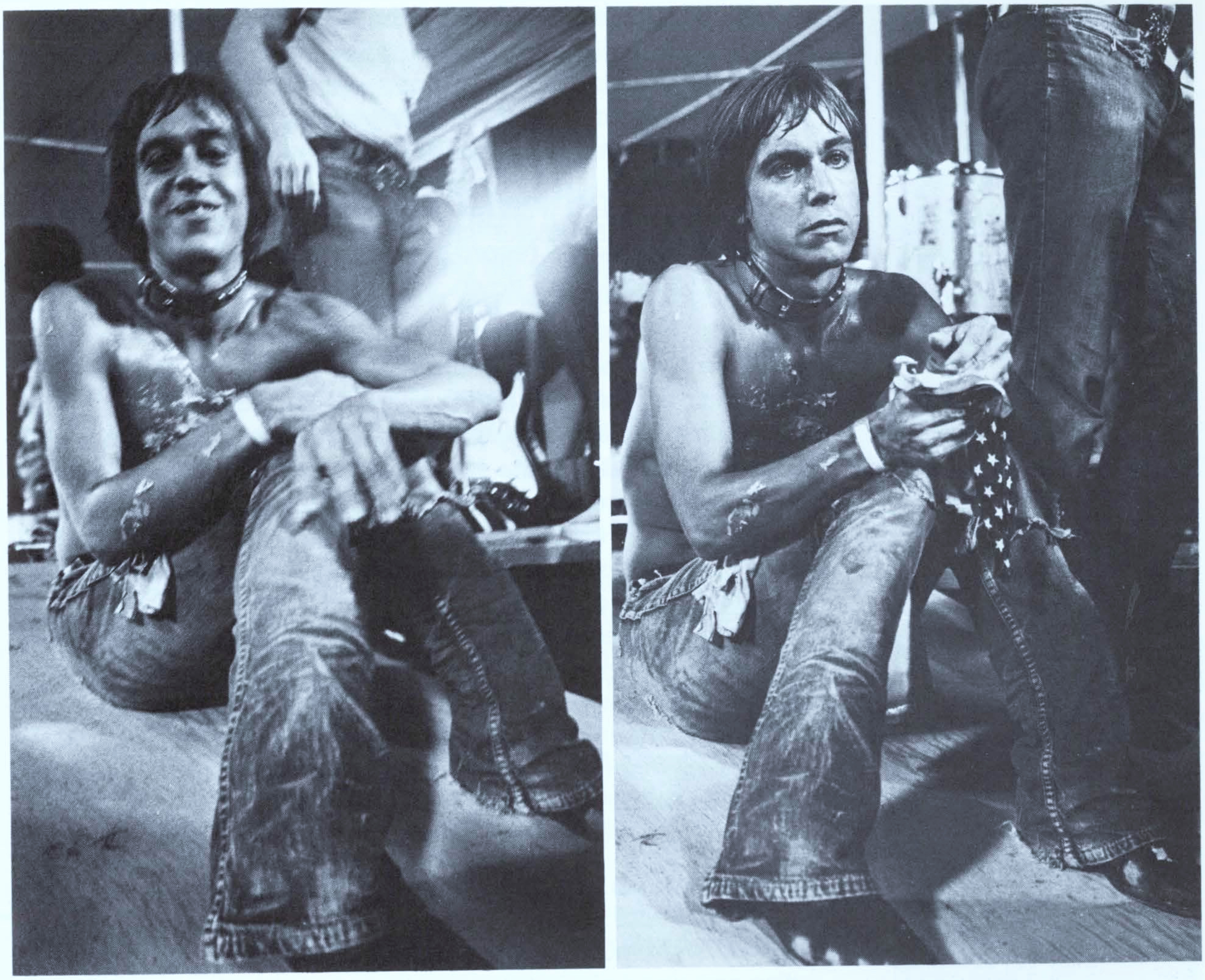

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Photographs on pp. 67–73 are from Crosley Field, Cincinnati, 1970. The bill included Traffic, Grand Funk Railroad, Alice Cooper, among others, and us. I spent about half the show in the crowd. Some kid slipped me a jar of Skippy (peanut butter) and I went wild with it. The event was filmed and later televised on NBC, coast to coast, as "A Midsummer Night's Rock," an early experiment in TV rock. The ratings were phenomenal; the announcer and host was Jack Lescoulie, from "The Jackie Gleason Show."

Raw Power
Pop/Williamson

(burp)
dance to the beat
of the living dead
lose sleep baby and
stay away from bed
raw power is sure to come
a runnin to you

if you're alone
and you got the shakes
so am i baby
and i got what it takes

raw power will surely come
running to you

raw power got a healin hand
raw power can destroy a man
raw power is more than soul
it's got a son called rock and roll
raw power honey just won't quit
raw power i can feeeeel it
raw power baby can't be beat
poppin eyes and flashin feet

everybody's always tryin to tell me
what to do
don't you try
don't you try to tell me what to do

look in the eye
of the savage girl
fall deep in love
in the underworld
raw power is sure to come
runnin to you

if you're alone
and you got the fear
so am i baby
let's move on out of here
raw power is sure to come
a runnin to you

raw power got a magic touch
raw power is much too much
happiness is guaranteed
it was made for you and me
raw power honey just won't quit
raw power i can feel it
raw power honey can't be beat
get down and kiss my feet

raw power's got no place to go
raw power honey
it don't want to know
raw power is a guaranteed o.d.
raw power is laughin at you and me
and this is what i wanta know
can you feeeeeel it
can you feeeeeeeeel it
can you feeeeeel it
can you feeeeeeeeeeeeeeeel it
raw power! raw powwwwwwwer!
raw power! raw powwwwwwwwwwer!
can you feeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeel it?

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much energy and played so well. As soon as it's over and we're off, the usual: Lincoln Motors comes in and "You'll never play here again, you'll never play within 20 miles of here, we're gonna sue." Then there's the authorities and some question of arrest, etc. etc. So that was a funny night. Steve Paul was there, I remember. "It was the scariest thing I ever saw," he said. But it wasn't scary, it was beautiful. Steve Paul is scary. He owns a record company and wants the fences up—the fences were down.

Sinclair

Yea, a funny thing happend with John Sinclair. It was in this Ann Arbor milieu of the sixties; I'd done two or three gigs and he was really getting into my band. Then I did a fourth and fifth gig, and we were getting a little more personal, you know, and he started wondering where I was going to fit into his artistic empire of the region—the one he thought he was going to build as a demi-politician, Midwest Rastafarian, fakir, master of ceremonies, producer of rabbits, owner of hats, i.e., a jerk. Yeah, the guy was and always will be a compulsive organizer, meaning a jerk. Was I going to be on the side of the people or was I going to be some kind of pop star, he wanted to know. But to join the side of the people meant simply working for John Sinclair, and I knew it. So fuck that, Jack.

So he came up to my manager's place (Jimmy Silver's) and tried to put the squeeze on me. I was smoking some hash, and he went into this song and dance: "I'm the guy who handles any good gig in this area. I am the one who runs the underground here. Now, are you going to be with us or not? Because if you're not going to play ball, la de da, then what are you all about? I'm John Sinclair, you'd better not mess with me."

I'll never forget it. I could not open my mouth in response to that question. So what I did was I rolled all over the floor of this living room on a Persian rug. Rolled over the floor, did some sommersaults, and crossed my eyes at him, but I never said a word. In other words, I was saying "No." No to John Sinclair—no to assholes—no to organizations—no to extortions—no to ideals other than personal—no to memberships in any way, shape, or form. No, no, no, John Sinclair.

Allman Roadies

One time the Rawpower Stooges played in Nasheville, Tennessee, at a joint called Mother's. And the support band to play with us were the roadies of the Allman Brothers, who

were then very big, right? These guys had muscles on their muscles, and they were everything you think of as shit-kicking, badassed, top drawer roadies—for that sort of group—right? I mean these guys were tough and mean and long-haired, lantern-jawed, cowboyed out, and everything.

So they were doing their sound check when we come in, and James is dressed up in this outfit that has a diamond-shaped piece cut out in the middle exposing his skin, like Spider Man or something. It's weird looking. It shows his belly button and his breasts, and he looks a bit like a parrot or something, like a faggot, I guess—not to me of course. I was wearing a sarong, just a simple sarong over Cabaretta knee boots and a little shawl. And they looked at us and said, "Wow! Isn't that some fuckin nice, finger licking good, wet pussy! Oh, look at that! Oooh-wee, hidee-hey, you girls got some pussy in there? I bet you do little honey," la de da, and everything.

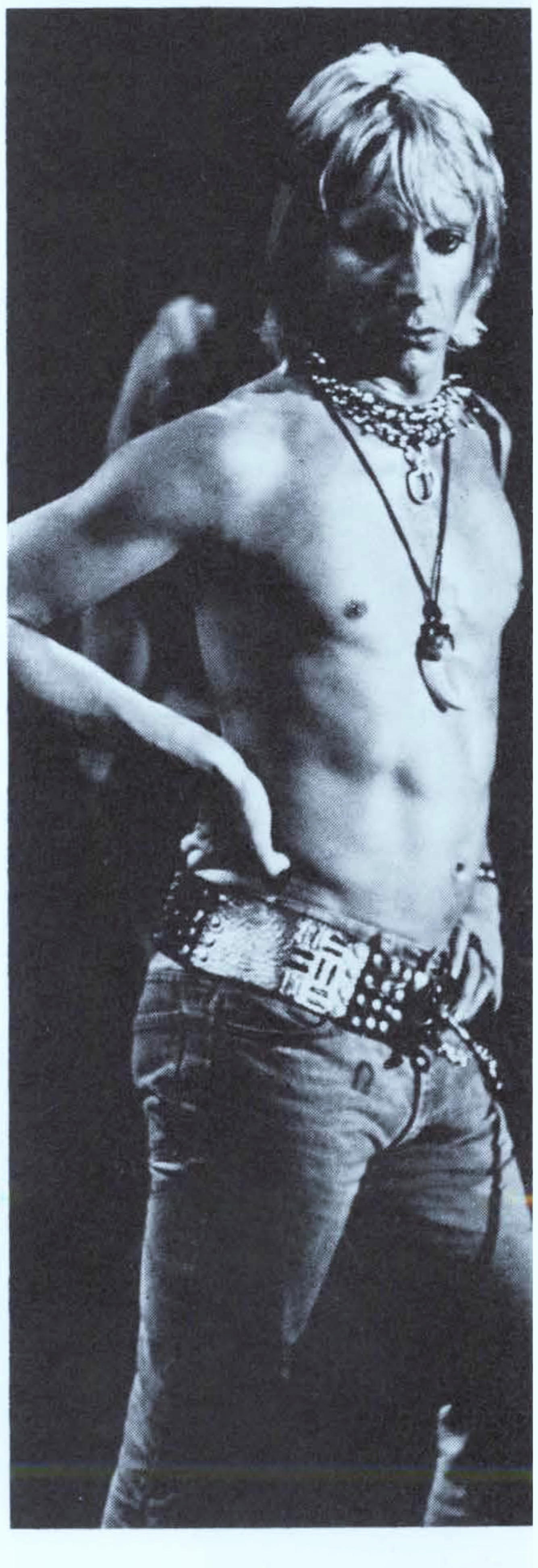
We were scared and locked ourselves in the bathroom, right? Locked the door, and they were pounding on the door of the bathroom. "Come on outta there puss. We're gonna be real good, good lovin for you." They were getting nastier and nastier.

But then it was time to go on, and we went out and played our gig. When we came off and hit the dressing trailer, there they were to apologize to us. Yeah, they apologized, "We all didn't know that you all could play like that."

There seems to be this discrepancy between badass music and really being a badass. Ha, because I AIN'T, you know, a badass.

After that gig James cleared the entire dressing room of every radio: he liked to steal things at gigs. That was his kick.

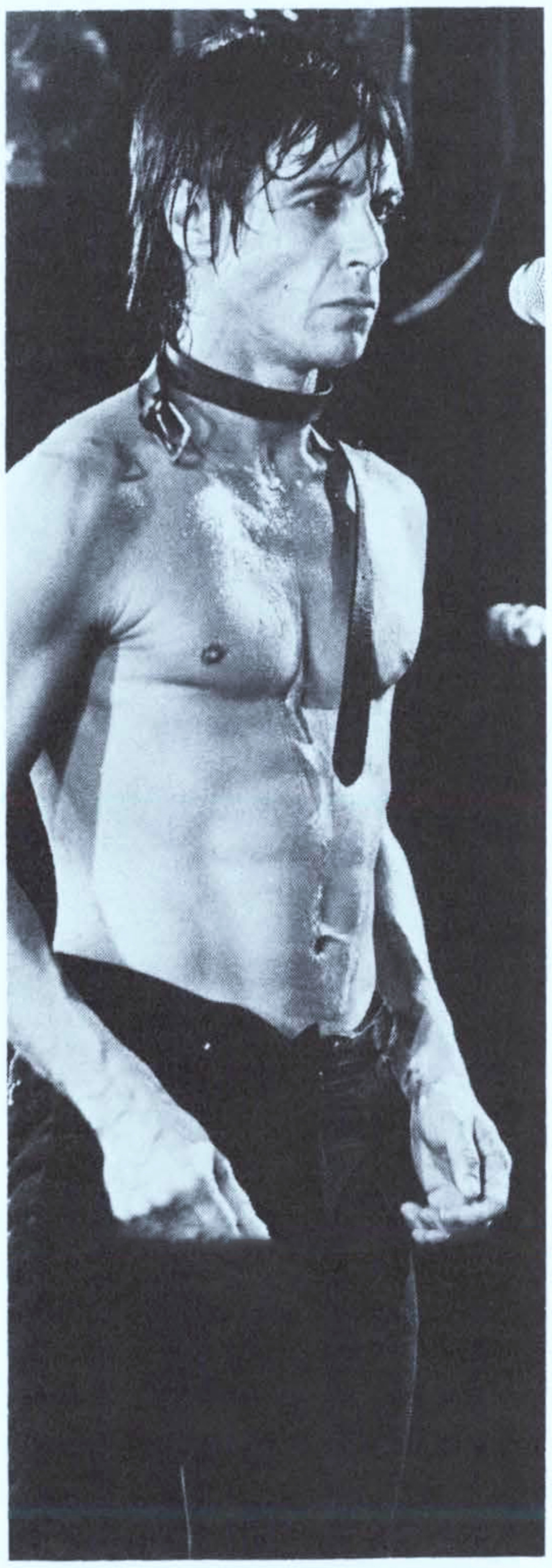
KiLL
The
Pigs
Run



Wisconsin

I played a festival in Wisconsin once with Buffy Saint Marie where it was really out of control. It was up in the north woods of Wisconsin. We had to take a small plane just to get to the town it was near, and we stayed in a very rustic inn. It was the sort of place where I'd really like to spend a week or so. And Buffy had her strange instrument (she's an American Indian) that looks like a tiny bow with one string that made this humming noise when rubbed with a stick. She was also always making bird calls and stuff. We rode to the gig in my limousine and, having never met before, we were shy but she brushed her buckskin and bare Indian thigh against my leg—I was infatuated. Buffy is so beautiful.

It was just very pleasant and really nice vibes, and we get to a hill and there down below is an encampment that was straight out of Spartacus. Remember when all the slaves were camping in Spartacus with all the fires? It was very foreboding. People were pounding on the car and throwing rocks at us: they were wild—a really wild bunch—totally out of control. The security was without police, and people were getting quite stoned and drunk. Trucks and trailers were parked all over with these huge signs advertising this and that drug, every kind of drug, you name it. It was a very scary night. As it turns out from the headlines the next day, when everything was cleared away a guy was found strapped to a tree with an ax through his heart—legs and arms strapped to a pine tree with an ax through his chest.



At that time I had this little pet. I had started carrying dolls and little pets and toys around with me to talk to, and I had this little rabbit, a midget rabbit. I called him Crusader Rabbit. he was string-knitted—all coil—and was baby blue, red and yellow, and pink and white, about a foot long. When there was an extra seat on the airplane I'd give it to him and talk to him about what I like to talk about. He became a talisman. It was one of a kind, knitted by an old grandmother. I found it in a family grocery store. A Mrs. Livingston from Ann Arbor made it. Being strapped to a tree and axed is quite the opposite of playing with dolls. I guess he was rocking and I was rolling: it was like he had his fate and I have mine.

Boston

Soon after the Stooges began playing music, we became this real buzzsaw rocking outfit. We had Scotty Asheton on drums, Dave Alexander on bass, Ron Asheton on guitar, and I was just the lead singer this time. We were doing this nihilistic music. Audiences could not get far enough away from us, no matter what kind of gig it was, unless the place was too packed for them to move. We were used to silence, especially in Detroit. We silenced whole rooms. I was still kind of a hick—I had never seen the sea—and I get a phone call. It was one of the first gigs we'd ever received out of the immediate Midwest, outside of Chicago and the Detroit area. It was in Boston. It was called the Boston Tea Party—an 1800s type of low ceiling, concrete-like bunker, like a mission for bums, near Fenway Park, the baseball stadium in Boston.

We were really proud and excited to be going all the way to Boston. We'd done our first album so we had a four song set together. That's how many songs we knew to go on stage with. It was "1969" (Pop/Asheton), "Dogfood" (Pop), "No Fun" (Pop/Asheton), and "I Wanna Be Your Dog" (Pop/Asheton).

So there were four songs. I was wearing moccasins, a white T-shirt—a white Go Cart T-shirt with a picture of a Go Cart that read, "go cart—fun for everyone"—and some white denim trousers. Everyone was dressed spiffy—in clean T-shirts and spiffy trousers—nice boys, you know, they really were.

We were second billing to Ten Years After, this guitarist group doing this beautiful shag and sex symbol number. They played what passed for blues; you know, all the college kids thought so. Man, that's how stupid they were. So they had this very rapt audience. It was like, just God in heaven, right? Their audiences are sort of chi-chi-chiffon and guitar worship, with heavy overtones of derivative music worship. Yes, it's real blues alright, plus a little virtuoso work.

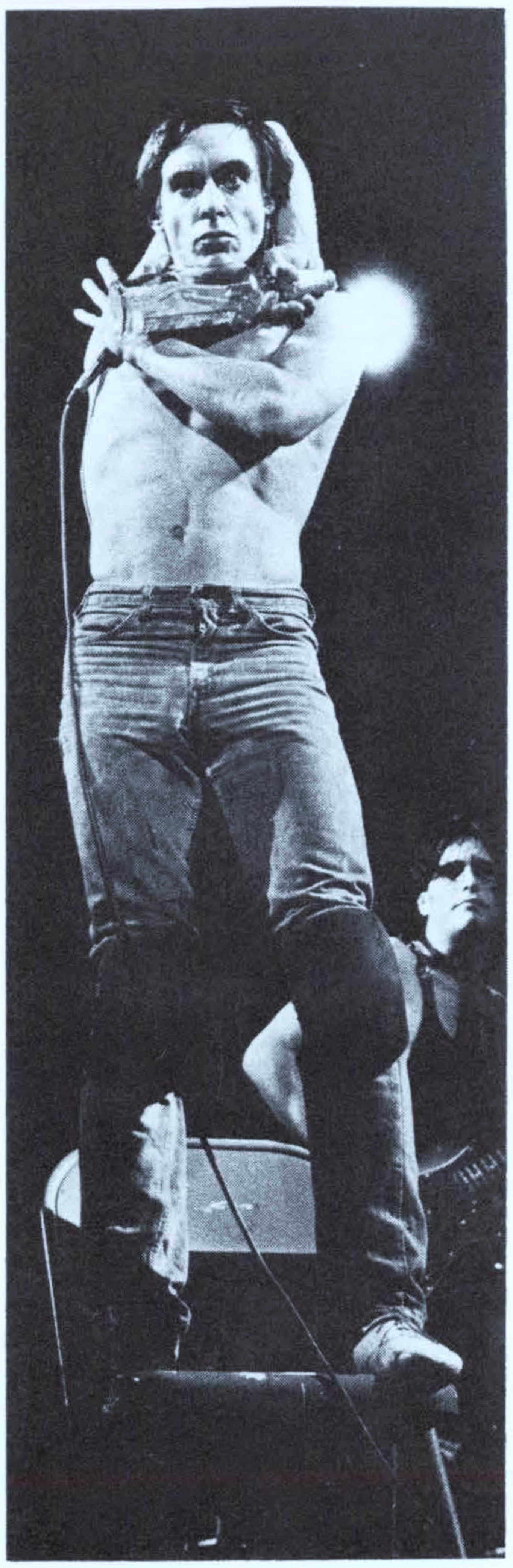
So we get up to the dressing room, right? And here's these guys dripping with their silver bracelets and their perfectly razor-cutted shag hair and silks and satins and this and that. They're really doing a super trip with each other and all their chicks—you know, enormous, very determined looking girls, with lovely features and overdressed like their heroes. American girls who would tell us that they were groupies. "Hey, move outta the way I wanna sit down." They were all pushing us around, all the people that worked for them, and here were these four little Stooges sitting there with our guitars and hating their guts. There was nobody to help us. We were just looking around. I thought, this is too much. I hadn't seen the audience, but I already felt alienated surrounded by all these sexist blues worshippers from the universities. You know what I mean? These were the cognoscenti. They didn't listen to rock. I don't know if anybody's ever heard Ten Years After, but it was embarrassing.

Anyway, so the audience is sitting cross-legged—assuming the "college" position—right on this huge bare floor—one person in the whole place standing up—ready to hear the concert, right?—ready for class to begin. We weren't exactly the right band to have with that going on. So we come out, right? We come out and start playing. I play our first song, I think it was "1969." I'm really getting into it, rockin and reelin, and the guys are playing great. It sounds really good, and there was this hush in the audience. It was strange to see that many people quiet. Usually you at least hear somebody ordering a drink. I just started the second tune, and beginning with the second tune. . .

I began flinging myself at them! Uh, FLINGING myself on the floor, drawing blood, cutting myself, taunting, but never direct—taunting them and mimicking them, walking amongst them. Finally, after the third song (the club was filled to capacity—3,000 souls), there was an outburst of applause

Except for
authorized
vehicles

Except for
authorized
vehicles



from about twelve people—still dead silence from the rest. And so I started talking directly to them, staring them in the face, you figure out what it means. I guess it was just A REFUSAL TO BE IGNORED, just absolute refusal, on my part. Maybe because competition between groups was very rough, especially in the Midwest, and if I wasn't going to get a positive reaction I was DAMNED well going to get one that wouldn't let them sleep at night.

When we got off and went back upstairs, of course, the enormously large bottomed girls were still sitting where it might have been nice to park our bottoms.

Actually, that night a groupie started following us. There was a reporter from *Rolling Stone* who wrote one of the dumbest, drippiest pieces of bullshit I've ever seen in my life about us and rock and roll. Maybe we deserved it, I don't know. I remember this groupie came over and kept asking, "Where's Iggy?" The other guys all wanted to screw her and told her, "Ah, you don't wanna see him." At that time I was very shy. She finally picked up the *Rolling Stone* guy. Well, that's the Holiday Inn.

Fuckin on Location

One thing that's really strange is fucking before or after, actually IN the place where you're playing, like in the halls or something. I am VERY rarely involved in that sort of thing, but. . .

One time I was in a place called the "Joint in the Woods," New Jersey, with the Stooges—James Williamson on guitar, Ron was over on bass, Rock Action (formally Scott Asheton) on the beat, and me. We were in the Joint in the Woods, and there's this chick hanging around backstage. Like, I'm just trying to concentrate on the gig, right? This chick has this strong perfume on—it's really awful—she's got these really sleazed out brown nylons and is wearing a mini skirt with a garter belt. She was a plump girl, dressed in black with a very fussy blouse and just begging to be fucked. And I know I shouldn't fuck before a gig. I can't help it. So I just take her in the bathroom and lay her down on the floor, you know, and just fuck her. And then I hear from outside, "Come on, Jim." The whole band's laughing and everything: "Come on, you're late."

It was time to go on, so I just got up and I was still hard and had all this trouble—you know the situation—I'm trying to put my cock back in my pants. I wore very tight pants, right? And I'm trying to shove it in, and meantime Ron's dressed up in his SS outfit. I had goaded Ron into doing a German language

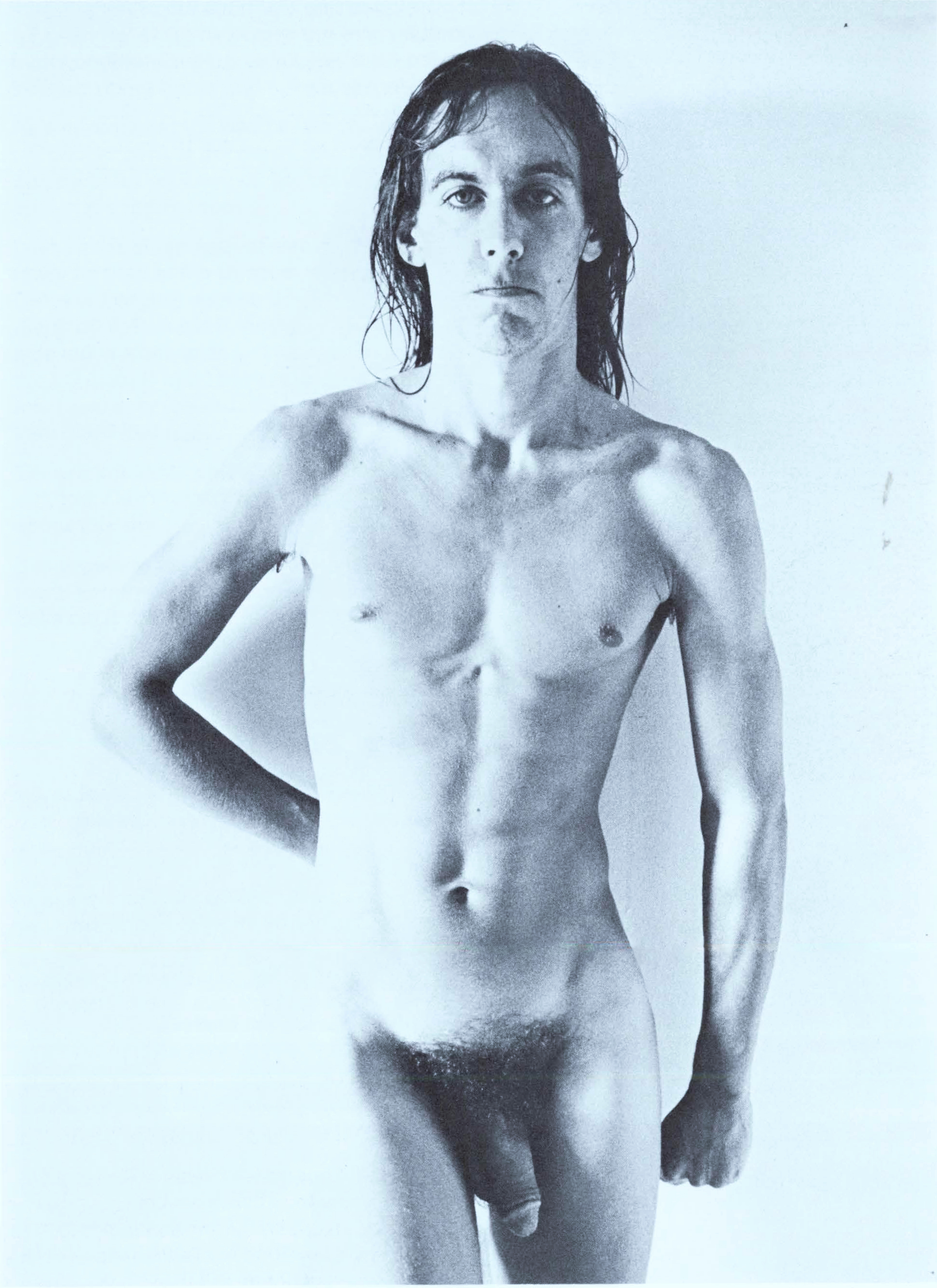


Photo © by Gerard Malanga

Photo © by Gerard Malanga

introduction to our set. I told him people would love it, in full SS gear, right? So he comes out in his authentic, full dress, mint condition, superb detail, black SS colonel's outfit, with jodhpur riding boots and full accessories, and a good fit, too.

He's introducing the band in German and I'm trying to stick my pecker back in my pants, and this girl is going, "Oh, no!" She's just laying there on the bottom of this john and gazing up—in the men's room.

I get on the stage and—it was some night—a couple of people really freaked at the German introduction. The JDL (Jewish Defense League) shut us down after that, as a matter of fact. I didn't do it, Ron did it. Anyway it didn't faze me. There was a little kid in front saying, "How could you do this?" pointing at the SS gear. It must have been an Italian kid. But it didn't faze me. I was very relaxed. It's all part of the show. But I wasn't very good that night.

There's this other chick in Wisconsin who really likes it in the dirt, too. Can't remember her name. Oh, I don't wanna talk about this shit.

Sex is getting me down, you know. Getting me down. So many young girls, you know. I don't wanna talk about that. Let's cut it off.

Cock in my Pocket
Pop/Williamson

i got my cock in my pocket
and i'm reelin
down the old highway

i got my cock in my pocket
and i'm reelin
down the old highway

i'm gonna whip it on you honey
taste your blood today

i got my cock in my pocket
and it's shovin up
through my pants

i got my cock in my pocket
and it's shovin up
through my pants

i just wanna fuck
this aint no romance

i got my cock in my pocket

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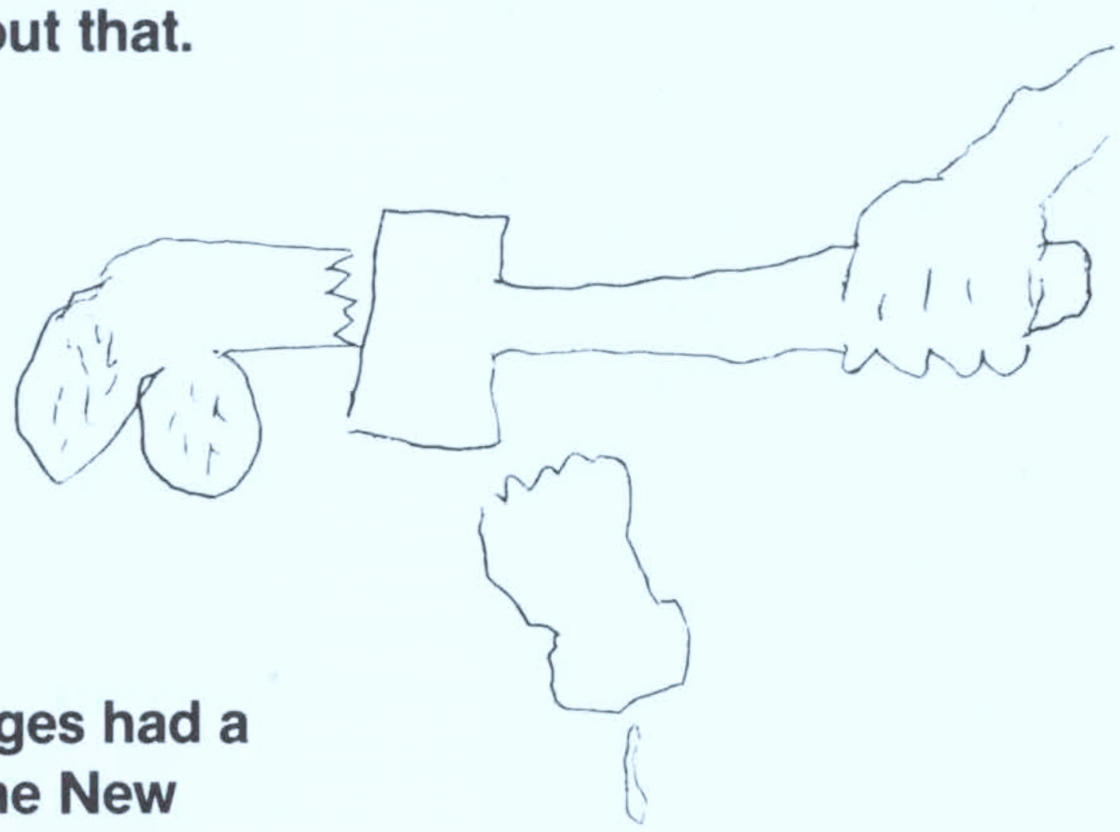


Drugged in the City

Iggy Pop goes to the city to get drugged. The Stooges had a date. At this point we were deemed so popular in the New York area that we were privileged to return to a club called Ongano's, run by brothers Arnie and Nick, lovely gentlemen and true believers. This was about the only small club you could play—now closed down. We had a four night stand.

You gotta understand that I was still like Topcat, the cartoon character. I was very lazy and happiest dozing in a garbage can. I mean, four nights in a row? In a row? "Hey, I don't know man." At this time we were playing 45 minute sets. I finally accepted the gig and came to New York. I had a couple of days rehearsal. We'd never appeared more than two nights in a row, and one set a night, of course, was all you got.

I met this guy at the Chelsea Hotel named Billy who had a lot of cocaine—good coke. And we were pretty poor guys, you know. So, before the first gig, I went up, marched up, in all my

glory into Elektra Records, into a plush new office in the Gulf & Western building. The design is space age, and I go to Jack Holzman, the president, who sends me to Bill Harvey, general manager. And I say, "Bill, here is where it's at. We've got four straight nights, and you know that this is a sacrifice on my part." I carefully explained that I wouldn't dare do to my body what my body wasn't accustomed to and that in order to get through the entire gig. . . "I'm sorry to have to ask you for this, but you're going to have to give me $400 for a one-quarter ounce of cocaine."

I was obviously making them flip out, right? He just couldn't believe his ears. "That's impossible. Who do you think we are? We don't give out . . . that's impossible!"

I'm just leaping around the room. There is NO question about this. We've gotta have it. I didn't even say, "Or there's no gig," just we've gotta have it. That's right. So he did it. He gave me the money, and I signed, you know, probably an advance for something. You know what I mean. So that was funny.

I took so much coke through those four nights. I took so much. If you look at pictures of those gigs, I look like a Biafran or something: skinny isn't the word.

Those were fun gigs, though, because there was no stage. We played on the floor. Miles Davis came over. He stayed. it was good music. The third night I decided to hang from one of the pipes in the ceiling like monkeys do—hang upside down. I didn't know that the pipe was part of the sprinkler system. So I was hanging by my legs, you know. I was upside down, swinging, and slowly but surely it started to give. The entire sprinkler system in the whole place gave way, and I fell on my ass. It ripped out.

It hung in the air, like some weird fallout—very strange looking—and all this plaster and dust had fallen down. Apparently cost them a lot of money.

In such a mess it is always nice to have an up and coming guy around, like Danny Fields. Danny was my mentor at the time and the man who discovered me. He was just really full of love. They were furious. It would cost them a lot of money, but by the time Danny was through with them it was no sweat. They were smiling and saying, "You were great tonight, just please stay off the pipes tomorrow night, right?"

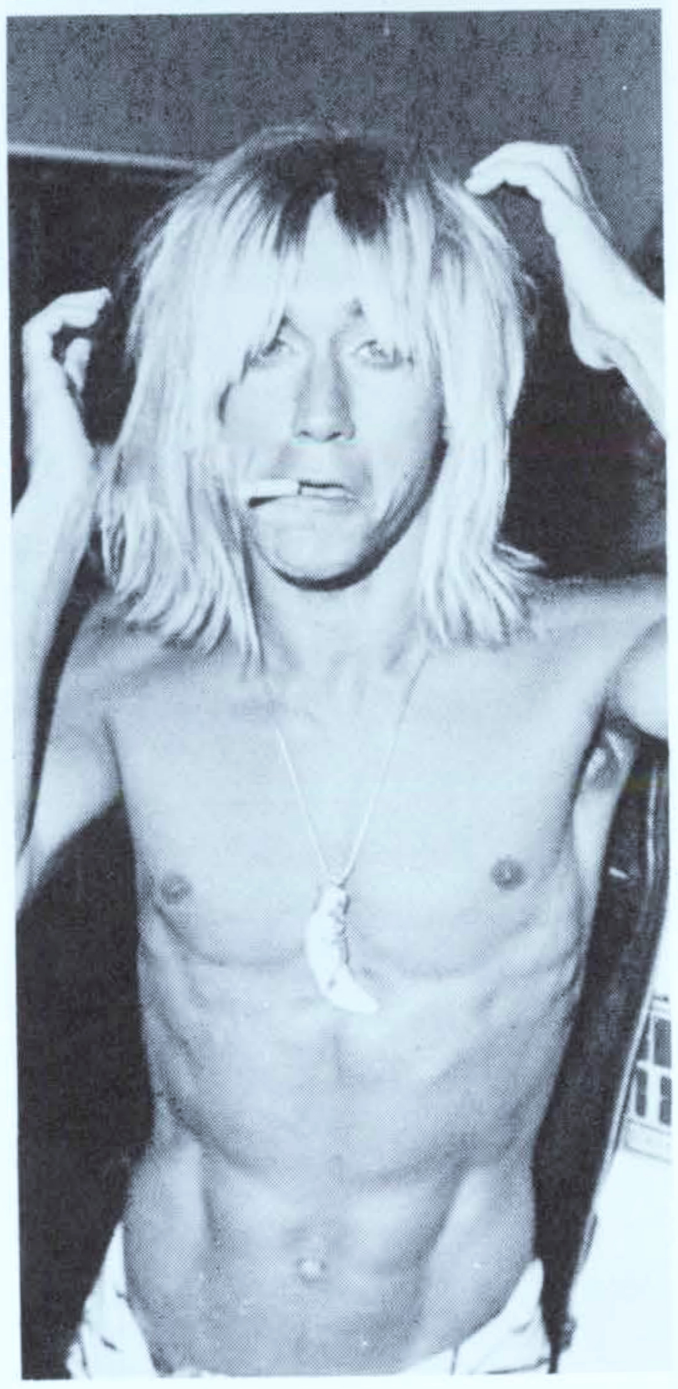
The fourth night was the weirdest because I'd never played four nights in a row; I was terrified. My theory of entertainment has always been the less the better: I have always liked people in small doses—brief glimpses of myself, instead of the story of my life. Peeking has always fascinated me, and I've always thought one should stay away from the audience as much as possible.

First Encore

So the fourth and last night I go to play, and I'm really at a loss as to what to do. So I do the usual gig, which at the time included: "I'm Loose," "Down on the Street," "Dirt," "Fun House," "TV Eye," which highlighted our conceptual sax player at the time, Steve McKay, "1970," "You're Alright," "Private Parts," "Dog Food," a song called "Egyptian Woman," it has never been recorded, and "Searching for Head." Anyway, we get to the end of a few licks and stop, and they really want more. But they know I won't come back. I never come back. But that night I decided I will come back. I never, ever come back. That night I come back, right?

I was so stoned by that night that I just wanted to keep going. So I did my first encore. I had played in public for well over two years without having done an encore, ever—no matter what. It's just, like—that's that! You know. I hated the whole falseness of an encore situation—the phoniness of it. You used to read: well so-and-so got four encores, la de da. And often they'd get gigs easier because of that. Anyway, so we did an encore.

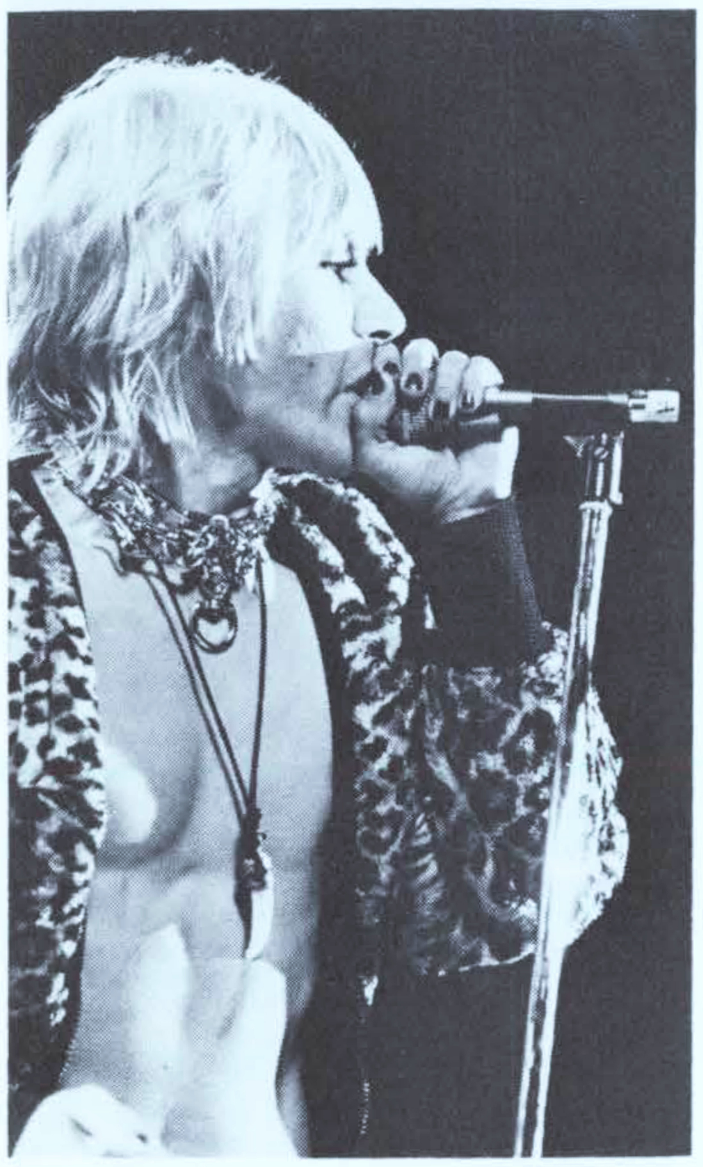
Everybody was saying, "He's going to do something, he's going to do something." I did nothing. I couldn't do nothing. So, finally, I pulled my pecker out—the most stupid gesture—I just pulled my pecker. First I had laid on my back for about 15 minutes mumbling about ancient Egypt and trying to get some energy going. I just pulled my pecker out. When I play music, whatever it is a man does with his pecker all goes up to my head, to the pineal gland, also called the third eye, here in the middle of your head. Funny little pecker play—oooh. I didn't know what to do wtih it. So I zipped it back and walked off. That was the first anticlimax of the whole experience. It was my first.



First Downer

I'd never taken a downer before but I was pretty wired after those four gigs, right? Bernie, our roadie, liked downers, right? And he offered me one: "Take one of these, it makes you sleep better." Of course, being me I couldn't just take one so he gave me two of what they call tuenal and one seconal—I took em all.

I'm told that sometime in the middle of the next day they tried to wake me up to go back to Detroit in our van, and I couldn't



be budged. So they LEFT me. They just left me in my room at the Chelsea, and I slept for two and a half days. When I finally woke up I had this enormous bill and only a few dollars. They didn't really care. They were very—I don't know—rude. The Stooges never really liked me, tough titty for them. They were stone-age jealous to the max. I was the only one unaware of it cause I'm an idiot: how sweet it is. So I had to call my mother, and she bailed me out of the bill.

The Dairy Queen and Decline

The Stooges played their first gig in March 1968, and by early 1970 things were going very smoothly. In April or May of 1970, on returning to Detroit from a trip to California, things were changing. Suddenly unemployment was driving people out of Detroit, the whole atmosphere was changed, and we started sliding into hard drugs, downers, here and there, and this and that.

One day I noticed that our drummer, Rock Action, is playing less and less on all the songs where he was a really driving drummer—the songs where he played all 16 notes, the rolling notes, the fast ones. Suddenly, he's playing something akin to a very bad version of what we now call Disco: ch-boom, ch-boom, ch-boom. So I look back one night, and I notice—I don't know if it's me or what—but I could swear that the tom-tom is gone and that Scotty's asleep on his drum set, asleep at the wheel. So, you know, I ask him about it. "Scotty, what's the deal? Scotty, where's your tom-tom?" It's a small set: a large bass drum; a tom-tom; a bass drum, which is attached to the tom-tom and customarily sounds like an auto accident; and a snare drum, which makes the marching band sound. And you also have a thing called the high hat, which is the Ringo Starr thing, you know, sss, sss, with two 15″ cymbals together for that clinking cymbal sound. So anyway, I notice he's got no tom-tom up there. "Scotty, where's your tom-tom?" And he says, "Oh, I didn't bring it along because, you know man, I'm getting into a new thing, like with a groove man, a solid groove. You see you gotta listen to, like . . . Funkadelic, man. You gotta get this jonesy groovy going, a jonesy groove. You gotta get high, man, and an extra drum . . . who needs it?" So I thought, "Yeah, well OK, I see where you're coming from." and I did see where he was coming from. The lines on that jonesy groove were getting very jonesy. Jonesy means heroinish, right? But I thought of it as jonesy groove rather than what it really was. I had my doubts musically, but I never controlled. Everybody played as they wanted, unless I completely flipped out and demanded something. So anyway, I thought nothing of it.

The next weekend we were playing in Ohio in this little warehouse. We got up on stage and were playing this one song called "1969," which has this jungle beat usually done on the big tom, right? Well, I looked around, you know. So what happened to the big tom-tom?

After the gig we're hanging out at the Dairy Queen—no, really—we're hanging out at the Dairy Queen in Lima, Ohio with a few tarts, like corn fed and ridiculously huge breasted, flat nosed and dull eyed, wearing the most provocative halter tops they could—cool girls, nice girls, a little slow. So we're at the Dairy Queen, and we're sitting there in the doorway of our van, and I say, "Scotty" (actually I call him Rock cause it's better to call him Rock). "Hey Rock, I missed that big tom on '1969.' Why didn't you give me that big tom?" "Nah, nah, Jimmy, like look man, it's a lot better straight with a straight back beat, the cymbals and the back beat. That's where it's at. you gotta get the funk in there." By this time I'm starting to suspect the worst. Well anyway, piece by piece, two cymbals later, the guy's got a snare drum, a bass drum, a high hat and little traps, and a little dinky 15″. That's the end of that drum set. Rock can't rock without his drum set. So he paid his money; and he took his choice. He now lives with his mother and drinks a case of Stroh's beer a day.

Butcher Cuts

One time in D.C. this chick—this biker chick, about 250 pounds—was with three of the Stooges—I wasn't involved. But they told me to come over and look. And I cracked up. They took this girl and using their belts tied her arms and legs to the four corners of the Sealy posturepedic. Then with these big magic markers they divided her entire nude body into amazingly accurate illustrated butcher cuts—like shank, prime rib, spare rib—just like the charts on the wall at the butcher shop, only with arrows pointing this way to beaver with little slogans and everything. She had been unconscious, and when she woke up she was so DESPERATE to have a good time—party at any cost—that as long as we would ignore the fact that she was covered with this graffiti she could accept it. The fact that she happened to be tied down and couldn't move didn't bother her and her groove. She had arrived with an ounce of angel dust and was smoking plenty. She was pretty cool. But if we were disrespectful to her verbally in her position she'd start to panic; the pathos of her forced gaiety would creep in. The guys didn't want her upset because they figured she MUST have some humongous biker old man around somewhere. I went back to my room.

Some Weird Sin
Pop/Bowie

i never got my
license to live
they won't give it up
so i stand at the world's edge
i'm trying to break in
oh i know it's not for me
and the sight of it all
makes me sad and ill
that's when i want
some weird sin
things get too straight
i can't bear it
i feel stuck
stuck on a pin
i'm trying to break in
oh i know it's not for me
and the sight of it all
makes me sad and ill
that's when i want
some weird sin
that's when i want
some weird sin
just to relax with
yeah, some dumb weird sin
for awhile anyway
with my head on the ledge
that's what you get
out on the edge
some weird sin
things get too straight
i can't bear it
i feel stuck
stuck on a pin
i'm trying to break in
oh i know it's not for me
and the sight of it all
makes me sad and ill
that's when i want
some weird sin
that's when i want
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just to relax with
yeah, some dumb weird sin
for awhile anyway
with my head on the ledge
that's what you get
out on the edge
some weird sin
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some weird sin

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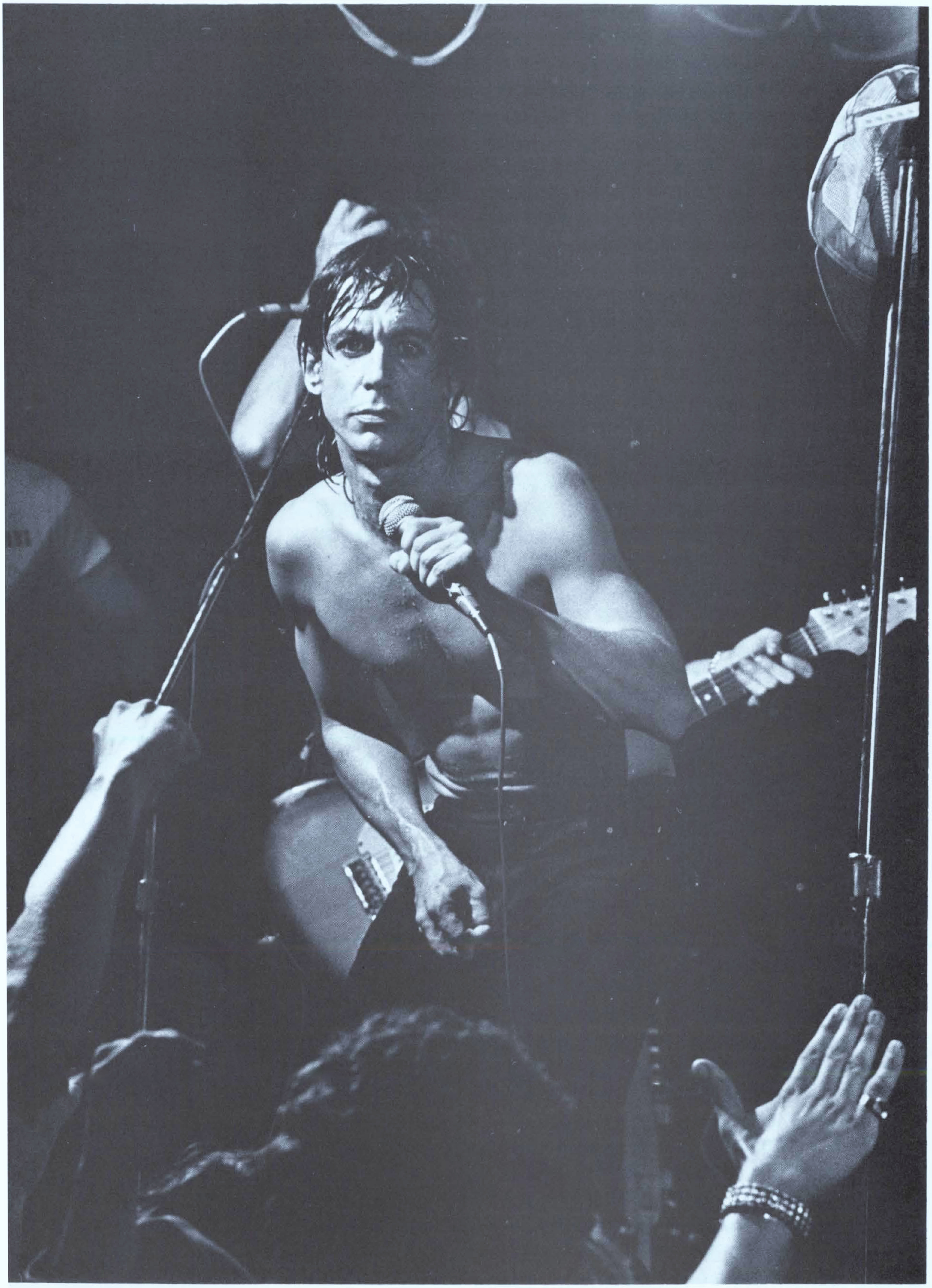

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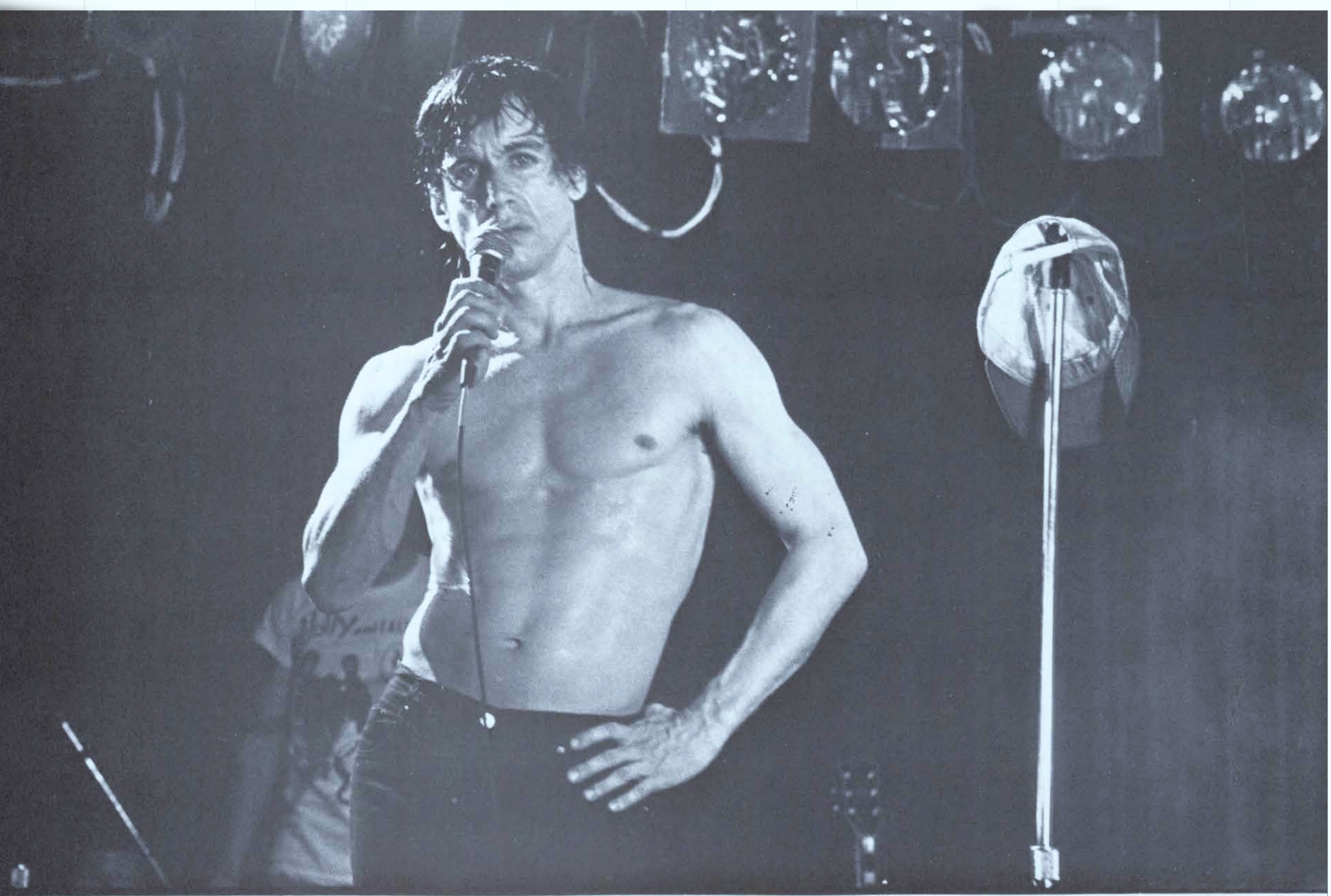

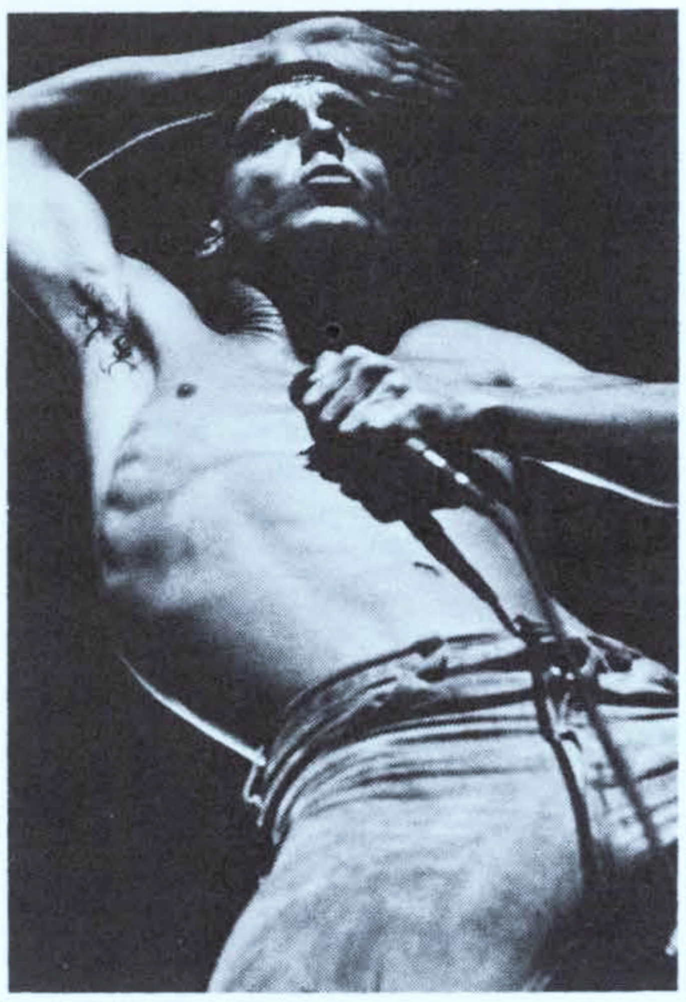

Tiny Girls
Pop/Bowie

well the day begins
you don't want to live
cause you can't believe
in the one you're with
cause you know her tricks
and you know her past
when she makes a face
you just have to laugh
and you feel like such a know-it-all
when you only want just a tiny girl
and you hope she'll sing

so you turn around
toward the tiny girls
who have got no tricks
who have got no past
yea that's what you think
and you hope she'll sing
but she sings of greed
like a young banshee
and she wants for this
and she wants for that
what did you think

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Frisco

In 1970 I played a fun gig with Alice Cooper. I was first bill, Alice Cooper was second bill, and third bill was some unknown, the Flaming Groovies—a faddy rock group that wasn't funny.

I had a good gig, and afterwards this guy came over and introduced himself to me and gives me this enormous speech about rock. He introduced himself to me as Stan Owsley, the acid king. Oh, great. So what, you know. He was giving me this weird rap about all these people he knew and how they knew I was in league with the devil—you know, really weird shit. He told me about how he does sound for the Grateful Dead.

During the gig, there had been all these people in the front row dressed in strange Arabian garments—quite fascinating—with bananas on their heads. It was our first time in Frisco (or in California, for that matter), and after the gig I went over to the house of these people from the front row, and they turned out to be from Hybiscus—a bunch of drag queens. I had no idea what it was going to be like. I'd never been to a gay home.

I remember how penetrating and strange the house felt and how three of them were peering at me—very strange. I had never been exposed to either homosexuality or opiate behavior. There was this chick, Tina, who was a real sick chick. She was about 14 and was the one who turned the straight tricks for money to buy heroin—absolutely tiny, all the way from San Bernardino, very beautiful, Latin-type girl, with a beautiful Roman bridge and pronounced eyebrows, large brown eyes, and a wanton mouth. I hung out with them for the night and was just getting disgusted with the stench of it all. So I took Tina and went home. She was raving on and on about I don't know what. I had a big hard-on to fuck her, and it was the first time anybody ever said, "Hurt me—hurt me!" I had never encountered that before, you see. I was learning something.
So loveless,
so pretty,
so what?

L.A. Tropicana

So we went down to L.A. to record. We'd done that Frisco gig to help defray the expense of coming to the West Coast to record. We were recording at Elektra Studios on Santa Monica Boulevard, and we were staying at the Tropicana, the internationally famous Tropicana rock hotel. Every day I had

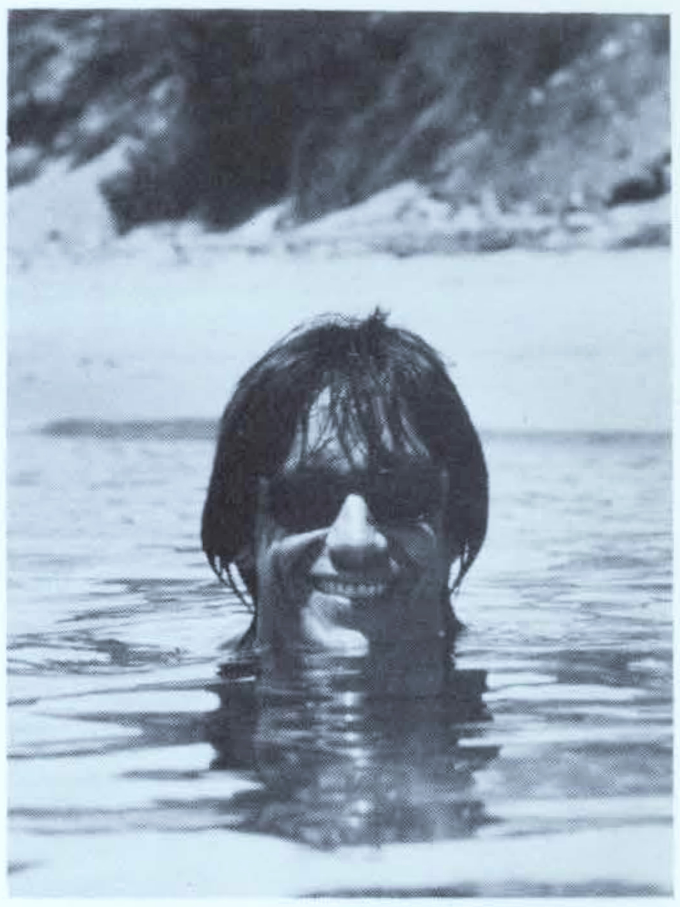
one song picked out—that was the song for the day. We'd go into the studio, and I'd give em the song and we'd play it as many times as we had to, until I was satisfied. I distrusted all recording techniques. I'd sing with each take: I actually had my own PA set up in the place, and I didn't use the board. We'd just sit there and record as best we could—no overdubs.

Luckily, we had very sophisticated engineers. Elektra was really ahead of the field at that time. They started out in folk rock. They were great. They were interested in making good quality recordings. They had an English engineer, Byron Ross-Myring, and he took our sounds, wherever they went, and pushed the limits to crystallize our unity and random harmonics so it could come through on a phonograph record, cleansed of about one-half of my beloved "leakage." Things worked out great on that *Funhouse* album, and I liked it a lot.

Elektra was only two blocks, two New York-type city blocks, kitty-corner from the Tropicana. So every day, there you'd see us trooping down the street with our guitars to our recording. The four Stooges dutifully tromping down the street determined to go into the studio and get that song down, you know. Just walking down the street, you know—a bunch of hicks, you know—and maybe a piece of paper and a pen in the back pocket, in case I wanna change a word, and my drugs, and the guitarists and bass player with their cases, right?

Meanwhile, my next door neighbor at the Tropicana was Ed Sanders, who was writing a book called *The Family*, about Mr. Manson. This was just after the Manson/LaBianca killings, and he was really uptight living next to me, especially since I wore this red dog collar, which I bought at the Bowzer Boutique. I thought it really suited me, but he thought it MEANT something. Everybody was really uptight about Satanism—whatever that is.

Andy Warhol, Paul Morrisey, and the whole cast of *Heat* or *Light* were also staying there. And so I met Andy Warhol. I was swimming in the pool at the Tropicana. The pool there was very small, and I'm a good swimmer, so I did three or four laps under water, and—I know there is somebody watching—and when I come up for air there is Andy standing there. He said, "My, you swim well." The exact words—"My, you swim well." So we had a little chat, you know. He was very nice. He said, "Come and see me sometime." I was very nervous. He was in room 15, and I was in 9, somewhat kitty-corner from him on the top balcony of the fancy side of the Tropicana—Don Drysdale's Tropicana. Don Drysdale was a football or baseball player. So anyway, he'd always leave his door ajar,



What I want is to touch the earth, spit through my nose, and die in a river. Get the picture? I will NOT allow myself to disappear. What about you?

The Wehrer house on Cambridge Street in Ann Arbor, everyone's house of fantasy, family and reality, where Andy Warhol met Jim.

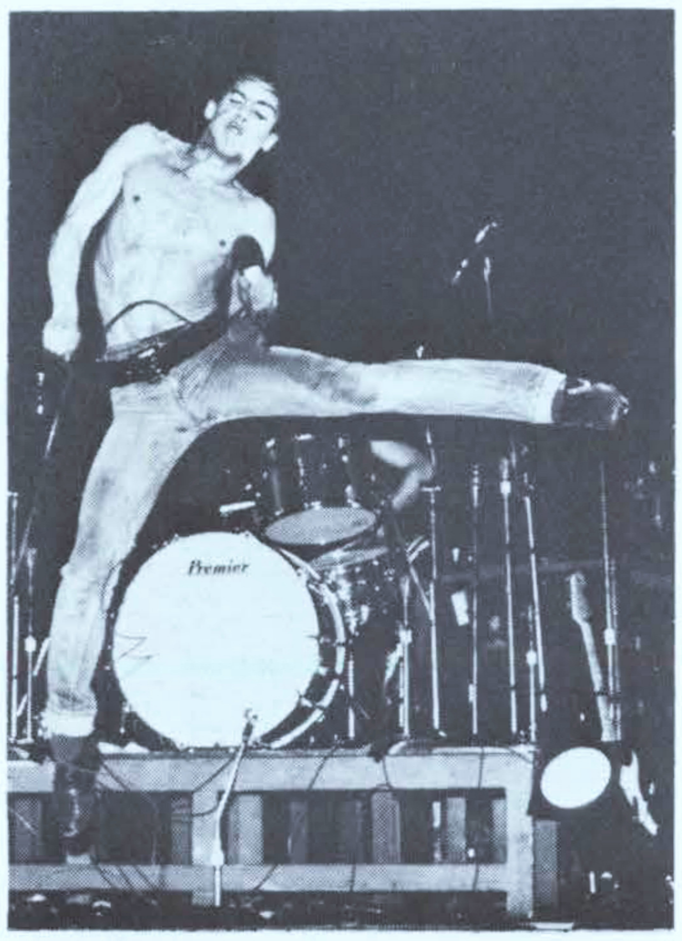
just to see if I'd come in. I was very shy. I finally did come over one time, and we managed to talk a lot.

We did a gig at Whiskey a Go Go and just completely cleared the club.

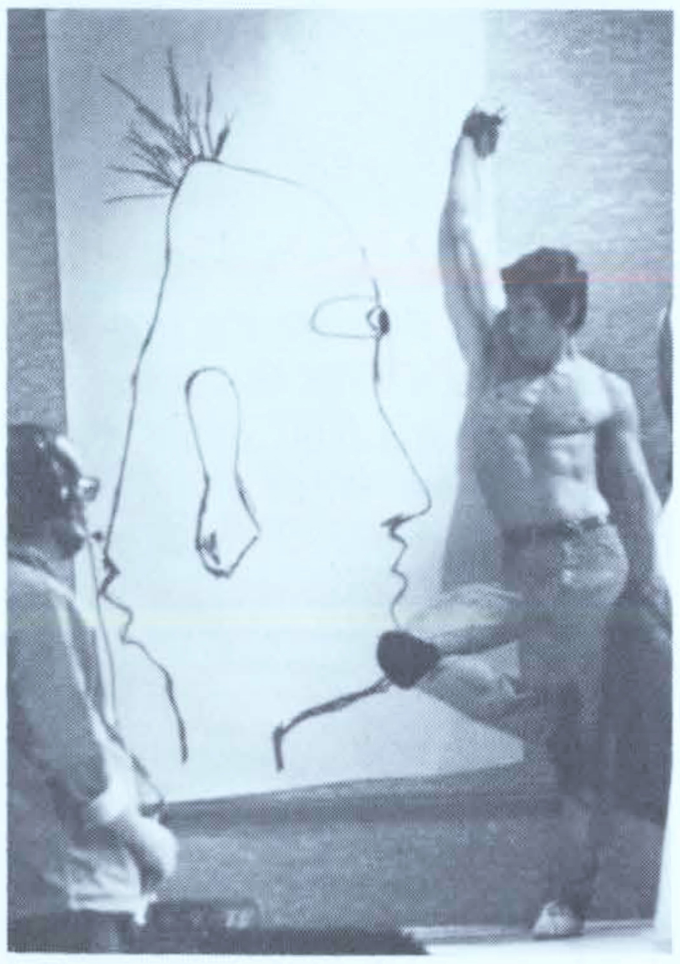
Getting Over Feeling Bad

Yes, it's an interesting point, about suicide and about when somebody feels bad. So often for so long in my life, I've felt very bad, maybe even bad toward myself, because I couldn't seem to communicate or to get through to anyone. At least that's what I think was making me feel bad.

At one point, my situation went from bad to worse. I was really down for a few years—went to a mental hospital, was unemployed, laughed at, and for all intents and purposes was washed out in the industry, though I was too stubborn to quit. Contracts hanging over my head, like a portable cloud, prevented me from changing management in L.A. THANK GOD! I would have signed anything.



But I got a lucky break through David Bowie, and we did some travelling together and collaborated on this album called *The Idiot*. He was touring the world and working under much harsher, more demanding circumstances than I'd ever experienced, and I became free, not that I haven't been since those old days, but this was new. I was free from drugs and their demands, in the sense that I didn't feel compelled to go to sleep every time something unpleasant happened: I didn't need valium, ludes, or this and that. Mind you, I still have my weaknesses. I don't think one needs to make one's unpleasantness public or dwell on it, but the whole thing was that I had never up until then been able to beat drugs in my life.



Talking things over with my friend, Pinhead.

One day we were in Chateau d'Herouville in France, outside Paris, taking a ping-pong break. Never in my life had I been able to play ping-pong. I never had the coordination—literally, couldn't play. David said, "Come on, give me a game." "I can't. I can't play." But I tried it, and suddenly that day I could play, and I'm playing and we were about tied and I said, "You know, man, this is weird, really weird, I always failed at this game and now I can play it." He said, "Well, Jim, it's probably because you're feeling better about yourself." In the most gentlest way he said that, because usually, you know, nobody wants to be anybody's teacher or learner—you know what I mean? In the very gentlest way he said that. I just thought that was a nice answer. Three games later I beat him, and he never played me again. I got good REAL fast.

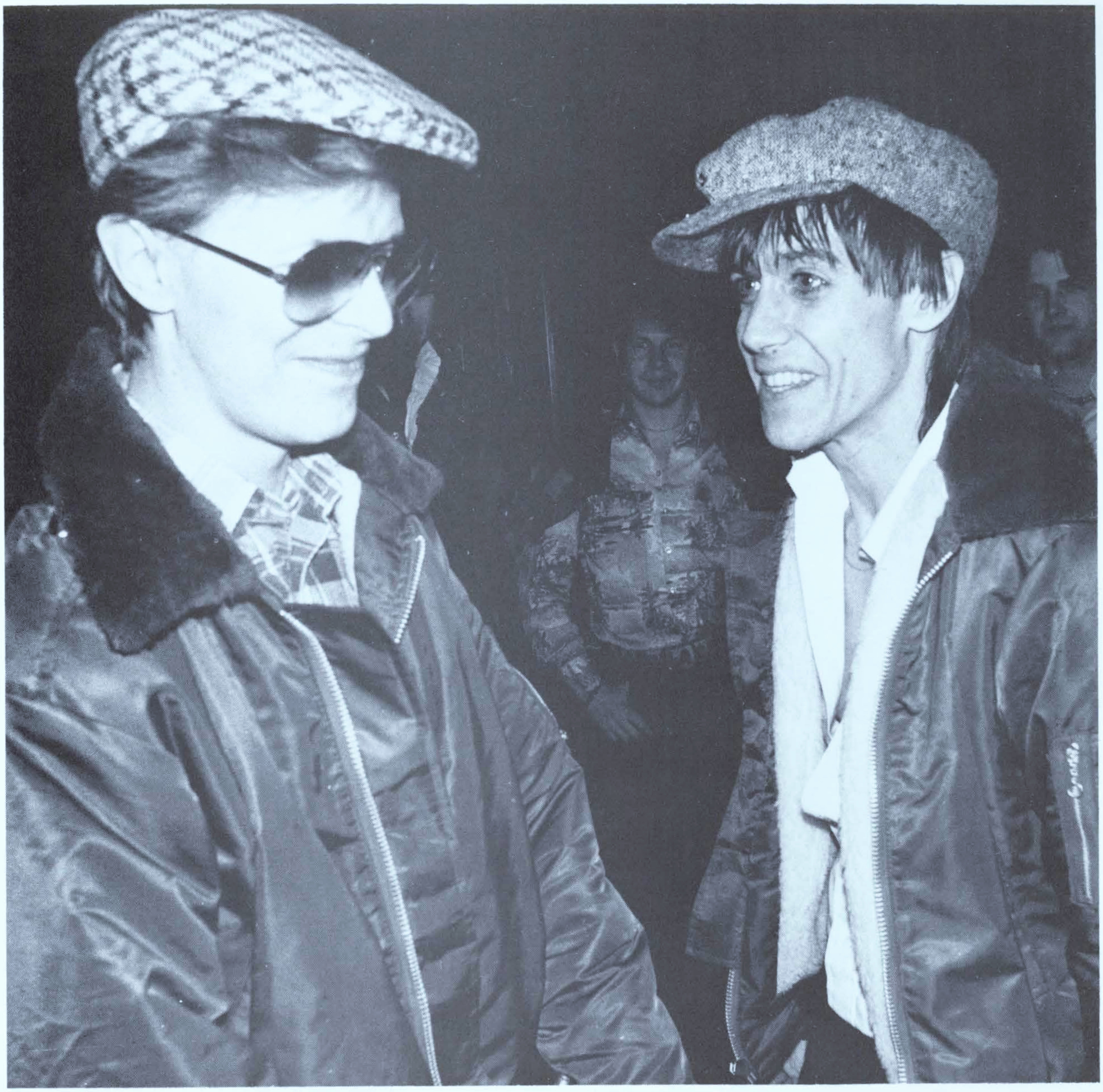


Photo © by Andrew Kent

With David Bowie on the road wearing matching bomber jackets, 1977

Following page: top, talking with Brion Gysin, an American painter living in Paris; bottom, with Dinah on her show

Photographs on page 93 are from, top, tour with David Bowie, 1977 (left to right), Tony Sales, Iggy Pop, Hunt Sales, Ricky Gardiner, bottom, Dinah Shore Show, April 1977 (left to right), Tony Sales, Iggy Pop, Hunt Sales, Ricky Gardiner, and David Bowie.

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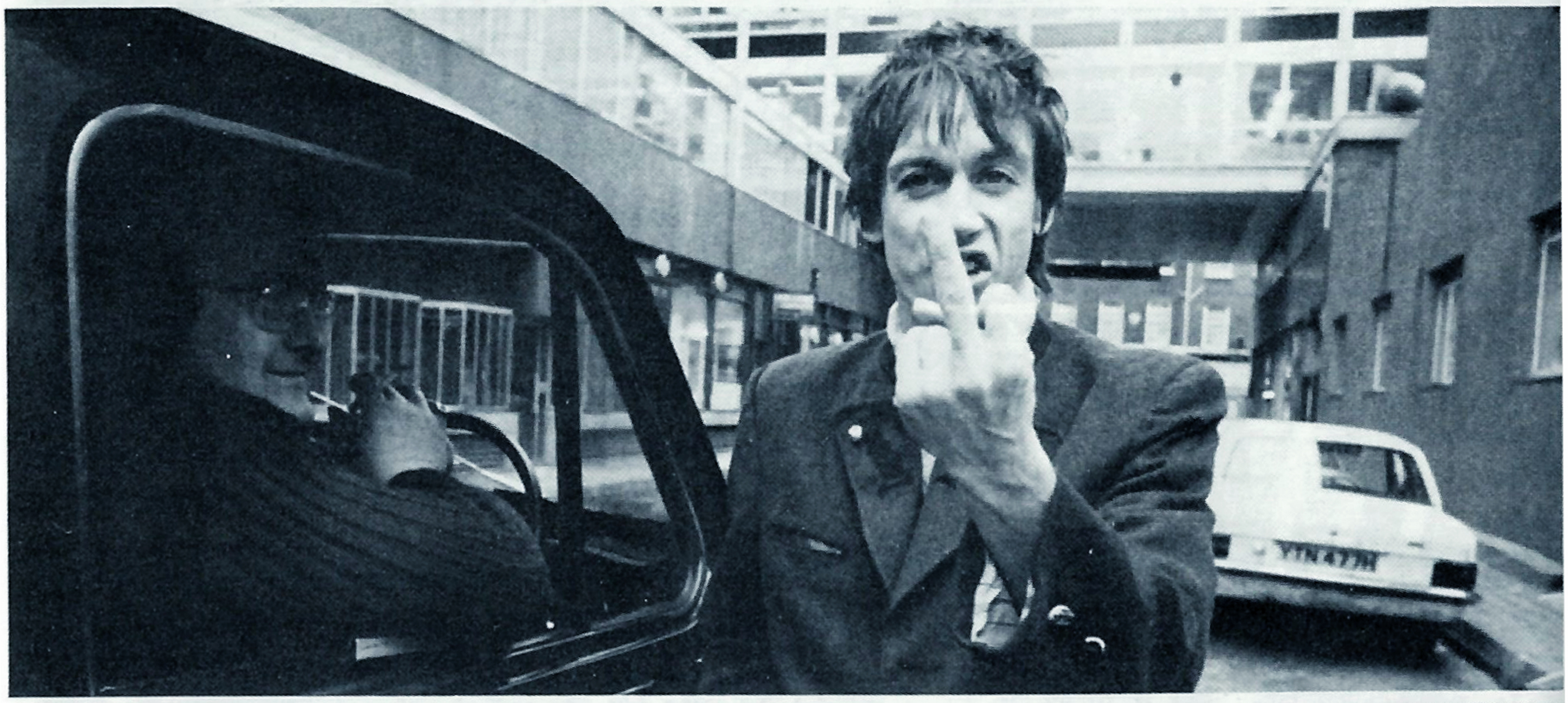
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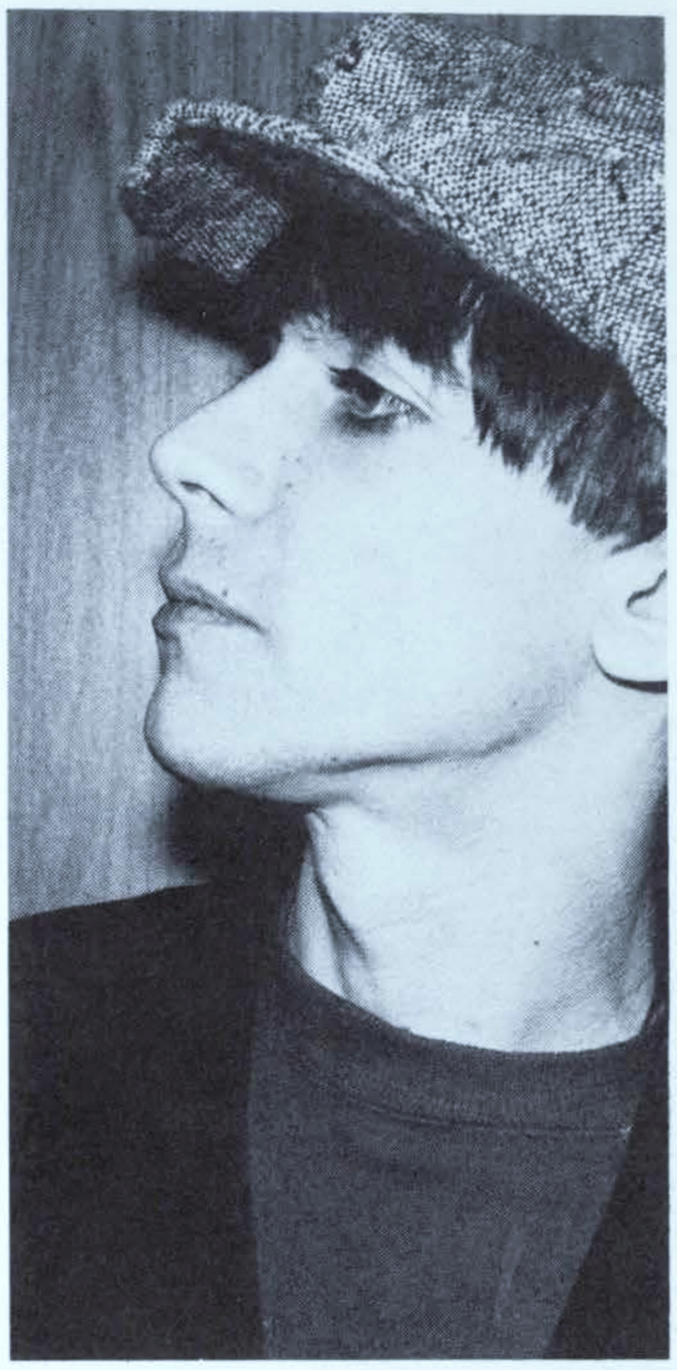
Edgewater



It's one in the morning sometime in September, at the Edgewater Inn in Seattle: the Iggy-Bowie Tour of 1977.

I've just played a gig and I'm back in my room with a chick named Susie—beautiful redhead with the most absolutely snow-white skin, not plump but completely there, a very long legged girl and in a black mini skirt and red top.

You can fish out of your room at the Edgewater. All the windows open out to the sea, and the water is pulsating. I'm still pretty high from the gig. In the hall there are a bunch of kids and one of them—a young man dressed in semi-drag, a thinker's uniform, an olive affair—suggests that we might go up to this party in town where there is a band playing, so I say OK.

We get in this station wagon and drive to this old part of Seattle—a residential warehouse district—up to a frame house on a corner. Seattle has this brisk air. There are people just hanging out on the porch in the night air, beer bottles in their hands—you don't see much liquor—it's all beer.

We go upstairs, and there's this little 12′ x 14′ room with a band playing on this makeshift plywood stage supported by a concrete block in the far left corner from the doorless doorway, and maybe there are 20 people in the room, and the plywood stage is bending, going up and down, you know, and the sound is just real cool. The guitars sound very flat in your face—the bass—like dinosaurs must sound, and in another room people are listening to records and wandering around.

So I go over to the record room and sit around. I'm flirting with this Cuban chick, smoking some dope, and drinking a couple of beers. I'm high on coke, coming down, you know. The guy said, "Wouldn't you come and play?" So I decided that I would like to play. And I go in the other room and play with these guys, and it was at least as much fun as the gig I had done earlier that night. We were playing "Wild Thing," "Gloria," anything simple that we all knew. And the plywood was bouncing up and down—the room was bouncing up and down. You know, the light bulb was on, and I had a lot of fun . . . and that's that.

Home in Berlin

I had a real home once. It was Berlin. I lived there for two years, well really just over that. I had a residence for two years with a girl named Esther. A lot of people don't know Berlin is a special city. There are just a few children and hardly any

Photo © by Esther Friedmann

SÜSSWAREN
SPIRITUOSEN
Reyno
Berlin Kant-Kino
BER
BOB DYLAN IN CONCERT
29. Juni 78 DEUTSCHLANDHA
BER
BOB DYLAN IN CONCERT
DEUTSCHLANDHA

Photo © by Esther Friedmann

ZIGARETTEN

Photo © by Esther Friedmann

Photo © by Rosalia di Kulessa

Photo © by Claude Gassian

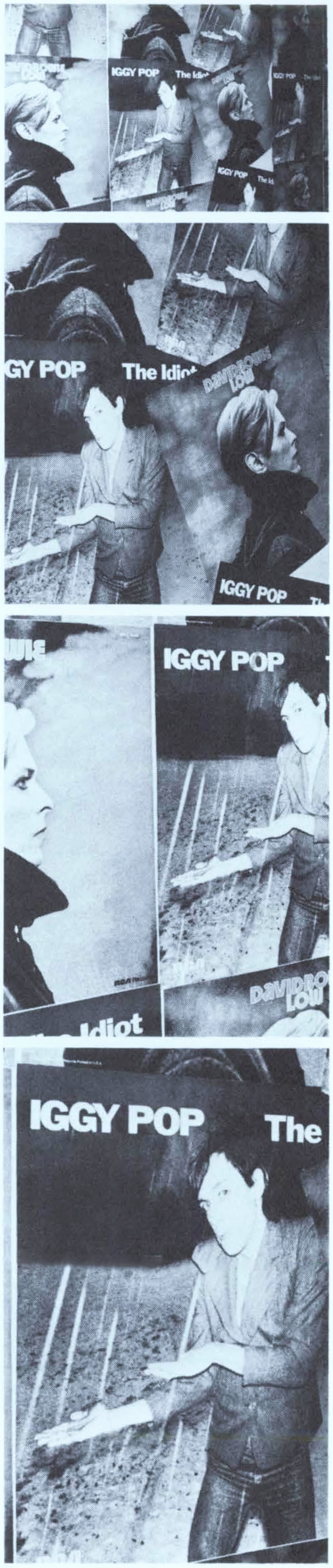
people in the middle ages. It is mostly young people and old people—old and young—and very little in between.

Music movements have been springing up there. That was very nice. It's like a fairy land. I found a whole deserted city. When the Germans lost the war, the Russians came in and all industry vanished, practically overnight, from Berlin. What remained was a whole city of beautifully constructed factory buildings—though smaller than what we would think of as a factory today. These were huge loft spaces—all built in the twenties and thirties, right? They had such wonderful designers. It's all free space, and that's why artists have flocked there.

When we practiced for *The Idiot* tour, David, I, the Sales boys and all the rest had an entire screening room in the old UFA studios, where they made all the movie greats—you know, like *Metropolis*. Fritz Lang worked there before the Nazis took it over. Many, many great films were made at UFA. They still had all these wonderful German Expressionist films just sitting in cans rotting, because they still can't figure out the politics of who should get them. You could smell the film slowly going bad.

I guess that's why I loved it: it was like being in a ghost town, but with all the advantages. As far as the police there, because it is a four power zone they have a totally laissez-faire attitude toward, shall we say, "cult behavior." And it's such an alcoholic city: someone is always swaying down the street. They also don't really care about drug traffic. Many laws are not enforced, and they have a very "Yes Sir, No Sir" attitude there. The local police were very polite and very sensible in the way they enforced the law. I shouldn't say that they don't care about drug traffic, rather they don't care about people having fun. And the city is open 24 hours a day. It's a tradition of Berlin, something left over from the swinging Berlin days. When one brace of clubs is closing the next brace is opening up. And this goes on around the clock.

Just in West Berlin alone, there are at least seven lakes, most of them connected by waterways—nice place to sail and swim; many nice places to sail and swim. There are also these villages you can go out to that are part of West Berlin—a very large area, very beautiful, just vast, vast areas of rinky dink villages full of strange old German people. We used to get lost; I like to go and get lost and be in places made of wood, just to totally wash every shred of America off, just to wash it all off. Taking a walk was like taking a shower, you know, just washing all the filth that my upbringing put into me. It can only be obvious to anybody who can find it—a ghost town of some size far away. It was a fascinating experience.



Opposite page: Esther and me

I'm very terrified of this country, the USA, you know. I like being here for the advantages, but some of the values are so foul and so wicked. Many people are sad and without knowing it, like a persistent flu that warps your mind. It's very wicked the way people are restrained, and I'm in favor of something else.

Being a Bunch

I think the best thing that music ever did for me was give me a home. I had a family, but it was even better than having a family. Because in a family there's your mother, and you're always going to be at a disadvantage with her. You have to admit, well, OK Mom, OK, I came out of your. . . pardon me." And your father can always say, "I got it up, and I made this sperm." He did make your genes and so you have to say, "Excuse me, Dad," and then maybe he can say, "I'm gonna kick you one because of this and that." And if you want to be creative you begin to implode because you have to leave your old family. You must leave that family, because if you want to change your friends won't let you. And your first friends are your family.

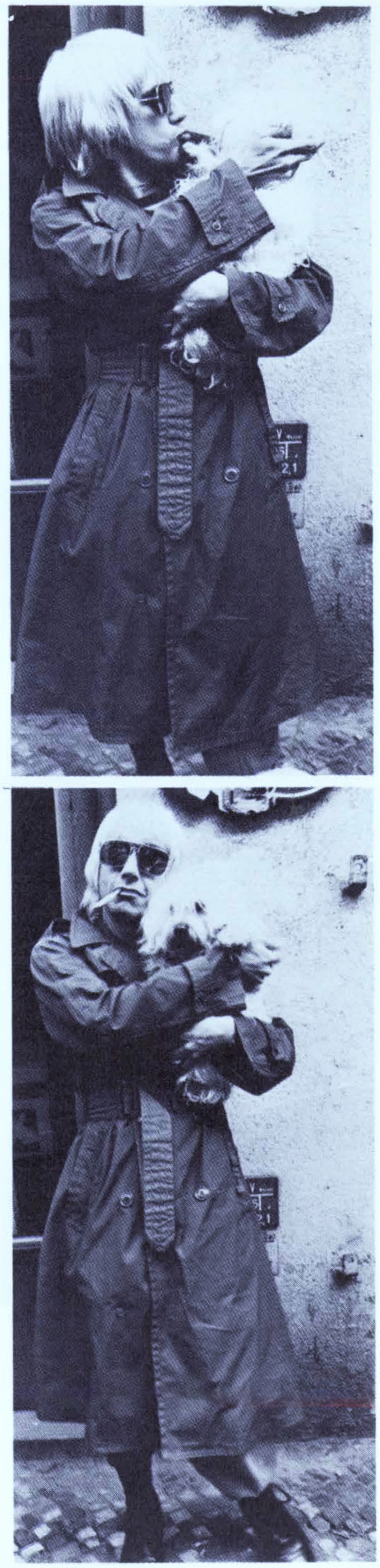
Anyway, the best thing about playing music was being part of a BUNCH—like a biker gang, like being in a family, only everybody has to EARN their place in the family. But you have to understand—you out there listening to me at number 1447 Oakridge Court in Shaking Aspen, Pa., or wherever the fuck you are—that once you get out, and you gotta get out, what you get into is going to be worse. YOU HAVE TO BUILD YOUR OWN FAMILY.

Let's put it another way. There's a lot of people in the world—there are too many people—and the natural instinct of every person you meet will be to use you because as more and more people get born and live longer and longer they become progressively useless—especially relative to all the other people who do what they do better—and they become restless and competitive. People are always trying to use you. They're trying to beat you. And if you don't have a family—if you don't have a bunch—whatcha gonna do about it?

It's very rare that an individual really has anything to say. I think that you don't have anything to say unless you're saying it for your group, unless you're speaking for your group. Don't things seem to be getting that way these days?

Close Encounters

I've been spit at, I've been slugged, I've been egged. I've been hit with paper clips, money, cameras, brassiers, underwear, old rags, and with expensive garments and belts and things. I've been hit with, well, a slingshot. Yeah, you just get used to it after awhile.



I was just in Detroit about six weeks ago, and this guy threw a Johnnie Walker Black whiskey bottle. I know it was a Johnnie Walker Black because the band picked it up later. Threw a whiskey bottle at me. He'd gotten it in past the people, past the friskers. It JUST missed my head. It brushed my hair, actually. I saw the gleam as it arched near me. I saw it about the last six feet. I didn't have time to move, really. I just heard it whoosh by and crash. The glass was so heavy it didn't break. It's really heavy glass. Johnnie Walker Black is a good bottle. And I told an asshole TV commentator afterwards how good it felt when the bottle was going past my head, which he took all out of context, saying a terrible thing about how "this is the way my fans traditionally greet me and that I like it and encourage it."

I got hit with a grapefruit once, right in the center of my head: in Cobo Hall in Detroit.

One time, we were playing in a place called the Rock and Roll Farm in Wayne, Michigan. I mean this place was a pit. I used to play a lot of pit holes. Nobody in the Stooges cared, we just played, you know. Well, we're playing this pit in Wayne, Michigan, way out on a farm road—about 800 or 1,000 kids—and I was dressed in a floppy woman's hat with three flowers on it and wearing long bleached blonde hair and a dancer's leotard with little ballet slippers—practice slippers—and a sash affair around my waist: I think it was somebody's curtain.

Eggs kept flying up on the stage, and as the set went on I was getting REALLY sick of it. So I said, "OK, stop the show RIGHT NOW!" I do this sometimes.

It's a funny thing—maybe it's common to other rockers, I don't know—but the sort of music I do is very aggressive and intoxicating, and after a few songs I enter another state, probably an adrenal overload of some kind. I believe I can do just about anything. It's not true, of course, and I often used to get into fights I just couldn't POSSIBLY win.

So finally I say, "OK, stop the music!" Again, this is a low ceiling dump of a room—could have been a pinball palace. I want to know who's the one throwing the eggs. Lo and behold, the waters part, and hundreds of people spread apart, and there before me—about 75 feet yon—really just standing there like man mountain Dean, just grinning, feet squarely planted, toes out, was this ENORMOUS youth with the most, the biggest, happy smile I've ever seen. Really, it was a wonderful smile,

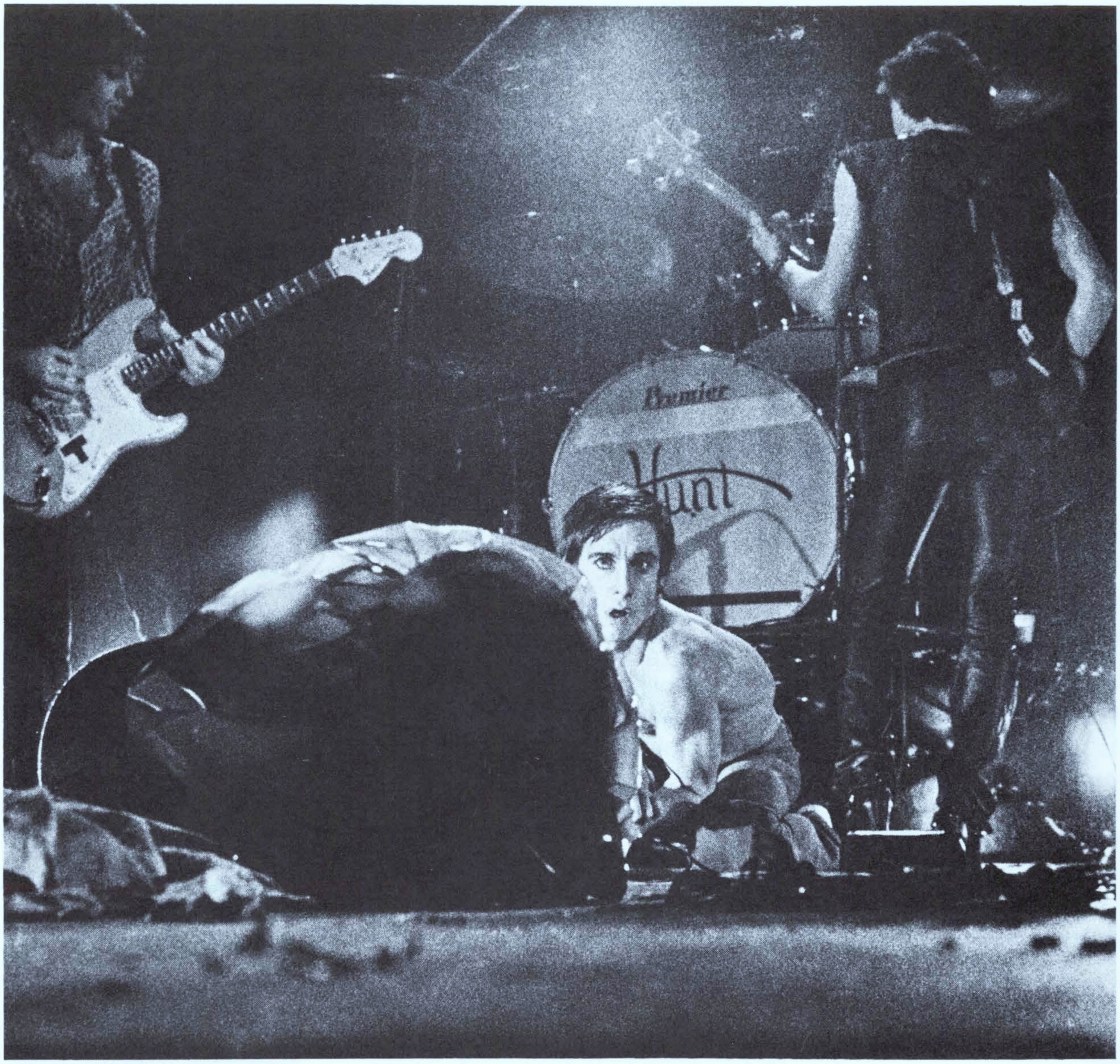

Premier
Hunt

Photo © by Paul McAlpine

cause he KNEW he was king and was about to kick my ass (I'm hoping not too badly), with long flowing red hair. He must have been 6′ 5″, huge shoulders, had this large plaid lumberjack shirt, this big grin. And this one arm had a knuckle glove on, A KNUCKLE GLOVE that went ALL THE WAY UP the arm, studded at the knuckles. He was carrying one of those dozen-egg cartons—his weapon. He's clearly got his act, and he's just standing there, a hand on his hip, just leering at me, you know, and in a deep, resounding voice he says, "Hello."

So I had to make a show of it, and I'm on my toes like what I'd seen boxers do on TV, and I come out like David against Goliath to face my tormentor. Watching his fist moving toward you was like waiting for a train to hit you. He just squared off and decked me with one punch, right down on the ground, and I'm bleeding—I still have a scar, just dead between my eyes. I'm bleeding and everything. I saw stars. It was obvious I couldn't win so I said, "Alright, well. . . on with the show."

And I went back and did "Louie, Louie."

I have this deathly fear of cops, of authority. And I had this girlfriend who lived in the area—a very straight girl. She was a virgin at the time, ha!—a detail I took care of a year later. She lived with her parents, and she said, "Quick, I'll hide you." I just wanted to get out, I knew there'd be police. I didn't want them near me. So I just ducked out with her in my little ballerina costume, right, and crept into her house late at night. I spent a night in the suburbs with this chick in my ballerina clothes in grandpa's bed or something, and to add insult to injury it was a chick that didn't even screw, you know. So I was all hot—a beautiful girl, you know—and trying to make it with this chick in my ballerina costume in the suburbs all night. The next morning I had to go through tea with her mother, in the daylight, in my little ballerina costume and all. So that was an unpleasant day. It was just the wrong clothes.

That same day I went back to Detroit. I went to the radio station and challenged the entire gang, the Scorpians, of which the guy was a member, to come down and do their worst at my big show in Detroit—at the Michigan Palace—which they proceeded to do.

It became "the last ever Stooges gig" tape, *Metallic K.O.*, with a picture of me on the front of it knocked out cold—a picture of me lying IN STATE as it were. And you can hear all sorts of things on the tape flying through the air. Shovels, four-gallon jugs, M-80s, blah blah, but our lady fans in the front rows threw a lot of beautiful underwear, which I thought was sweet.

And spit: I've probably been spit on more than any person alive outside of, I would say, a member of the prison system.

Eggs on Plate
Pop/Kral

oh lord
i got eggs on my plate
i got em
damn right
i got four walls
i live here
hell
i live here

Now this big Jew-man uptown
he told me one day
he said, heh boy
you look at that house
on the hill
that cost a hundred thousand dollars
you could be up there
you know what?
i'll put you on the hit parade
everybody will know your name
Iggyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

but man
heh Solomon
who *does* my *name belong to* then*?*
what have i got?
four walls
what have i got?
four walls
i thank you lord
i thank you lord above
this orange carpet and the ceiling
i love *it*
i love this orange carpet
and the ceiling above it
who left Murph the Surf
on my ceiling?
Iggyyyyyyyyyyyyy

now here we go boys
hahahahahah a ah hahahaha!
four walls
four walls

here i go
i'm looking for love again
i'm looking for love
i'm runnin from friend to friend
i'm lookin for love in the wine
i'm lookin for love
in anybody i can find
thank you god
for these four walls i love
but are they secure?
heh god! are you above?

then tell me
who left that fucking door
half open?
oh lord
i got somethin
i'll tell you what
i got
boys i got this

four walls
three walls, two walls
four walls

It's funny how one's chickens come home to roost: I was the one who instituted the custom of spitting. I used to spit on my audiences—when I was pissed off with them—to get them going. I couldn't get SATISFACTION any other way, so I spit on the fuckers.

But ohhh my, three years later . . . I did a comeback tour in 1977 with David Bowie's help. He was in the band on the piano. We had a gig in Friar's Court in Aylesbury, near London. It was a warmup gig for London. We had been living on the Continent for some time, and we heard about this Punk movement that was going on in England and certain of its associated rituals.

Apparently audiences had learned to gob on the performers, right? So I came to Aylesbury and was greeted with the most affectionate hail of gob—no, a frenzied hail of gob. They were leaping in the air to get to me. They would even work out these rotations so that everyone could get a gob in, you know. The people who really get hurt in all of this are the other band members, because they can't dodge as quickly as I can. People's aim is often wild—they often misjudge—so my band got a lotta gob.

I hired a soul musician, Jackie Clark, a Black fellow who had played with Ike and Tina Turner, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and perhaps with Dr. Hook's Medicine Show or one of those putrid American bands. This was, like, a PROFESSIONAL, soulful musician, and I hired him to play rhythm—he had a good sense of rhythm.

Well, I hired him on one tour, and he dressed in sort of the Blazing Saddles kind of tradition. He dressed the black cowboy that was his particular bit—sort of a Gucci Bo Didley—a very beautiful, fine wide-brimmed Stetson hat, tan, in good taste, and these toreador-type pants—very overdone cowboy. The first night out he came up to me, "Jim, I don't care what they do to me, but when they gob on my hat I get mad." He used to get just covered in gob.

As a matter of fact, a lot of my musicians have strange things happen to them. Klaus Krüger, my German drummer, came over to America for the first time to do the *New Values* album with me, and he decided to take a little trip to see America. It was just before Christmas. He drove across magnificent deserts and canyons. And on Christmas Day some kid threw a grapefruit off a freeway overpass right through the windshield of his car. It nearly killed him.

Half of my band got beat up on this last tour trying to defend me—to save me—from a monster I provoked. Marseilles may be meaner than Detroit.

Capitalism versus Rock

If I could join a REAL musician's union—like a coal miners' union for musicians with the power to guarantee me the right to put my fingers on a guitar eight hours a day, no matter how good or bad I was as long as I tried my best—and if they would give me, say, $250 a week (is that a reasonable sum?), I would be happy to sing and play for the entire world on command. You know, I would almost rather do that than be in the capitalistic music industry today.

Being in the capitalistic music industry I've learned one thing. You are either on the bottom or you are on the top. You're either scrounging around for scraps or you're on top as a popular toy—Ken and Barbie syndrome—and being made a fool of, a laughing stock. You are either them or you are. . . sorry.

Now if the socio-economic system in America was organized in such a way that I could be guaranteed work—as long as I was willing to work to the best of my ability, six days a week, five nights a week, and Sundays for overtime, as a Socialist musician at a given wage—I'd do it.

"Would you marry a guy like that?"
"Well, for other reasons."
"You mean you'd marry me for the right reasons even if there were no security?"
"Uh huh."
"Then you are a fool. You can't do that."
"I can and have."
"You can't do that. How can you stand it? . . . Stop the tape. It's going to be one of those nights."

Chart Busting

This is how you raise a bastard up to number 39 on the disco charts. I was in the middle of spending well over $100,000 on an album that was meant to be commercial because I had PROMISED my record company president, God bless his soul, and my "manager"—I'd sworn and crossed my heart, or hoped to die, hand across my breast—that I would make a commercial album. But it still sounded like me.

So my record company president from England flew into Chicago to see me, but my new manager is so precious of me he won't tell my record company where I'm staying. So I miss the president, Charles Levison (managing director of Arista Records International, one of my few true friends in music life and a guy I like), that night. So the next morning Charles just calls me on the phone: "Jim, I've been looking for you." I say,

but they can't talk
four walls
but they
can't talk
four walls
but they
can't talk
four walls
but if they could talk
what would they say?
they'd say heh
nash the slash
why did you leave
your sticker on my
forty-two dollar
and fifty cent suite
in James Dean's head bed?

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Bang Bang
Pop/Kral

this isn't
the right thing to do
so let's go

young girls
know what they're after
young girls
don't kiss me goodbye
rockets
shoot off to space
and buildings
rise to the sky

bangbang
i got mine
bangbang
reach for the sky

i keep a good friend
on videotape
he'll drive his sports car
until it's too late
but we'll have a hot time
on the town tonight
cause love is my gadget
and it's the best yet

bangbang
i got mine
bangbang
the sun don't shine
bangbang
bangbang
i oughta be in pictures
let's go

oh, girl
oh, girl
my problems can't follow me
phone calls i take by machine
i want no intimacy
lonely? ha ha haaa
what does it mean?
who? me?

"Hey, I'm at the Holiday Inn in Lakeshore." "Great."

So he comes by to pick me up in a little rent-a-car. And the first thing that happens when Charles pulled up in his car is Dennis Sheehan, my manager at the time, opens the back for ME and gets in the front himself. My president turns to look at me and says, "Jim, are you comfortable back there?" arching an eyebrow. He was a cool guy. He was PISSED at the treatment of a great artist by a semi-literate swine. I later fired Sheehan's fucking butt. I love to fire people—oh, it's the greatest feeling in the world. . . You're fired! Fuck you. You don't work for you. You work for me, you cocksucker! Anyway, so then we go up Lakeshore Drive. We take a right on Ohio St. where I know a neat little hibachi grill. We go to this hibachi, right? And I have three or four Sakes, and they don't drink any.

They're sitting on either side of me, and the food arrives, and I'm stuffing my face and they're not eating much. Finally, Charles comes to the subject: "Jim, you've now spent over $100,000 on this album, and we don't hear a single. Uh, what can we do?" I say, "Hey man, get me Phil Spector, man. I know he's a loner but he's got to be a nut not to work with me. He understands me. You'll have a #1. If not Phil Spector, get me Mike Chapman" (whose work I admire and is a good guy). Well, to make a short story long, I didn't get Phil Spector, I didn't get Mike Chapman, I got Tommy Boyce and I made a song called "Bang Bang."

Now "Bang Bang" is a song that goes boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, mum, mum, mum, mum, which means EEEEEE, DDDDDD, BBBBBB, CCCCCC, and on, and on, and on, and on. What a concept! "Bang Bang" is from the brain of Ivan Kral, who's a dumb ass-fuckin-guitar-player-twit who just wants to make money and make it in America. He thinks to be big and rich and to be somebody is all he's got in him, and he's selling himself short because there's this wonderful, beautiful European music in his heart.

He's scared of his HEART. So many people are scared of their hearts. You don't have to be scared of your heart. You just have to find a new road. Anyway, he overreacted against his heart to the point where he became simply one more asshole to endure.

The Right Stuff

First thing in the morning back in New York, I'm looking for lyric inspiration for "Bang Bang." I run up to the Gotham book store because I heard that Jackie Onassis used to hang out there, and I'm browsing the bookshelves—I wasn't even

browsing, I was sniffing, I put my nose up in the air sometimes—and suddenly right in front of my nose was this book called *The Right Stuff* by Tom Wolfe.

The Right Stuff is about the early days of the American aerospace system and how NASA and the entire Military Industrial Complex (D. Eisenhower's big worry and prophecy) mushroomed following Sputnik, replacing a major USAF program, which used piloted airplanes of the MX series. It's a book about the great pilots of America and what happened at Edwards Air Force Base.

They took great pilots—men who really knew their work—and just put them up there like guinea pigs, just shot them up in space in pods to get ahead of the Russians.

The Right Stuff is not a book glorifying these guys: it simply explores what having the right stuff is all about. Now, to have the right stuff, you don't talk about it a lot, and you don't have much of a sense of humor about yourself—you're a pilot. You are, hopefully, the only pilot in the world, in a given time, to fly as high as you've flown. You are not the pilot who has flown almost the highest, you are the one who has flown the highest. That's the guy with the most of the right stuff. Having the right stuff also means that you've got the wife. It doesn't matter that you may widow her, or that she's practically an accessory to your airplane. It doesn't matter that you may very well die, that you or your pilot neighbor—your best friend—may die in this exercise. None of that matters.

What matters is the glory: glory is the prize. What matters is being there first. The book talks about what it is to have the right stuff, to be able to get there first—the furthest, highest, and fiercest—where you can cast your eyes down over more than any human being has ever looked down on.

Before Sputnik came out, our space program was geared toward precision, with significant scientific rewards. After Sputnik came out, we took all our pilots from the flight missions and put them into ballistics, which is what Sputnik was. Ballistics is when you shoot something, like out of a gun, you just fling something up and it comes down. We took all the money out of flight, and we created NASA.

A chimp was the first to go up, and he did fine. After that USAF pilots did the monkey business.

Having the right stuff is the same in rock. Like, one thing you don't want to do in rock is get hung up on girls. Can't get hung up on chicks. They'll fuck your band. They'll fuck up your music. That's part of having the right stuff. Now another part of having the right stuff is knowing that unless you've got the right girl, you ain't gonna get nowhere. See, you gotta

bangbang
i got mine
bangbang
and you're next in line
bangbang
and that's all it means man
here have a glass of wine
bangbang
rise buildings
rise to the sky
bangbang
young girls
know what they're after
bangbang
young girls
don't kiss me goodbye
don't kiss me
young girrrrlssss
you're young young girls
bangbang

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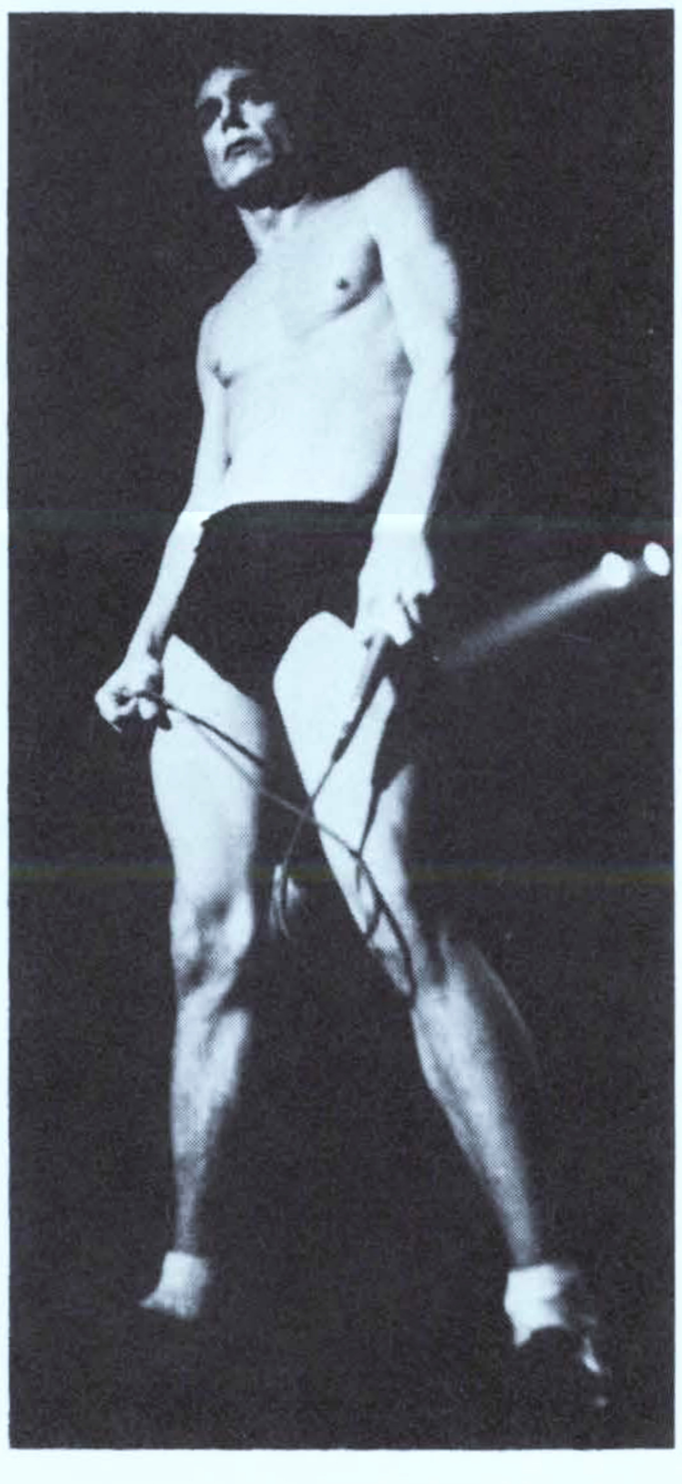

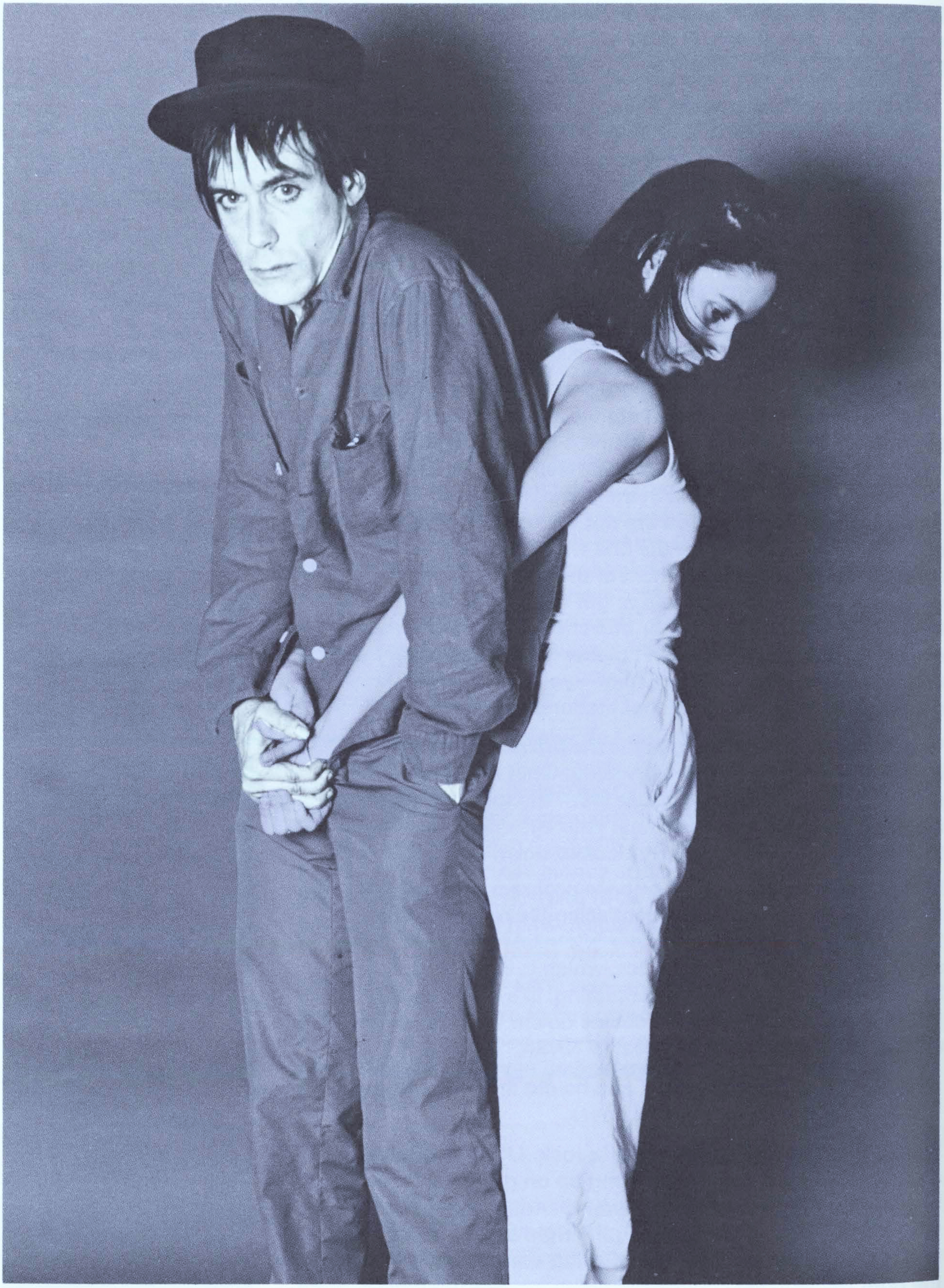

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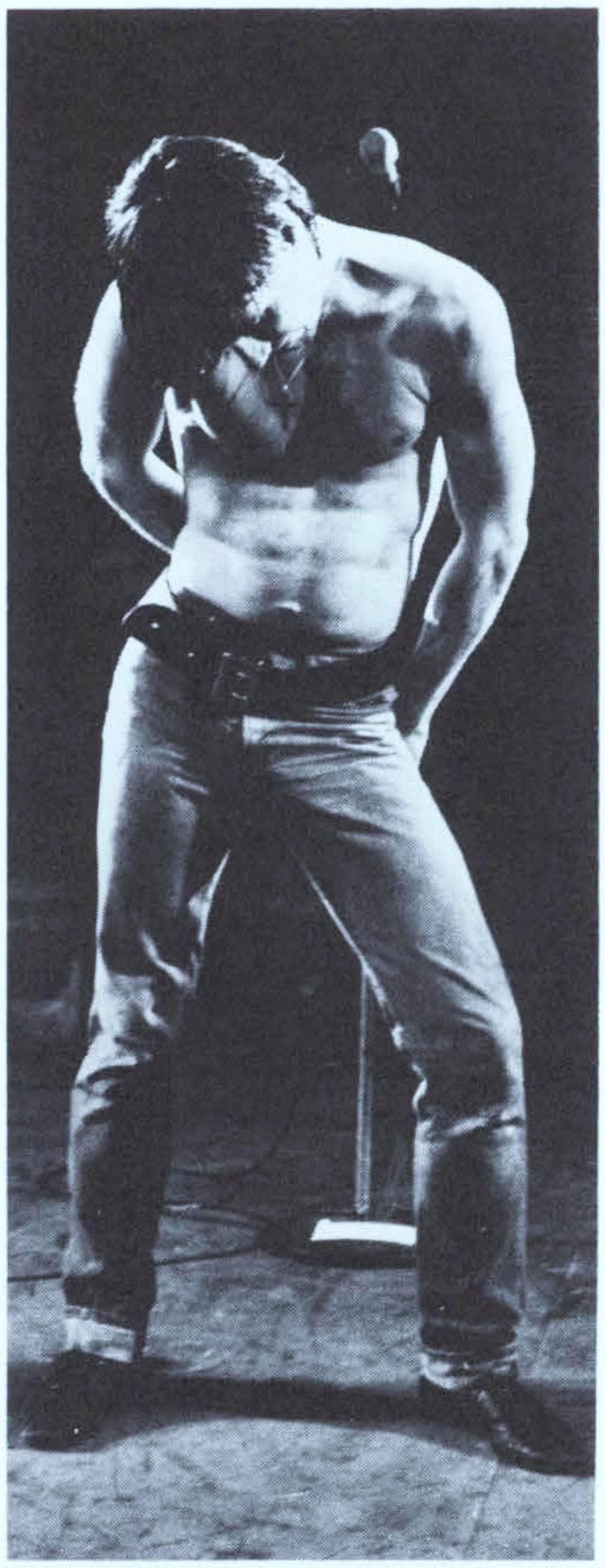
Photos © by Andrew Kent

have one, but it's gotta be the right one and you can't get hung up on her. Do you know what I'm saying? Right now I am giving up—before the authorities get me again—incredibly seamy, *West Side Story* scenes that I could live out almost every night and be the fantasy of my fans, since I have scored the right chick, Esther. I don't want any of the other stuff.

I would like to—with my ten fingers, with my own hands, using a guitar or piano, or even using a pen to describe incidents of my band—I would like to go through my own hands and my own voice to make music that would be played in 1981 and be remembered in 1994. You know what I mean. That's what I want.



Who's Who in Parasites

So *Who's Who in America* sent me their thing: "Dear Mr. Osterberg, You have been selected for inclusion. . ." la de da. "We would appreciate it if you would fill out this form and mail it back to us. We do want to make it clear now that this is not reflective of your status—achievement," blah, blah, blah, "in society, but that your inclusion in Marquis' *Who's Who in America* is meant to acknowledge your contributions within your field, as an American." That really floored me.

So I let it lay around the room for awhile, and then this chick showed up one day—an LA publicist—who'd been trying to get my account for several years. You can double your volume with a publicist; you can become a PERSONALITY. Just pay some bitch who's got the "contacts." How about lunch with a defective old air bag (*avec entourage*) who doesn't even like to breathe? The truth is that the right public representative is a personal matter, though a firm of some size doesn't hurt. The right publicist often becomes invaluable.

Anyway, so this would-be publicist said, "I know you won't fill it out," and I said, "Why don't you just fill it out for me?" That's the last I've heard of it. She took it, and I haven't called her back about the job or *Who's Who*. But that's not the point. You should have seen what passed for her eyes. You should have seen those two THINGS in her face that they call eyes. You should have seen what I saw when she saw *Who's Who*. She ain't *Who's Who*, but if she could just touch with her hand *Who's Who*. So, she touched. She touched that piece of paper, and she took it home.

She said, "You won't fill out all the answers." They have things like list your outstanding achievements, corporate positions held. . . I would have said something about my prick or something. But she lusted just to touch it, just to touch the words. That was a lesson, a study in human nature. At the top of the cover of *Who's Who* was the title, and when she took the book she didn't grab it from the bottom, but the top. That's a funny thing, you know. I think they call it the tactile sense. These are the sort of people that kill you.

They say that death kills you but death doesn't really kill you. I believe that you can die when no one wishes you well. Or you just get tired.

In a Cab

You know something, we're caught in a big bad world where one car alone can be painted yellow, black, and red, and hubcaps get stolen, you know, and musicians come, musicians go. They all have their price. Girls fight over men. People gorge on images, and I can't trust it. I mean whatever happened to when a guy just wanted to play some honest music for his peer group? Whatever happened to an honest woman like you? I mean, I guess I'm more of an honest woman than you, I don't know. One thing about New York, it's like a beehive, you don't have to go seven miles horizontal and then one floor up. You can just go three blocks horizontal and seven floors up.

So, what is it about this rock and roll? Well, it's the thing that shakes you out of your marriage. It's the thing that disarranges your kidneys. It's what kills your liver. It's what sells McDonald's. It's a gathering place. People from continents all around come just to be in New York City; some of them Haitian, from the beautiful island of Hispaniola, come just to suffer.

Up on Fifth Avenue trading and selling so-called works of art. We have our pop heroes and art stars—rock and rollers. And we all hustle and hustle and hustle because deep down inside we know that there is no joy in love unless we're hustling each other. In New York, purple, green, yellow, mauve, red, amber, white, black, indigo, blue, they all hustle you. The population is akin to a bunch of illiterate Mayan descendants running around through the ruins of a once-great civilization—having no idea of the skills and the craftsmanship that went into building such a city—just playing in the ruins. Well, I don't want to play in the ruins.

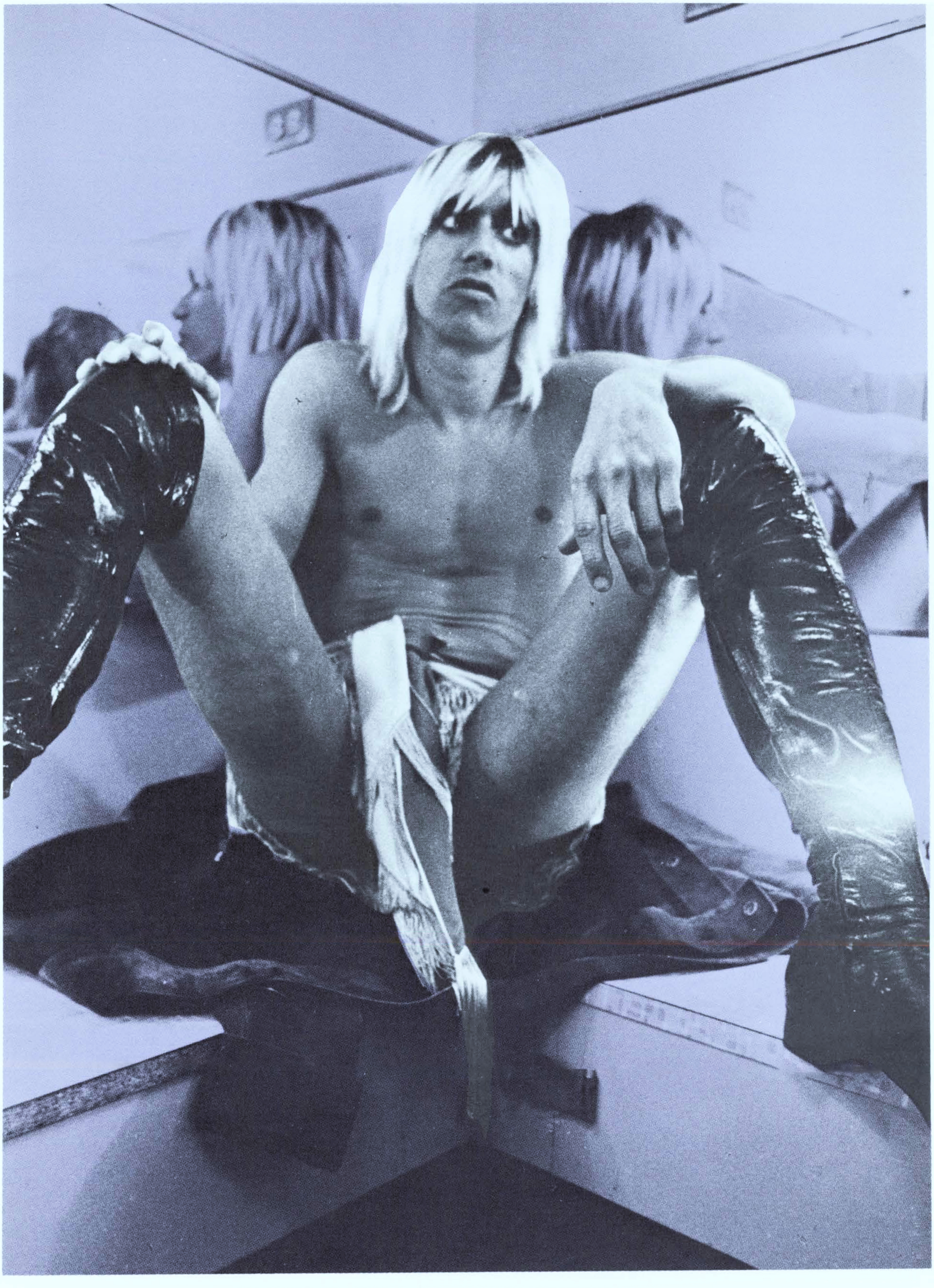
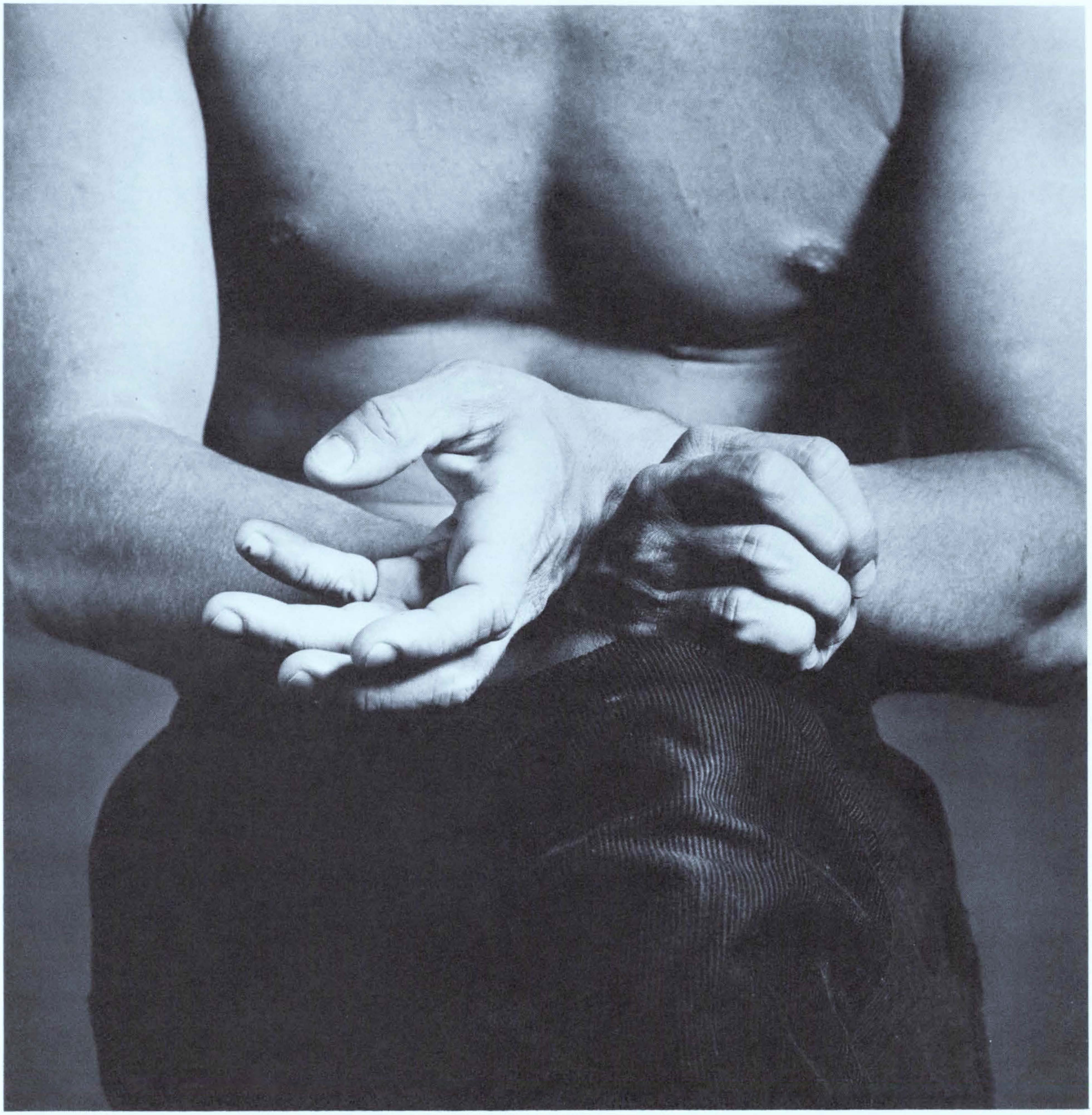


Photo © by Andrew Kent

Photo © by Robert Mapplethorpe



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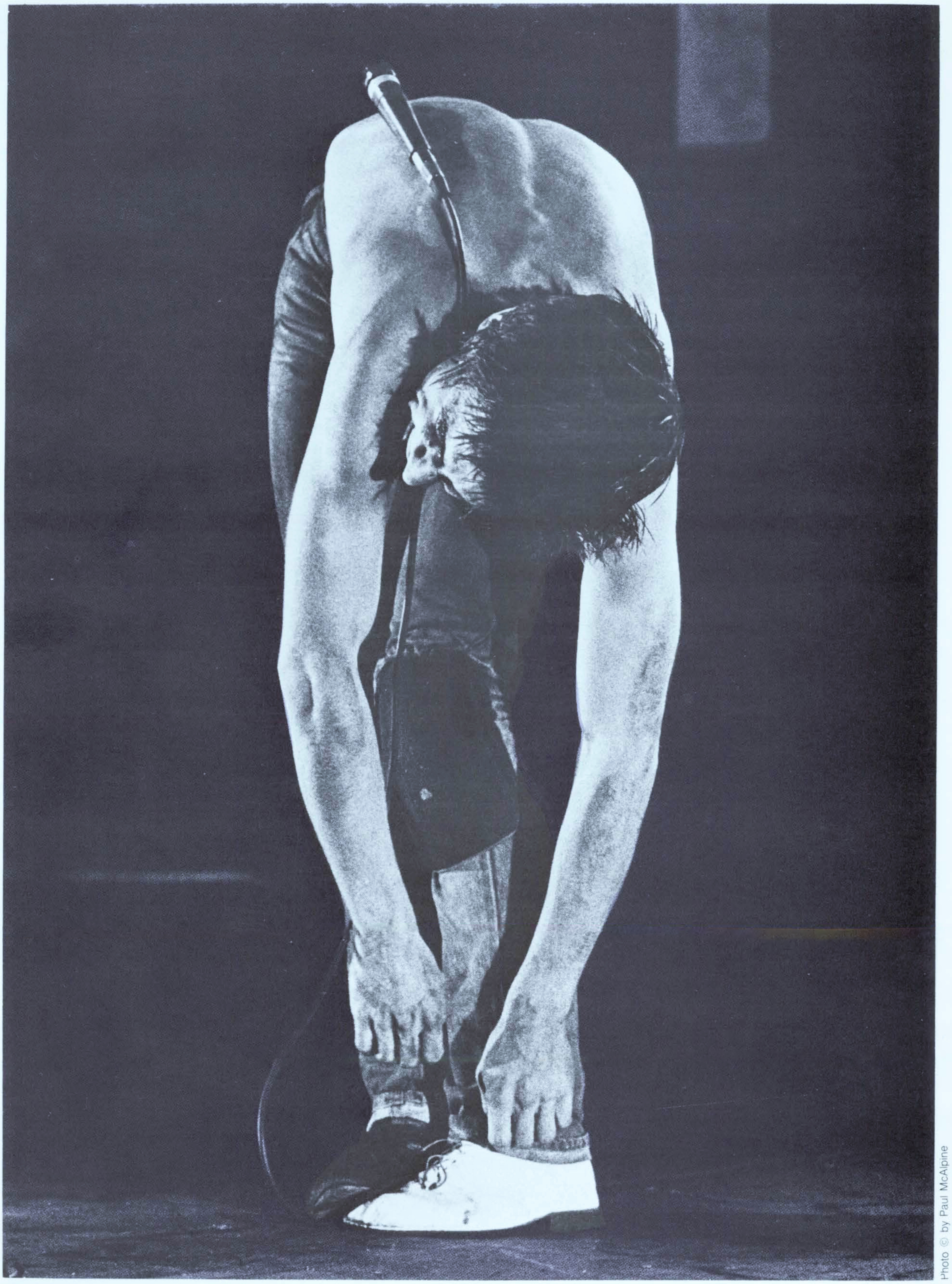

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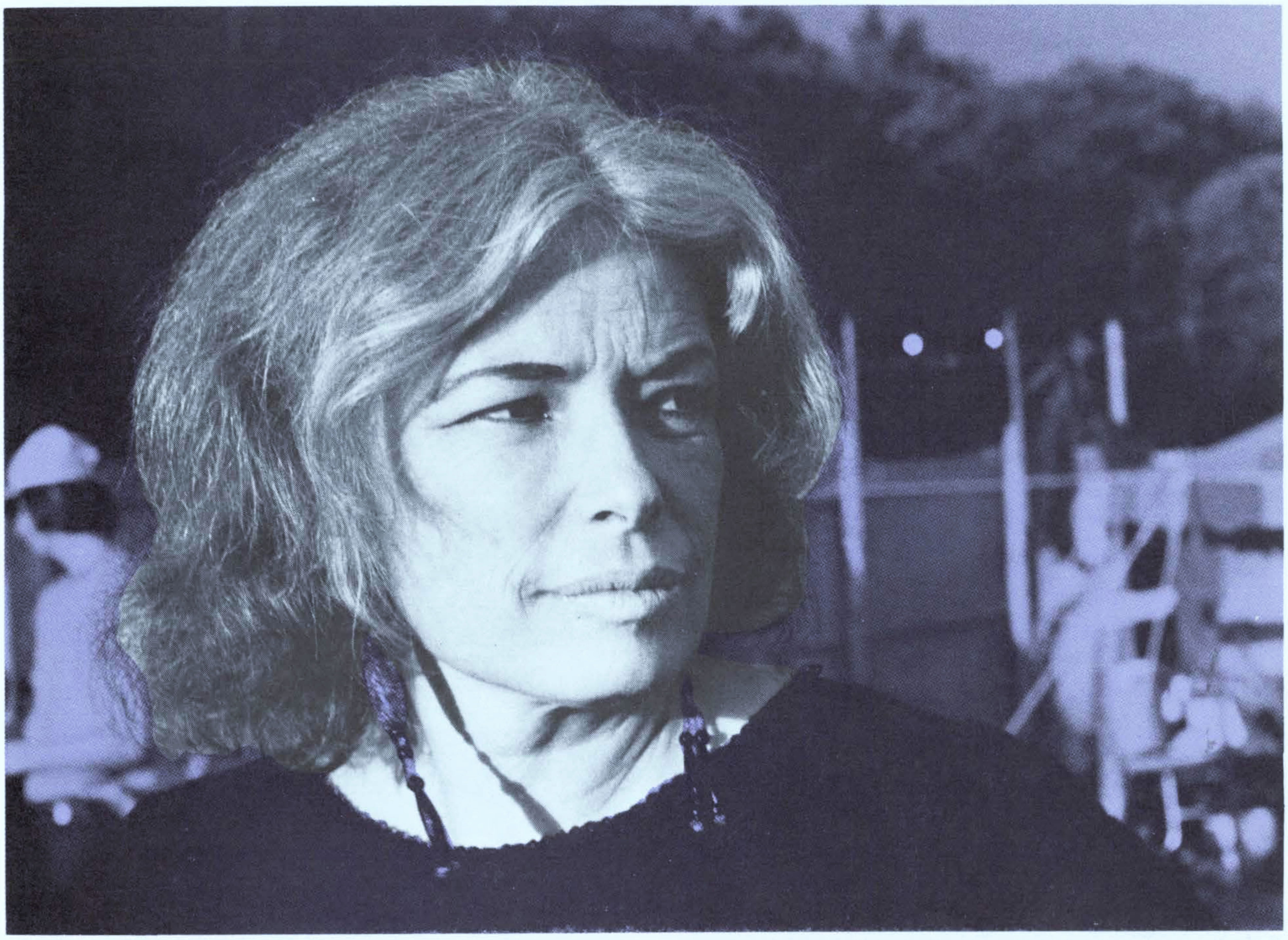


Photo © by Allan Schreiber

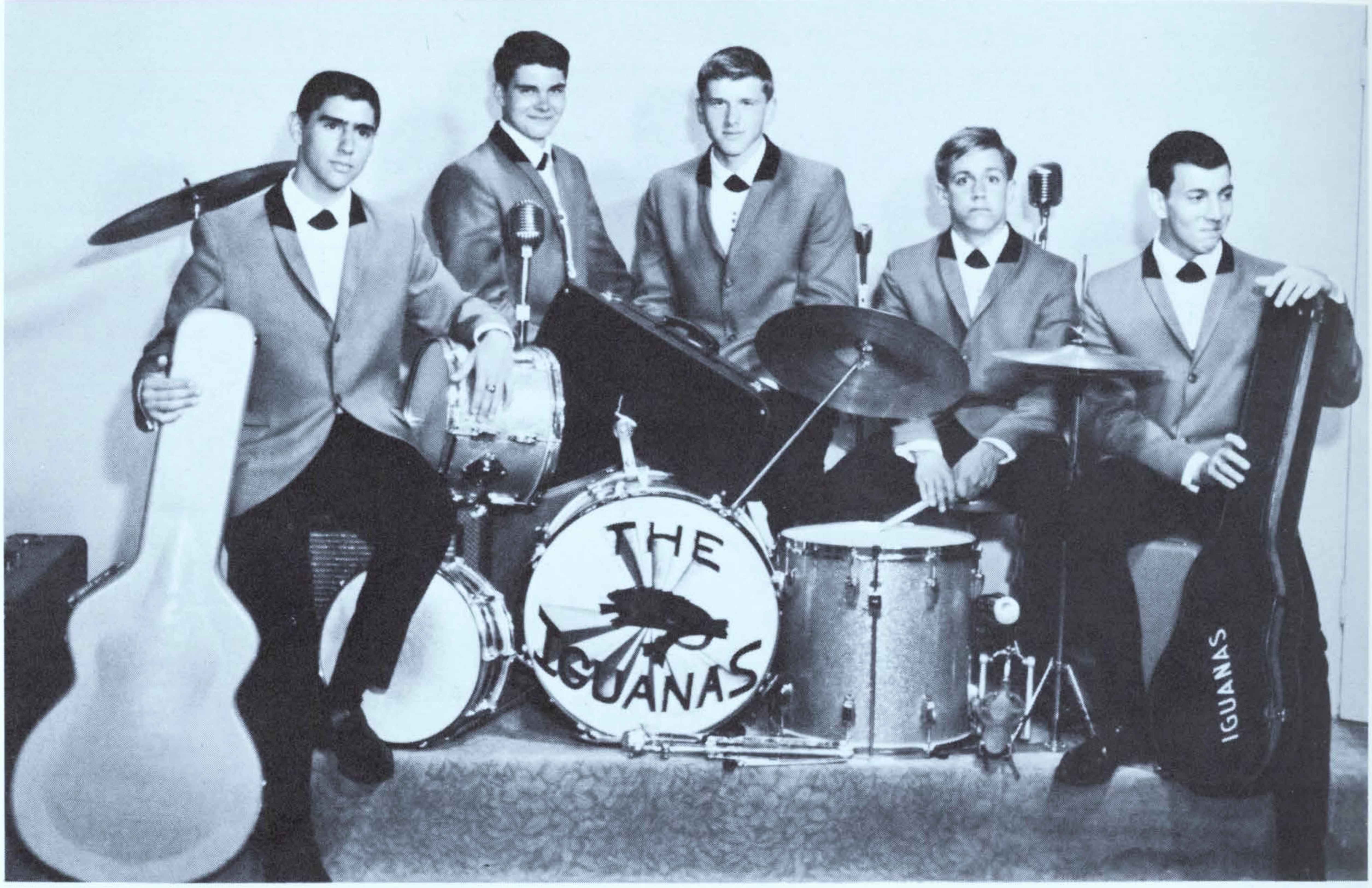
After Words by Anne Wehrer

I met Jim Osterberg when he was in high school playing drums with the Iguanas, before he was Iggy Pop. The band started calling him Iggy, and they became known around Ann Arbor as Iggy and the Iguanas. The name stuck, through the Prime Movers and the Stooges to Iggy Pop.

He came to my house because everyone did. It was the "George Washington Slept Here" house of contemporary culture in the Midwest during the sixties and seventies. It all started with the Dramatic Arts Center, an organization that was producing professional avant-garde theater and 16mm film screenings at that time. It also sponsored the Once Festival of Contemporary Music, which was a week-long festival of "multimedia," before the term was used. The Once Group was composed of architects, artists, composers, dancers, actors, and filmmakers. The original members were Robert and Mary Ashley, Harold and Anne Borkin, George Cacioppo, Milton Cohen, George and Betty Manupelli, Gordon and Jackie Mumma, Roger Reynolds, Don Scavarda, and Joe and Anne Wehrer. Wilfred Kaplan was our angel.

We also started the Ann Arbor Film Festival of experimental 16mm films, the Blues Festival, and free concerts in the park. Artists who appeared included John Cage, Lusiano Berio, Fluxus, Mowtown, the Grateful Dead, George Lucas, Andy Warhol, Claes Oldenberg, Stanton Kaye, Kenneth Anger, Merce Cunningham, Yvonne Rainer, and on and on, before they were discovered or they discovered Castelli, Cannes, Paris, San Paulo, Hollywood, or record jackets. Iggy was a part of this scene and a friend of my children, who went to the same high school.

The house became his refuge. Once, during



The Iguanas, 1964, left to right, Don Swickerath, Sam Swisher, Jim McLoughlin, Jimmy Osterberg, Nick Kolokithas

a Detroit performance, the flying glass from a beer bottle he smashed cut a teenage girl. She called her father, who in turn called the police. The Stooges, their roadies, and their manager ALL spent the night at the house. When Iggy was down, he'd crash on the couch. When he was up, we'd design band costumes and fantasies. When he wanted to quit, I insisted, "You're the one man, the one band, that can get out of here." I have been a continuous thread from his high school band and golf team through the Iguanas, the Prime Movers, the Stooges, to Iggy Pop; from a drummer to lead singer to a major force in contemporary music; from auburn to blonde to black hair; from performer lost behind his drum to a dancer who is so at home with his body he cannot make a wrong move; from a hometown boy to, in his own words, an "international garbage man"; a poet who tells it like it is to a generation that grew up in a country busy sacrificing its young men in a peacekeeping effort, a generation that was betrayed and institutionalized by its parents for the sake of looking good in the eyes of their neighbors. He's a man who spent his first 16 years in a 40′ x 8′ trailer with "nowhere to run, no place to hide," and few known roots—an asthmatic child, over protected and under exposed. He often says he hates my high cheek bones and my blue blood ancestors.

1973—New Year's Eve

Andy Warhol called me, "I hear Iggy's going to commit suicide on stage. You have to stop him." The last act—designing his own death—could I interfere? I went as a Penthouse reporter with a bodyguard-photographer, Bob "White Eagle" Hendrickson. Iggy sang with demonic energy, in his hot pink pants and high top black boots. But his body control was off: backbends collapsed, and he missed the ramp, falling into the audience. He pleaded to be touched. He asked to be destroyed, but with NO intention of destroying himself. Backstage he was flat out on the red concrete floor, rolling in spilled beer, dead cigarettes, and broken dreams.

We met the next day for an interview and photos. After a photo session with Sam Wagstaff he said, "Let's go somewhere I won't be noticed." This is not easy with long blonde hair and a white jacket brilliantly embroidered with peacocks! I took him to Fanelli's. Mike Fanelli only recognized Bing Crosby and Sophie Tucker, who sang there for their supper in the "good old days."

In August of 1981 after a gig in Ann Arbor he gave his New York City phone number to Karen Wallace, a friend of my daughter Lisa's, with a note asking me to call.

I called. He put me on the comp list at the Savoy Cabaret—the old Broadway theater hosting well-behaved and well-heeled rock crowds wearing New Wave styles or Warhol Re-Wave, reminiscent of my silver plastic mini skirt and white shaggy fur coat, which Andy Warhol bought for me at Grizzley Furs for Ingrid Superstar's birthday when we were all filming *Bike Boy*.

Iggy was dynamite, as usual. My unlikely groupie image—51, white hair, wearing black leather and an attitude—startled the enormous bouncer into letting me backstage without the customary pass.

Jim was noticeably glad to see an old friend. He introduced me to his band: Michael Page, Rob DuPrey, Douglas Bowne, Richard Soul, and Gary Valentine, a friend from Blondie days. (They took over my infamous Bowery loft when I went to San Francisco for three days and stayed five years.) Iggy is rolling on the red carpet of the Savoy, his big eyes glued to mine.
"Why are you in New York?"
"I split with Howard [my second husband]."
"Did you love him?"
"Yes."
"No you didn't. You don't love anybody. I'll take care of you. Let's do THE book [first discussed in January 1974]. I never forgot that you told me not to quit music."

After his gig, we discussed rock and the book. A book means talking to each other, and I was the only friend he could talk to beyond the limits of politics, fandom, and the industry. And he is the only person who could pay me to be quiet.

September 9, 1981

We start the tapes. We work from midnight to 4 AM, the calmest part of the day.

October 16, 1981

We taxied into a line of limos at the Brooklyn Academy of Music for the world premier of Trisha Brown's *Song of Gone Fishin* (with sets by Robert Rauschenberg) and Robert Ashley's *Atalanta*. Iggy, Rob DuPrey, Henry McGroggan (tour manager), and I entered the lobby of contemporary art and music heroes and received polite kisses from John Cage and Leo Castelli. Iggy pinched Leo's ass, a gesture of punk recognition. I introduced Rauschenberg:
"Bob, this is Iggy Pop. Do you know his music?"
"No, but if he's hanging out with you it must be good."
At intermission, Iggy exited to piss on the academy wall, another cultural gesture. Backstage EVERYONE met EVERYONE in a haze of smoke, accolades, champagne and roses, and catered food. Iggy remarked, "It's so beautiful and civilized. Why can't I do that? I am so rude and crude after a gig. They EXPECT that of me. If I don't terrorize I'm not Pop, but I could change that."

Robert Ashley asked Iggy if he wanted to work with him in his new opera. Ashley told me, "When I saw that chubby kid in white shorts and T-shirt swinging around on top of a parking meter (in front of Discount Records in Ann Arbor), smiling and waving at the world and singing, "Hi, hi, hi—high!" I knew we'd know each other again."

Iggy's part in *Atalanta* would be the ultimate dance, hanging from long ropes over the TVA dam with Rauschenberg and Trisha Brown as partners. It certainly could all change.

In October Iggy left New York for his fall tour of the US and Canada, including an opener for the Rolling Stones in Detroit's Silverdome.

October 29, 1981

From Pittsburgh at 4AM:
"Anne, this place is the pits. Let's make a double suicide pact."
"No, I can't do that—I have your last tapes."
"You bitch!"

"Meet me in Baltimore."
"I can't, I'm going to Lincoln Center to hear the Jupiter Symphony. Jens Nygaard is my friend."
"Well, la-de-da."

He invited me to tour, to prove that rock is harder than art. We leave his love-stuck Baltimore groupie with a return ticket and $20 for a cab and tears. Headed for Three Guys Shopping Center in Charlotte, North Carolina, the fans demanded: "Is it true that Iggy has fucked more women than anyone? Does he have the world's biggest cock?"

Raleigh, North Carolina—another Holiday. We pick up matches to confirm where we are. Jim carries two pieces of Indian cotton cloth to "claim" his rooms—one over the screaming yellow bedspreads, and one over a lamp to soften the glaring sameness. Add a few books and his acoustic guitar, and we are home. "The worst part is facing the bags—pack-unpack, costumes, clean stuff, dirty . . . I don't know, always the bags. Anne, would you unpack; figure it all out?" Neat piles: jeans, boots, T-shirts, bras, ear muffs, dresses, garter belts, socks, sweaters, lace bikinis, stockings, shoes—the monotonous ritual of touring. I am confused. Who am I—journalist, maid, sister, lover, mother or a 108 pound bodyguard to groupie-proof him? A woman he didn't HAVE to fuck? An equal one-upmanship partner? A little of each? He felt my nervousness, and in one quick motion the piles were off the bed and me on it.

I wore his jeans and shirts, and he wore my reversible black and fuscia satin cape and my gold and black jacket. The image was so weird it worked. The groupies, ranging from 14 to 35, from street kids to royalty, mostly female, didn't know what was going on. Imagine Mother at the backstage door. Some cursed, spit, and kicked; others gave me love letters, addresses, dope, jewelry, Jack Daniels, and whatever to deliver to Iggy, hoping they'd get to see him. The major focus is on fucking the star. After he makes his selection, they go for the rest of the band—the adoration is fanatic. Their trip is blatant, with little dignity. Rock stars turn into whores; lust becomes disgust.

And so it went: one night stands (mostly), an 11 o'clock show, a party, back to the hotel with fans—the ones with the most coke, the best bodies and most nerve—crash at 6 AM, and an 11 AM call to go to the airport; a bloody mary and peanut breakfast, the Holiday Inn ritual, a 5 o'clock sound check, a meal if we got lucky, the gig, and so on, and on, and on, for audiences numbering 300 to 80,000. I had become one of the bunch, a part of the paraphernalia. It was a sad parting, like losing a bag or an instrument, a part of the whole. On the way to the Atlanta airport I thanked Iggy for everything.
"Everything—things. You're thanking me for THINGS! Can't you do any better than that?"
"Yes, thank you for the love."
In the airport he wanted us to take a 4-for-$1.00 photo together. He said it would be the last picture. I wouldn't get change for my $20.

I'd been locked into Iggy/Jim 24 hours a day

Photo © by Andrew Sacks

The Prime Movers, left to right, Robert Sheff, Iggy Pop, Michael Erlewine, Jack Dawson, Daniel Erlewine

for 10 days—a man of many moods and faces, limitless emotions and an extraordinary mind.

June 1982

Jim called—wants you to work on the book with him in Haiti. Stepping off the plane Jim took me to a bar-whorehouse, where I was the whitest woman surrounded by sensuous women with black eyes, men with imaginary swords, and children stroking my hair. The stroll of the women, the pulse of the drums—one, wide open sensation.

We are miles from souvenirs, moments from paregoric, valium-rum, ups-downs, arounds, surrounded by hummingbirds, almond trees, scorpions, servants, and Iggy's consuming intensity. We work on the terrace, on the beach, in the bar, by candlelight, and in a Napoleonic villa. We brunch next to Baby Doc. Iggy parades nude, displaying his big cock, much to the maid's shock. He gives me words, worries, and Haiti.

He said, "I do not want to be biographized." I said, "I do not want to biographize," in this island paradise, on constant rewind. We've both come a long way from the house in Ann Arbor.

July 9, 1982

The last phone call:
"If anything goes wrong with this deal, I'll cut your throat."
"Hard to do from L.A."
"Don't worry. I have my ways. I put myself in your hands. I have complete trust in you. I signed a contract because you said to, because it was with YOU. I trust you. Let me down and I'll do you in!"

Photo © by Andrew Kent

Discography

The Stooges
Elektra 1969

I Wanna Be your Dog
1969
No Fun
Real Cool Time
Not Right
We Will Fall
Little Doll
Ann

Funhouse
Elektra 1970

Down on the Street
Loose
TV Eye
Dirt
1970 (I'm Alright)
Funhouse
LA Blues

Raw Power
Columbia 1973

Search and Destroy
Raw Power
Death Trip
I Need Somebody
Gimme Danger
Shake Appeal
Penetration
Your Pretty Face is Going to Hell

Metallic K.O.
Skydog 1976

Louie Louie
Cock in my Pocket
Rich Bitch
Gimme Danger
Head on the Curb
Raw Power

The Idiot
RCA 1977

Sister Midnight
Funtime
Nightclubbing
Baby
China Girl
Dum Dum Boys
Tiny Girls
Mass Production

Kill City
Bomp 1977

No Sense of Crime
Kill City
Sell your Love
Johanna
Beyond the Law
Consolation Prizes
Night Theme
I got Nothin'
Lucky Monkeys

Lust for Life
RCA 1977

Sixteen
Lust for Life
Some Weird Sin
Neighborhood Threat
Turn Blue
Tonight
Passenger
Fall in Love with Me
Success

TV Eye Live
RCA 1978

Funtime
TV Eye
Sixteen
I Got a Right
Lust for Life
Dirt
Nightclubbing
I Wanna Be your Dog

New Values
Arista 1979

5'1
New Values
I'm Bored
African Man
Angel
Girls
How Do Ya Fix a Broken Part
Endless Sea
Tell Me a Story
Don't Look Down

Soldier
Arista 1980

Knocking 'Em Down (in the City)
I Snub You
I'm a Conservative
Play it Safe
Mr. Dynamite
I Need More
Get Up and Get Out
Ambition
Loco Mosquito
Take Care of Me

Party
Arista 1981

Pleasure
Rock & Roll Party
Eggs on Plate
Sincerity
Houston is Hot Tonight
Pumping for Jill
Happy Man
Bang Bang
Sea of Love
Time Won't Let Me

Zombie Birdhouse
Animal Records 1982

Run like a Villain
The Villagers
Angry Hills
Life of Work
Ballad of Cookie McBride
Eat or be Eaten
Ordinary Bummer
Bulldozer
Platonic
Watching the News
Horse Song
Street Crazy

In the Pines

In the pines
In the trees
At the tit
On my knees
Covered by the good earth
The black foamy loam
These are some things
I love and know
Just to be a boy
On the edge of the lake
And on the way
It's always down hill
And the lake is clear
And cold with fear
And a history of who died there
When they wandered too young
Misstepped, too near
Or maybe just rocked the fisher's boat
"It's a good place for a party"
The cretins would say
But don't party here,
Or I'll drown you
I swear
This is my lake
Go away   stay away

In the pines
In the trees
At the tit
On my knees
I worship the roots
Stripped naked by time
Of my beloved lakeside pine
By the cold stony shore
I lose my mind

It's a tit
It's a tree
It's a boy
It is time

It is   time

Photo © by Esther Friedmann

Run like a Villain
Pop/DuPrey

big dick is a thumbs-up guy
he shot a missile in the sky
it functioned just as advertised
until the fire made him cry
look into it later
when the dust is clearing off the crater

run like a villain
let the good times roll
run like a villain
to the sugar bowl
run like a villain
cause you can't adjust
to a saccharine suburb
in the mush
i've got some loving arms around me
darker than the tombs of Egypt,
dumber than the crudest fiction,
buried in a melting coffin
nights like this appeal to me!

tracy got an afghan, pedigreed,
prescription shades and designer jeans
a sony walkman on her head
all she wants is to be fed
run, run, run, cause you're soft
run, run, but don't get lost

the shining moon
the dead oak tree
nights like this appeal to me
i've got some loving arms around me
the shining moon
the dead oak tree
nights like this appeal to me
i've got some loving arms around me

trying to steal a moment of pleasantry
in this zzzzzombieee birdhouse

run, run, run
run like a villain
let the good times roll
run like a villain
to save your soul
it can't be done
i already know
so i'll run like a villain
to the sugar bowl.

cause who you are
nobody knows
who you are
nobody knows you
rings on your fingers
and bells on your toes

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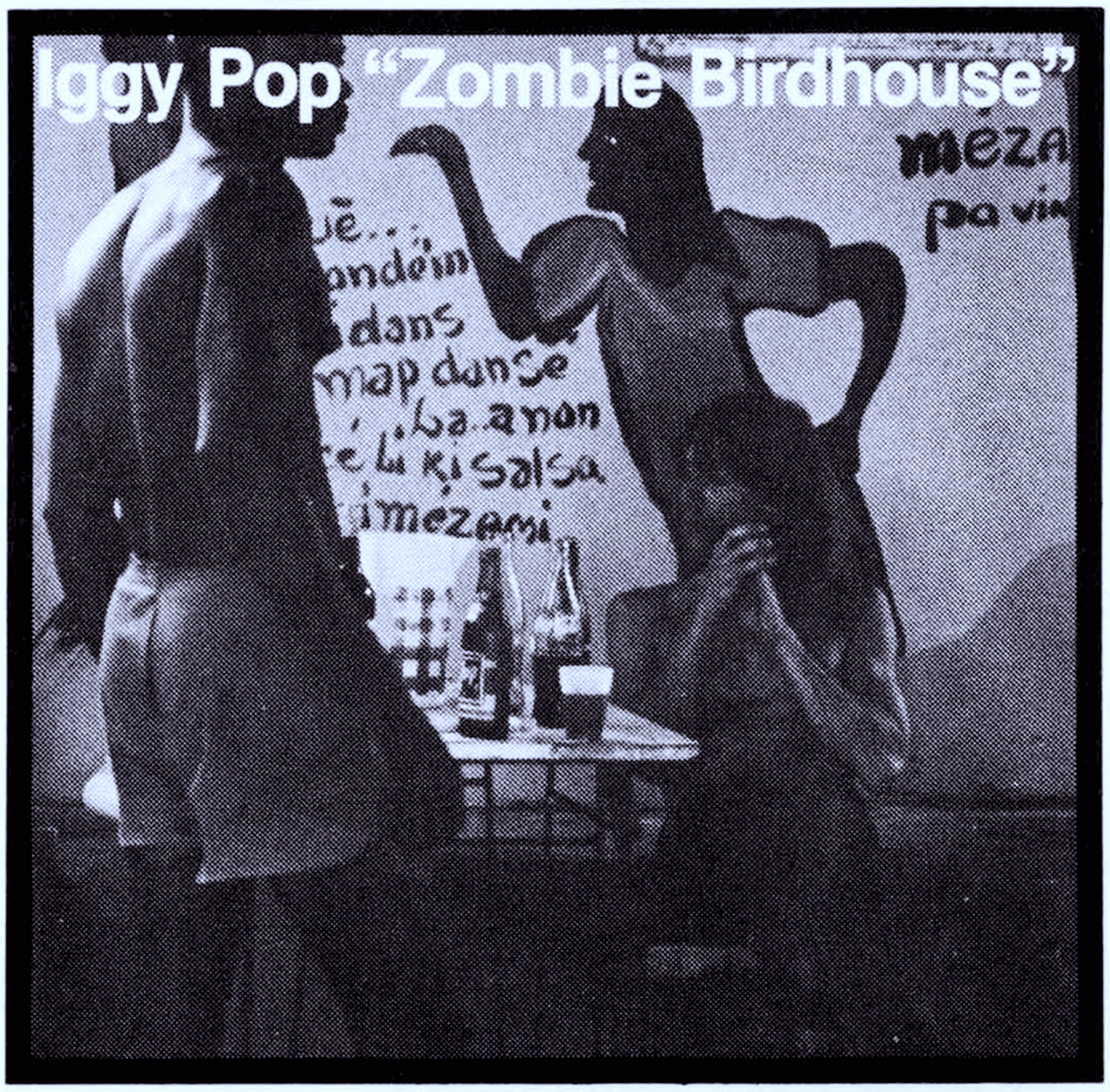
IGGY


Iggy Pop "Zombie Birdhouse"
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dans
map danse
ba anon
ti ki salsa
imezami

POP.

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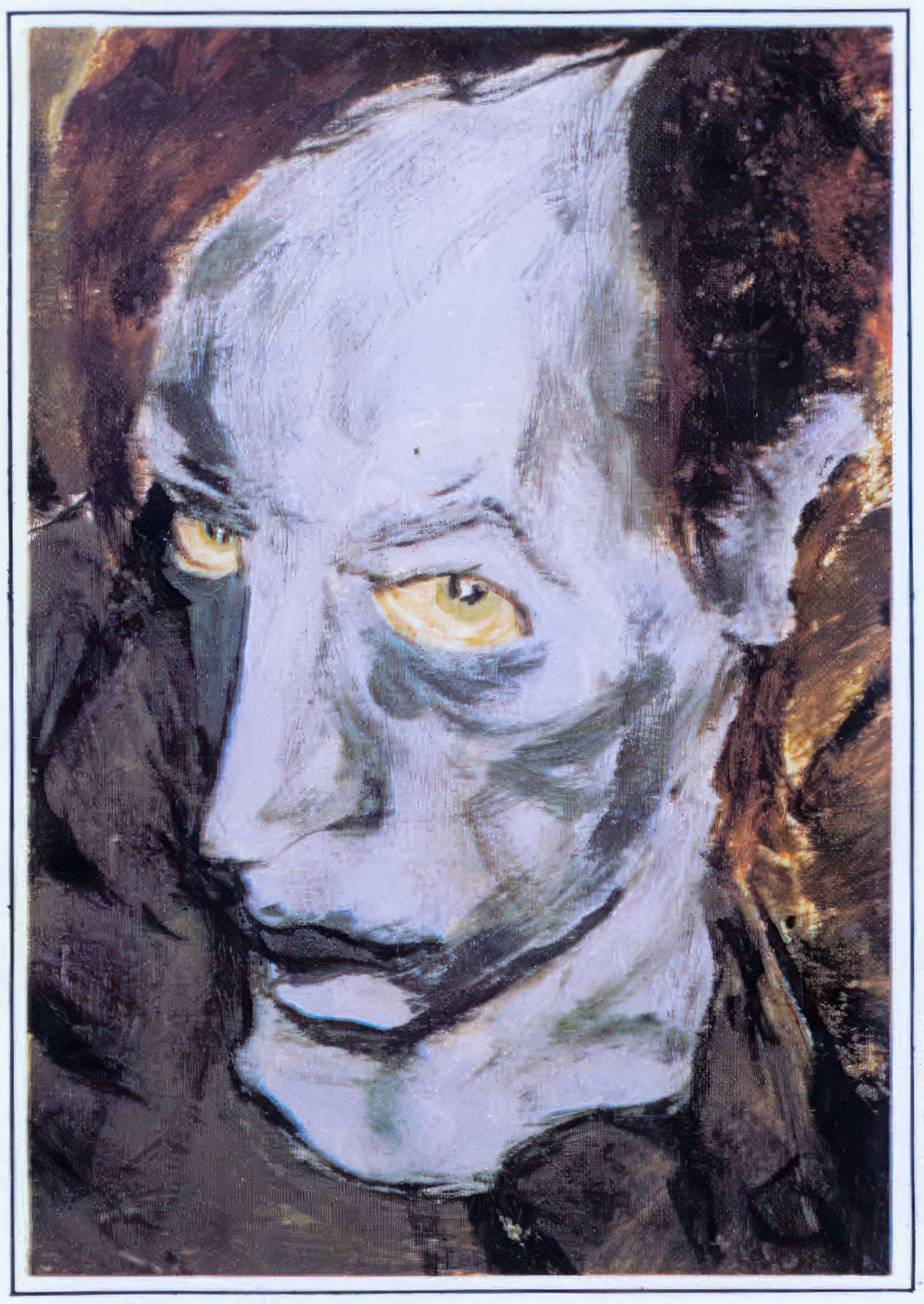
I NEED MORE

. . . love! more truth! more sex, drugs, and thrills! more laughs! more culture! more dynamite and disaster! more clouds! more dreams! I need more than I ever did before, but everything is going up in price.

Disturber of the peace, agitator of the young—"Iggy, take me with you." . . . "Iggy, you drive me crazy"—subverter. corrupter, god, and "family" man . . . This is Iggy Pop, pioneer of punk rock, in his own words: "Masturbation is always an interesting subject, especially for musicians." . . . "Unless you could bust a person for lice . . . there was nothing they could really bust me for." . . . "I'm very terrified of this country, the USA . . . some of the values are so foul and so wicked. . . . It's very wicked the way people are restrained, and I'm in favor of something else."

I NEED MORE is a collection of autobiographical stories by Iggy Pop. I NEED MORE speaks for the 80s: "They say that death kills you, but death doesn't really kill you . . ." indifference and boredom kill you.



Iggy Pop by David Bowie

"Fresh, courageous, and evocative, I NEED MORE is the story of a man who stands up to tell the truth in a house full of lies . . . bridging the schizophrenic gap between fact and public image." *William Burroughs*

"A genuine rock action account of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory." *David Bowie*

"Iggy Pop is the original rock and roll bad boy . . . a true trouble maker and a star." *Danny Sugarman* (author of *No One Here Gets Out Alive*)

"Iggy Pop is one of my all-time heroes." *Deborah Harry*

"Iggy, you are God!" *a fan*

by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer.
foreword by Andy Warhol.

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